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IRISH MINSTRELSY.

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IRISH MINSTRELSY:

BEING A SELECTION OF

IRISH SONGS, LYRICS, AND BALLADS.

EDITED,

WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION,

BY

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

OF THE
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LONDON
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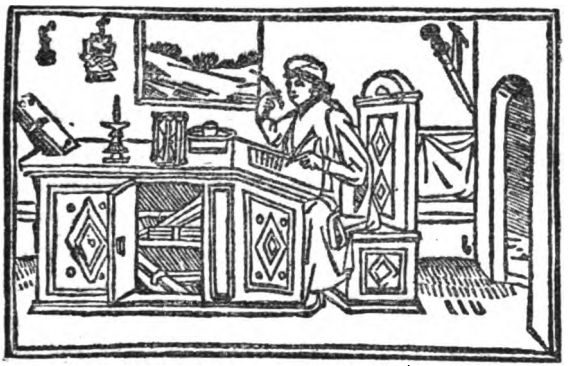
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IN the small volume to which these pages are prefixed, an attempt has been made to provide, from the lyric wealth of Ireland, a collection that shall fulfil two distinct important functions—the furnishing to all readers a fairly adequate opportunity of judging Irish character, as it is shown in the most self-revealing of all means of expression; and the providing Irish readers with a book that, in its scope, completeness, and accuracy, may be found worthy to take rank on their shelves beside Gavan Duffy's "Ballad Poetry" and the "Spirit of the Nation." This twofold aim, ambitious though it be, has been kept steadily in view; every song, ballad, or lyric is by an Irish writer, upon an Irish theme, and clearly Celtic in thought or feeling. Wherever possible it is one, also, that has actually been popular among the peasantry, who have always been the depositary of the song, music, and simple story, that are now finding securer keeping in printed books. From them, and those in sympathy with them,

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came the force which again and again revived the hope and courage that strove against unrelenting encroachment, during dreary centuries in which the feet of war went to and fro over the face of the land. Chance fragments of great poems, law-books, and legends found their preservation at the hands of monkish transcribers; but the song, ballad, or simple story was kept in being only by the fireside handing-down of generation to generation. Their ears attuned to the old music; their memories replete with traditionary lore; their thought and speech coloured and formed by the "olden golden tongue;" it is to the peasantry is due the continuity and development of ethnic life and feeling in Ireland. "Mary," of the *Nation*,* did more than express an individual preference when she said, "I like poetry wild with war, or hot with love, or all glowing with scenery, but would rather write one little song that a child or peasant might sing and feel, than a very miracle-poem of abstraction and profundity." Like Anteus must Humanity renew its vigour by the touch of Mother Earth. From the conscious rule-encumbered art of a complex civilisation must we turn to the truth, freedom, and tenderness of the spontaneous art of a simple nature-moulded life; from the perennial fountain thus kept fresh all really Irish writers have drawn their inspiration; and until tried by the test thus furnished no song or lyric can be unquestioningly received as truly Irish.

Hitherto there has been too little attention given to the wealth and beauty of the minstrelsy of Ireland. Too many

* Ellen Downing.

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have looked upon the inane rubbish of the music hall as representing Irish song. Others, knowing only Moore, have thought that no poetry could be Irish that was not a glittering array of pearly words, a rippling stream of simile and sentiment. For the first impression T. C. Croker is most responsible. His knowledge of history was more than equalled by misapplication of its meaning, and the "Popular Songs of Ireland" * gave to the world the thought and feeling of a class as that of a nation, and seemed for ever to confirm the slander that Irish songs were "either pure English or mere gibberish." Many learned and ingenious theories accounted for the fact after the fashion of those to whom the wish is father to the thought, but such theories have long since melted into thin air for all but the most ignorant, and none but the careless can have had for years past an excuse for not knowing, in one collection or another, even the scattered beauties of Irish verse.

Farther back in the prehistoric depths than even tradition can guide us with sure feet, the Irish, like all great peoples, were fruitful of poetry. As they enter history, they have a triple order of bards — Law-man, Historian, Poet — with settled functions and privileges, held in high honour and wielding great power. Then, after awhile came intestine quarrels; invasion by Norse vikings; the settlement of Dublin, Limerick, and other seaports as pirate strongholds by Norsemen; and these with other things had such effect that when Strongbow

* I should not have troubled at this day to warn any one against Croker had not his book been lately reissued with the *imprimatur* of a responsible name.

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entered Ireland in 1169 the highest point of the ancient civilisation had long been passed, and the system of life and government then in force was falling deeper and deeper into confusion. A few months after Sweyn died in England and Canute took the throne, the battle of Clontarf had resulted in the death of Brian Boroimhe* at the hands of the beaten Danes, and the resumption by Malachi of the power his great rival had usurped. During the reigns of William I. and II. and Henry I. in England incessant fierce contests were raging for possession of the Irish crown. All know how the suicidal folly of inviting foreign intervention gave Ireland to the Normans, as, long before, England had been given to the Saxons. What remained then of Irish culture sought refuge where it could. The triple order of the Bards was gone down the wind. The historian was now a monkish transcriber; the law-man was extinct, or nearly so; and the poet was a wandering minstrel or a harper attached to a chieftain's retinue. Even to the end of the eighteenth century did the harper endure, and the minstrel has done so to this day. Much of this endurance was owing to the rapidity with which settlers became absorbed into "the mere Irish," taking up their manners and customs, and adopting their speech.† Despite the draconic laws to that

* Brian of the tributes.

† An instructive bit of history is that of the successive holders of Kilcolman. Part of the land conferred upon an invading Norman, it was wrung from his "rebelly" descendants, and granted to that relentless exterminator, though gentle poet, Edmund Spenser. His grandson, in turn, was transported to Connaught as a "rebel," and the estate given to a Cromwellian freebooter.

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end devised, the few could not be kept from intermingling with the many, and each successive incursion welded into a more or less complete whole all the folk already in the island. Those therein established resented the new-comers' intrusion, and fraternised with the natives in resisting it.

Despite the incessant warfare, despite even the brutal excesses of Elizabethan ruffians, it was not until Cromwell and Ireton had "pacified the land," and the Williamites at the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick had, within the space of a generation, repeated the process, that Irish national life was at an end. Until then there had been an Irish audience for the Irish poet, and he wrote in the Irish tongue. Many men of Irish birth, some, like Thomas Duffett, of purely Irish blood, but born "within the pale," had written in English; but they were those who came to England to seek their fortune, becoming English to all intents and purposes. The poems of these men have not been included in the present volume, even though they number among them songs like Duffett's "Though Cœlia's my Foe." Nor have the writings been admitted of those who at a later period followed their example. Concanen, Congreve, and O'Keeffe must be counted as English writers. Congreve was so anxious to hide even that he was born in Ireland that he persuaded Jacob to write him down as born at Bardsey in Yorkshire, a lie still copied by the compilers of biography. Goldsmith, in his London garret; Usher Gahagan and Terence Connor, upon Tyburn Tree; Nahum Tate and Nicolas Brady, versifying the psalms "to be sung in churches"—so

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far as they have to do with literature, are not Irish but English.

The eighteenth century opened with the Irish people "pacified" into seeming death. The country was in the hands of an enormous garrison, supplemented by the imported proprietors and *Shoneen** aristocracy. That part of the island that had lain without the pale was crushed into quietude; the Anglicised portion had not yet become national; Swift's "Drapier Letters," and the movement connected with them, interested but a small section of the country; small outbreaks caused by local grievances occurred here and there, but were speedily suppressed. Many thousands of the "wild geese" fled oversea, and filled the armies and colleges of foreign countries. Those who remained in Ireland did so by favour of the garrison, whose excesses they emulated if they did not surpass; and during this time it was that the "typical" Irishman of romance was evoked. The eighteenth century was remarkable everywhere for hard drinking, violence, and coarse excess; in Ireland no less than in other countries. There, however, it was coupled with social conditions that rendered it more striking, and racial traits that made it picturesque; rattling, reckless extravagance, dare-devil humour, and superb disregard of danger, combine to invite the admiration of the unthinking, even for a people in the depths of degradation.

At the darkest time all was not dark; a large part of the peasantry was untainted; from the earlier part of the century date many delicate Celtic poems, like "Kathaleen

* Upstart.

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ny Houlahan," and "The Fair Hills of Ireland," and the first really Irish song written in English, "The Blackbird." This last is interesting in several ways; it is not only the first Irish song in English, but the only Anglo-Irish Jacobite song extant. It is written to an old Irish air, and is a curious example of the method and manner of one language used in another. "Garryowen" and "The Rakes of Mallow" speak for "gentry" and tradesmen; "The Sprig of Shillelah" for a good part of the peasantry; "The Night before Larry was Stretched" for the populace of Dublin and the larger towns, when the century was about three-fourths gone.

The first great blow struck at the British Empire, and at monarchical government—a blow from which they bleed yet—was struck by Irish refugees. "America was lost by Irish emigrants," said, in 1784, Mr Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy. A number of exiles, driven out by the failure of a revolt occasioned in Ulster by excessive rents, went to America, where they soon had a chance of revenge upon England they were not slow to seize. The "Friendly Sons of St Patrick," the "Fenians" of the time, had Washington for a member—he being sworn in as an "adopted Irishman" for the purpose—organised the already large Irish element in the colonial population, and became a very powerful and wealthy organisation. This society supplied a very large part of both the men and money needed for the revolutionary forces. Despite the steady decay of their own tongue—perhaps the faster for it—the purely Irish element permeated the Cromwellian and Williamite settlers with national feeling; they or their

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children became Irish, as the earlier settlers had done before them. The great new-birth of nations that was realising itself in two continents was not without effect in Ireland; and amid the turmoil of debauchery and riot may be traced the slow, sure, unconscious growth that bore fruit in the Volunteer movement, the brief glory of independence, and renewed national life. Most people now spoke English, and that became the vehicle of expression. Of the songs now written, few found memory but some peasant-songs and one or two of Lysaght's and Drennan's; the others "are upon men's shelves but in no man's mind." "The Wearing of the Green" and the "Shan Van Vocht" are peasant-songs of this time, to which also belong George Ogle's "Molly Asthore" and the anonymous "Cruiskeen Lawn," the first successful attempts, with the exception of "Shule Aroon," at blending the two languages in one effusion. Hitherto, when a Celtic word or phrase had been used in a song, it stood out as an alien intruder; in these the singer glides from one language to another with little sense of transition, they have become fused in a coherent whole; a new development, significant, perhaps, of the people that had sprung from the fusion of two races, and was now looking eagerly back to the best in the history of both, and hopefully forward to the future that lay before it.

Then came the era of Emancipation and Repeal; of Moore, Banim, Griffin, Waller, and many others. Moore, whose songs are so accessible that none are here given, unhappily tinkered most of the old tunes he used into drawing-room shapes, and wedded them to words that were Irish only in their sentiment and in their swiftness and

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melody. For the rest—intonation, inflection, character—they might have been written by an educated Cockney with an ear for music. With all their lyrical ease, and graceful dance of liquid words, there is in them an affectation, courtly and fastidious, a wealth of sparkling and epigrammatic similitude, that accord ill with the deep simplicity of the music, or the would-be fire of his feeling. Grim old Hazlitt said of him, that he had "converted the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box." Yet it must be said that in this way he was more useful to Ireland than otherwise he could have been. He caught the ear of thousands, where another would have been heard by tens. Lever, in his songs no less than his novels, pandered to the palate that relished the "Donnybrook Irishman," and knew none other. Lover was in most of his work truly Irish, though he now and then could not resist the temptation of stretching a point in the same direction. Banim, Griffin, and Waller wrote in close contact and sympathy with the peasantry; and their songs are "Irish right through"—as it is said in Ireland, "you can *feel the accent* in them." When Moore was in mid-career Mangan began to write. The circumstances of his life have rendered him unknown to large numbers outside his own land; but there he is held supreme, and the love of him is extending surely wherever English is spoken. He stands far above Moore in the Irish character of his work, as well as in real power of imagination and perception of nature and truth.

But a greater development was in store. On October 15, 1842, the first number of the *Nation* was published. This great paper was founded by three men, Thomas Osborne

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Davis, John Blake Dillon, and Charles Gavan Duffy, who had in view "to create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil."* From it, and from the party it made and spoke for, arose a new life for Ireland. It is not too much to say that Irish history took a new meaning, a fresh departure, with the starting of the *Nation;* that the fresh departure found expression in the rebirth of a national literature, of which the songs and ballads of its poets and their successors were not the least important part. How that new meaning has year after year grown deeper, and that new departure more pronounced, needs here no telling. The upward impulse has never slackened; to-day the Irish race, world-scattered though it be, is solidary and united; with an ever-growing literature distinctively its own, and yet part of the literature of the English-speaking peoples.

To those who have erected fanciful theories of Irish character, and come to this little book for confirmation, disappointment must result. There is revealed no glaring difference between the Irish and English peoples that need prevent them from meeting and mingling as close friends, from uniting as one folk. In the lyric of love, war, or fancy, the Celtic singer gives utterance to thought and feeling that appeal to all men. The difference is one of manner rather than of matter; swifter perception, and a lighter touch. While the palm of supremacy in the art of song-making must rest with the Scotch — Elizabethan English being near by—the Irish are not far behind. With much of the emotional melody of the Scottish singers, they

* The motto of the paper.

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are free from the hindrance of a half-known dialect; lacking somewhat of the Elizabethan simplicity, they possess most part of their musical modulation. Ireland has in a thousand ways "heaped coals of fire" upon the head of her conquerors; she has given soldiers and statesmen to the building of the Empire; poets, artists, and musicians to its adornment; writers and historians to its record and description. In none of these things has she been more successful, or conferred a greater boon, than in singing the hope and fear, the passion and the aspiration of humble common folk—in giving us so many moving songs "that a child or peasant might sing and feel."

In the revision as in the original preparation of this book I have received counsel and encouragement from many sources. Two men I cannot refrain from naming with special gratitude—the Rev. Matthew Russell, of the *Irish Monthly*, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy—who laid open for my use all the treasures of their learning. From Irish folk everywhere have come warm-hearted letters of gratitude for "the service done to the dear old land," oftentimes adding valuable information or suggestions. To every one of these I have given anxious thought, and have embodied all I could. For the design upon the cover I am indebted to Miss May Morris, and for several copyright poems to the kindness of their authors. To them, and to all others, I tender hearty thanks for the ungrudging aid given in the realisation of a long-cherished project.

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

LONDON, *March* 17, 1888.

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List of Books not difficult of access to any reader desirous of pursuing further the study of Irish Minstrelsy.

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IRISH MINSTRELSY.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever:
The power and the splendour of thrones pass away;
But yours is the might of some far-flowing river,
Through summer's bright roses, or autumn's decay.
Ye treasure each voice of the swift-passing ages,
And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand;
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land!

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers;
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave;
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.
It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned;
It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

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For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain;
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of the love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.
The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand;
But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,
Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land!

Songs of our land! ye have followed the stranger
With power over ocean and desert afar,
Ye have gone with our wanderers though distance and danger,
And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star;
With the breath of our mountains in summers long banished,
And visions that passed like a wave from our strand;
With hope for their country and joy from her banished,
Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land!

The spring-time may come with the song of her glory,
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice;
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,
And rock in the desert can send forth a voice.
It is thus in their triumphs for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll, or the mountain shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,
Shall glory and live in the songs of our land.

Frances Brown.

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SONGS.

O TENDER songs!
Heart-heavings of the breast that longs
Its best-beloved to meet;
You tell of love's delightful hours,
Of meetings amid jasmine bowers,
And vows, like perfume of young flowers,
As fleeting—but more sweet.

O glorious songs!
That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrant wrongs,
Resounding near and far;
Mingled with trumpet and with drum,
Your spirit-stirring summons come,
To urge the hero from his home,
And arm him for the war.

O mournful songs!
When Sorrow's host, in gloomy throngs,
Assail the widowed heart;
You sing in softly soothing strain,
The praise of those whom death has ta'en,
And tell that we shall meet again,
And meet no more to part.

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O lovely songs—
Breathings of heaven! to you belongs
The empire of the heart.
Enthroned in memory, still reign
O'er minds of prince and peer and swain,
With gentle power that knows not wane
Till thought and life depart.

Thomas Dermody.

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THE CELTIC TONGUE.

'Tis fading, O 'tis fading! like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like a wail upon the breeze!
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters roar—
Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the West,
And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested, through sunshine and through gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb.
The time-wrought shell, where murmured, 'mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of Freedom in annal and in song—
Is slowly, surely sinking, into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who love the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking like a patriarch to rest,
Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest;
Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
Had first set foot in Britain, over trampled heaps of slain;

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Whose manhood saw the Druid rite at forest-tree and rock,
And savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zernebock;
And for generations witnessed all the glories of the Gael,
Since our Celtic sires sung war-songs round the sacred fires of Baal;
The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
And from their graves have risen those now spoken in their stead.
The glories of old Erin, with their liberty have gone,
Yet their halo lingered round her, while the Gaelic speech lived on;
For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast
Than all her pillar-towers, it stood—that old Tongue of the Past!

'Tis leaving, and for ever, the soil that gave it birth;
Soon—very soon, its moving tones shall ne'er be heard on earth;
O'er the island dimly fading, as a circle o'er the wave,
Receding, as its people lisp the language of the slave,
And with it too seem fading, as sunset into night,
The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light,
For ah! though long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
And Irishmen were Irish still, in language, heart, and hand;
To instal its Saxon Rival, proscribed it soon became,
And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name;
The Saxon chain our rights and tongues alike doth hold in thrall,
Save where amid the Connaught wilds and hills of Donegal—
And by the shores of Munster, like the broad Atlantic blast,
The olden language lingers yet, and binds us to the Past.

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Through cold neglect 'tis dying now; a stranger on our shore!
No Tara's hall re-echoes to its music as of yore—
No Lawrence* fires the Celtic clans round leaguered Athaclee†—
No Shannon wafts from Limerick's towers their war-song to the sea.
Ah! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear!
Ah! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear!
Ah! glorious Tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart enthral!
Ah! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall!
The tongue that in the Senate was lightning flashing bright—
Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might!
That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,
As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there to-day!
That Tongue whose shout dismayed the foe at Kong and Mullaghmast,‡
Like those who nobly perished there, is numbered with the Past!

---

* St Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, succeeded in organising the Irish chieftains under Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, against the first band of adventurers under Strongbow.

† Athaclee, the Irish name of Dublin. *Baile-atha-Cliath* literally means the *Town of the ford of hurdles.*

‡ "Nothing so affrighted the enemy at the raid of Mullaghmast as the unintelligible password in the Irish tongue, with which the Irish troops burst upon the foe."—*Green Book.*

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The Celtic Tongue is passing, and we stand coldly by,
Without a pang within the heart, a tear within the eye—
Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one effort made to save
The Language of our Fathers from dark oblivion's grave!
O Erin! vain your efforts—your prayers for freedom's crown,
Whilst offered in the language of the foe that clove it down;
Be sure that tyrants ever with an art from darkness sprung,
Would make the conquered nation slaves alike in limb and tongue;
Russia's great Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered frame,
Until he trampled from her heart the tongue that bore her name.
O Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for the dear old tongue
Which, as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung!
O snatch this relic from the wreck! the only and the last,
And cherish in your heart of hearts the language of the Past!

Rev. Michael Mullen.

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GOD SAVE IRELAND.*

HIGH upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland," said the heroes; "God save Ireland," said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near,
Of the millions true and brave, o'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.
"God save Ireland," said they proudly; "God save Ireland," said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair; rung their voices out in prayer;
Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

* William O'Meara Allen, William O'Brien, Michael Larkin, executed 23rd November 1867, for accidentally killing Brett, a policeman, in the attempt to rescue Kelly and Deasy, September 18.

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"God save Ireland," prayed they loudly; "God save Ireland," said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go, amidst joy or weal or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland," say we proudly; "God save Ireland," say we all:
"If upon the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Timothy D. Sullivan.

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THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

O PADDY dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
St Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law again the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

O if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish there, though under foot 'tis trod.
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

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But if at last our colour should be torn from Ireland' heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old isle wil part;
I've heard a whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
O Erin, must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England shall nevermore be seen
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

Dion Boucicault.

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THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

ONE blessing on my native isle, one curse upon her foes!
While yet her skies above me smile, her breeze around me blows:
Now, never more my cheek be wet, nor sigh nor altered mien,
Tell the dark tyrant I regret the Wearing of the Green.

Sweet land, my parents loved you well, they sleep within your breast;
With theirs—for love no words can tell—my bones must never rest;
And lonely must my true love stray, that was our village queen,
When I am banished far away for the Wearing of the Green.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear 'twould break my heart to see;
And sweetly sleep, my parents dear, that cannot weep for me.
I'll think not of my distant tomb, nor seas rolled wide between,
But watch the hour that yet will come for the Wearing of the Green.

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O I care not for the thistle and I care not for the rose!
For when the cold winds whistle neither down nor crimson shows;
But like hope to him that's friendless, where no gaudy flower is seen,
By our graves, with love that's endless, waves our own true-hearted Green.

O sure God's world was wide enough and plentiful for all
And ruined cabins were no stuff to build a lordly hall!
They might have let the poor man live, yet all as lordly been,
But Heaven its own good time will give for the Wearing of the Green.

Henry Grattan Curran.

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GREEN UPON THE CAPE.

I'M a lad that's forced an exile
From my own native land;
For an oath that's passed against me
In this country I can't stand:
But while I'm at my liberty
I will make my escape;
I'm a poor distressèd Croppy
For the Green on my cape!
For the Green on my cape!
For the Green on my cape!
I'm distressed, but not disheartened,
For the Green on my cape!

But I'll go down to Belfast,
To see that seaport gay,
And tell my aged parents
In this country I can't stay:
O 'tis dark will be their sorrow,
But no truer hearts I've seen;
And they'd rather see me dying
Than a traitor to the Green!
O the wearing the Green!
O the wearing the Green!
May the curse of Cromwell darken
Each traitor to the Green!

When I went down to Belfast,
And saw that seaport grand,
My aged parents blessed me,
And blessed poor Ireland,

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Then I went unto a captain,
And bargained with him cheap;
He told me that his whole ship's crew
Wore Green on the cape!
O the Green on the cape!
O the Green on the cape!
God's blessing guard the noble boys
With Green on the cape!

'Twas early the next morning
Our gallant ship set sail;
Kind Heaven did protect her,
With a pleasant Irish gale.
We landed safe in Paris,
Where victualling was cheap—
They knew we were United,
We wore Green on the cape!
We wore Green on the cape!
We wore Green on the cape!
They treated us like brothers
For the Green on the cape!

Then forward stepped young Boney,
And took me by the hand,
Saying, "How is old Ireland,
And how does she stand?" *
"It's as poor, distressed a nation
As ever you have seen,

* One of the French generals who was standing by when, a few years since, a sword was being presented from the Irish people to Marshal M'Mahon, suddenly turned to John Mitchel, one of the deputation, and addressed him in the very words of this 'Ninety-Eight ballad—"How is old Ireland, and how does she stand?"

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They are hanging men and women
For the wearing of the Green!
For the wearing the Green!
For the wearing the Green!
They are hanging men and women
For wearing of the Green!"

"Take courage now, my brave boys,
For here you have good friends,
And we'll send a convoy with you,
Down by their Orange dens;
And if they should oppose us,
With our weapons sharp and keen
We'll make them rue and curse the day
That e'er they saw the Green!
That e'er they saw the Green!
That e'er they saw the Green!
We'll show them our authority
For wearing of the Green!"

O may the wind of Freedom
Soon send young Boney o'er,
And we'll plant the Tree of Liberty
Upon our Shamrock shore;
O we'll plant it with our weapons,
While the English tyrants gape
To see their bloody flag torn down
To Green on the cape!
O the wearing the Green!
O the wearing the Green!
God grant us soon to see that day,
And freely wear the Green!

Street Ballad, 1798.

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THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.*

O THE French are on the sea,
Says the *shan van vocht;*
The French are on the sea,
Says the *shan van vocht;*
O the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Chorus.

O the French are in the bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

And their camp it shall be where?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
Their camp it shall be where?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
On the Currach of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

---

* *An t-sean bean bochd*—"The poor old woman," another name for Ireland. The versions of this song are numberless; but that here given is considered the best. The date of its composition is 1797, the period at which the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay.

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To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
What *will* the yeomen do?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
What *should* the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the *shan van vocht?*

What *should* the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the *shan van vocht?*

And what colour will they wear?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
What colour will they wear?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
What colour should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal Green?
Says the *shan van vocht.*

What colour should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal Green?
Says the *shan van vocht.*

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And will Ireland then be free?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurra for Liberty!
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurra for Liberty!
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Street Ballad, 1797.

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THE RISING OF THE MOON.

"O THEN, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush, *ma bouchal*,* hush and listen;" and his cheeks were all a-glow:
"I bear orders from the captain—get you ready quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together at the risin' of the Moon."

"O then, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell, where the gath'rin' is to be?"
"In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me;
One word more—for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the risin' of the Moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin eyes were watching through that night;
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the blessed warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valleys, like the *banshee's* † lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing at the risin' of the Moon.

---

* *Mo bùacaill*—my boy. † *Bean sighe*—fairy woman.

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There, beside the singing river, that dark mass of men was seen—
Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved Green.
"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! strike the marchin' tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the risin' of the Moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate;
(O what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of 'Ninety-Eight!)
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps at the risin' of the Moon!

John K. Casey.

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OUR DEAR NATIVE ISLE.

MAY God, in whose hand is the lot of each land—
  Who rules over ocean and dry land—
Inspire our good king from his presence to fling
  Ill advisers who'd ruin our Island.
Don't we feel 'tis our dear native Island?
A fertile and fine little Island!
  May Orange and Green no longer be seen
Distained with the blood of our Island!

The fair ones we prize declare they despise
  Those who'd make it a slavish and vile land;
Be their smiles our reward, and we'll gallantly guard
  All the rights and delights of our Island—
For, O 'tis a lovely green Island!
Bright beauties adorn our Island!
  At St Patrick's command, vipers quitted our land—
But he's wanted again in our Island!

For her interest and pride, we oft fought by the side
  Of England, that haughty and high land;
Nay, we'd do so again, if she'd let us remain
  A free and a flourishing Island—
But she like a crafty and sly land,
Dissension excites in our Island,
  And, our feuds to adjust, she'd lay in the dust
All the freedom and strength of our Island.

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A few years ago (though now she says no),
We agreed with that surly and shy land,
That each, as a friend, should the other defend,
And the crown be the link of each Island!
'Twas the final state-bond of each Island;
Independence we swore to each Island;
Are we grown so absurd, as to credit her word,
When she's breaking her oath with our Island?

Let us steadily stand by our king and our land,
And it sha'n't be a slavish or vile land;
Nor impotent Pitt unpunished commit
An attempt on the rights of our Island.
Each voice should resound through our Island,
You're my neighbour, but, Bull, this is my land!
Nature's favourite spot, and I'd sooner be shot,
Than surrender the rights of our Island!

Edward Lysaght.

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The hour is past to fawn or crouch
  As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
  The banded millions' might;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
  Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still—
  We're Paddies evermore!

Sliabh Cuilinn

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RORY OF THE HILL.

"THAT rake up near the rafters, why leave it there so long?
The handle, of the best of ash, is smooth, and straight, and strong;
And, mother, will you tell me, why did my father frown,
When to make the hay, in summer-time, I climbed to take it down?"
She looked into her husband's eyes, while her own with light did fill,
You'll shortly know the reason, boy!" said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up the slopes of Sliav-na-man,—
Whose foot affrights the startled hares so long before the dawn?
He stopped just where the Anner's stream winds up the woods anear,
Then whistled low and looked around to see the coast was clear.
A sheeling door flew open—in he stepped with right good will—
"God save all here, and bless your WORK," said Rory of the Hill.

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Right hearty was the welcome that greeted him, I ween,
For years gone by he fully proved how well he loved the Green;
And there was one among them who grasped him by the hand—
One who through all that weary time roamed on a foreign strand;
He brought them news from gallant friends that made their heart-strings thrill—
"My *sowl!* I never doubted them!" said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board till dawning of the day,
And yet not song nor shout I heard—no revellers were they:
Some brows flushed red with gladness, while some were grimly pale;
But pale or red, from out those eyes flashed souls that never quail!
"And sing us now about the vow, they swore for to fulfil"—
"You'll read it yet in History," said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle, he took down from where it hung,
The toothed rake, full scornfully, into the fire he flung;
And in its stead a shining blade is gleaming once again—
(O for a hundred thousand of such weapons and such men!)
Right soldierly he wielded it, and, going through his drill,
"Attention"—"charge"—"front, point"—"advance!" cried Rory of the Hill.

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She looked at him with woman's pride, with pride and
woman's fears;
She flew to him, she clung to him, and dried away her tears;
He feels her pulse beat truly, while her arms around him
twine—
"Now God be praised for your stout heart, brave little wife
of mine."
He swung his first-born in the air, while joy his heart did
fill—
"You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy," said Rory of the Hill.

O knowledge is a wondrous power, and stronger than the
wind;
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow before the might of
mind;
The poet and the orator, the heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens that Wolfe Tone were here
to-day!
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength, her truest
strength, is still,
The rough and ready roving boys, like Rory of the Hill.

Charles J. Kickham.

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THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

He grasped his ponderous hammer, he could not stand it more,
To hear the bombshells bursting, and the thundering battle's roar;
He said—"The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering crew—
I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what *that* can do!

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well;
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot nor shell;"
"Ah sure," cried both, "the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's on the wall,
And where you go we ll follow, with you to stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,
Where the bombshells burst, and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

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"Now, look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned,
This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head!
Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly;
And now, the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me!"

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave!
A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive;
He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain!

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold—
"Gold is no match for iron!" the doughty blacksmith said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head!

"Hurrah for gallant Limerick!" black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied;
A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown!

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"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the treacherous mine—
Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine!"
The smith sprang up the rampart and leaped the blood-stained wall,
As high into the shuddering air went foemen, breach, and all!

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the sky;
And dark and bloody was the shower that round the black-smith fell—
He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avenged well!

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,
'Twas broken by a triumph-shout that shook the ancient town;
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foe's pontoon, to sink it in the tide;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—
"*Mavrone*,* 'twon't break," the blacksmith roared, "I'll try their heads again!"

. . . . . .

* *Mo bhrón*—my sorrow.

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The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong,
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song:
"*Ochón!** my boys are dead," he cried; "their loss I'll long deplore,
But comfort's in my heart, their graves are red with foreign gore!"

Robert Dwyer Joyce.

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* Alas!

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FONTENOY.

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
And twice the lines of St Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope, steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still;
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;

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Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell, and grape, and round shot tore,—still on they marched and fired—
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry," King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein;
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish—there are your Saxon foes;"
The marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay!
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,

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Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets—charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to meet that battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzzah!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenach."

Like lions leaping at the fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore.

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The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with
dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and
won!

Thomas Davis.

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EIRE.*

When Eire first rose from the dark-swelling flood,
God blessed the green island, and saw it was good;
The emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the west,
Eire stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
A dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
O sons of green Eire, lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a crime;
When man in God's image inverted His plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the interest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children oppressed,
And clasped the invader more close to her breast;
When, with pale for the body and pale for the soul,
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole;
And, as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Eyed each other askance and pronounced it was good.

* Erin.

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By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Eire make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas for poor Eire, that some are still seen
Who would die the grass red from their hatred to Green;
Yet, O when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Eire, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And, uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the orange and blue!
And the triumphs of Eire her daughters shall share,
With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest on that soft-swelling wave;
Men of Eire! awake, and make haste to be blest,
Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

Dr Drennan.

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AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET.*

TUNE—"*Packington's Pound.*"

(WRITTEN IN 1720.)

BROCADES and damasks and tabbies and gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballantine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
"Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover."
Though a printer and Dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from Old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,†
The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be clothed like a carcass would make a teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,

* Dean Swift having written a pamphlet, advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures only, and not to use those of England, a prosecution for sedition was instituted against Waters (the printer of the work), which was carried on with so much virulence, that Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed kept the jury in over twelve hours, and sent them eleven times out of court, till he had wearied them into a verdict of guilty. The song above given cannot, with certainty, be attributed to the Dean, but it is universally published among his works, and was most probably written by him.

† A statute for the encouragement of the woollen manufacture made this compulsory.

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And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations does plainly conspire;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool, it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore, I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book they were in a great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

That wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *Coram Nobis** so oft has been called,
Henceforward, shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly mauled;
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will 'peach him he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

---

* *Coram Nobis—i.e.*, before the Queen's Bench.

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THE DREAM OF JOHN MACDONNELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

I LAY in unrest—old thoughts of pain,
That I struggled in vain to smother,
Like midnight spectres haunted my brain—
Dark fantasies chased each other;
When, lo! a figure—who might it be?
A tall fair figure stood near me!
Who might it be? An unreal Banshee?
Or an angel sent to cheer me?

Though years have rolled since then, yet now
My memory thrillingly lingers
On her awful charms, her waxen brow,
Her pale translucent fingers;—
Her eyes that mirrored a wonder world,
Her mien of unearthly mildness,
And her waving raven tresses that curled
To the ground in beautiful wildness.

"Whence comest thou, Spirit?" I asked, methought,
"Thou art not one of the Banished?"
Alas for me! she answered nought,
But rose aloft and vanished;
And a radiance, like to a glory, beamed
In the light she left behind her;
Long time I wept, and at last me-dreamed
I left my shieling to find her.

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And first I turned to the thunderous North,
To Gruagach's mansion kingly;
Untouching the earth, I then sped forth
To Inver-lough, and the shingly
And shining strand of the fishful Erne,
And thence to Croghan the golden,
Of whose resplendent palace ye learn
So many a marvel olden!

I saw the Mourna's billows flow—
I passed the walls of Shenady,
And stood in the hero-thronged Ardroe,
Embossed amid greenwoods shady;
And visited that proud pile that stands
Above the Boyne's broad waters,
Where Ængus dwells with his warrior bands
And the fairest of Ulster's daughters.

To the halls of Mac-Lir, to Creevroe's height,
To Tara, the glory of Erin,
To the fairy palace that glances bright
On the peak of the blue Cnocfeerin,
I vainly hied. I went west and east—
I travelled seaward and shoreward—
But thus was I greeted in field and at feast—
"Thy way lies onward and forward!"

At last I reached, I wist not how,
The royal towers of Ival,
Which, under the cliff's gigantic brow,
Still rise without a rival;

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And here were Thomond's chieftains all,
With armour, and swords, and lances;
And here sweet music filled the hall,
And damsels charmed with dances.

And here, at length, on a silvery throne,
Half seated, half reclining,
With forehead white as the marble stone,
And garments so starrily shining,
And features beyond the poet's pen—
The sweetest, saddest features—
Appeared before me once again,
That fairest of Living Creatures!

"Draw near, O mortal!" she said, with a sigh,
"And hear my mournful story!
The guardian Spirit of ERIN am I,
But dimmed is mine ancient glory.
My priests are banished, my warriors wear
No longer Victory's garland;
And my Child, my Son, my beloved Heir,
Is an exile in a far land!"

I heard no more—I saw no more—
The bands of slumber were broken;
And palace and hero, and river and shore,
Had vanished, and left no token.
Dissolved was the spell that had bound my will,
And my fancy thus for a season;
But a sorrow therefore hangs over me still,
Despite of the teachings of Reason!

James Clarence Mangan.

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THE CROPPY BOY.

It was very early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was old Ireland free.

It was early in the night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall,
And taken was I by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in the guard-house where I was laid,
And in a parlour where I was tried;
My sentence passed and my courage low
When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing by my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door;
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was walking up Wexford Street
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

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My sister Mary heard the express,
She ran upstairs in her mourning-dress—
Five hundred guineas I will lay down,
To see my brother through Wexford Town.

As I was walking up Wexford Hill,
Who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind and I looked before,
But my tender mother I shall ne'er see more.

As I was mounted on the platform high,
My aged father was standing by;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

It was in Dungannon this young man died,
And in Dungannon his body lies;
All you good Christians that do pass by
Just drop a tear for the Croppy Boy.

Street Ballad.

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THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.



A.D. 1641.

[We deny, and have always denied, the alleged massacre of 1641. But that the people rose under their chiefs, seized the English towns and expelled the English settlers, and in doing so committed many excesses, is undeniable—as is equally the desperate provocation. The ballad here printed is not meant as an apology for these excesses, which we condemn and lament, but as a true representation of the feelings of the insurgents in the first madness of success.—*Author's Note.*]

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide—
And gladsome bell and bugle-horn from Newry's captured towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land of ours is OURS.

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his own."
O may they see and hear no more, O may they rot to clay,
When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

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Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish maw;
Now, now the Court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law;
Now shall the Undertaker* square, for once, his loose accounts—
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,
Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their lawn,
With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own,
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er twice ten thousand men;
Down have we plucked the pirate Red, never to rise again;
The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon blood!

Pity!† no, no, you dare not, priest—not you, our father, dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood to spare;

* The Scotch and English adventurers planted in Ulster by James I. were called Undertakers.

† Leland, the Protestant historian, states that the Catholic priests "*laboured zealously to moderate the excesses of war*," and frequently protected the English by concealing them in their places of worship and even under their altars.

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To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin implore
"Graves and revenge" from Gobbin cliffs and Carrick's bloody shore?*

Pity!—could we "forget, forgive," if we were clods of clay,
Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark decay,
And, worse than all—you know it, priest—the daughters of our land
With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our hand?

Pity! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day;
The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the murderer's knife;
We in the open field will fight fairly for land and life;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us into earth,
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth.

* The scene of the massacre of the unoffending inhabitants of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus.

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Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*
have bred;
Yes, this is their own work; and now their work be on
their head!

Nay, father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman
peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish
fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain
delay!
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come
or stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's
rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his master to his God;
Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the
Pale,
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail!

Then, let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with cunning
words;
I fear me more their courtly arts than England's hireling
swords;
Nathless their creed, they hate us still, as the despoiler
hates;
Could they love us, and love their prey, our kinsmen's lost
estates?

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Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's power,
Or, need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious hour;
Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through strife and pain,
And us He leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint* communed with God,
Up from the vale where Bagenal's blood manured the reeking sod,
Out from the stately woods of Truagh, MacKenna's plundered home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen come.

Then, brethren, *on!* O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see you pause—
Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your cause—
His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true;
O forward, friends, it must not lose the land again in you!

Charles Gavan Duffy.

* St Patrick, whose favourite retreat was Lecale, in the Co. Down.

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FÁG AN BEALACH.*

"HOPE no more for fatherland,
All its ranks are thinned or broken;"
Long a base and coward band
Recreant words like these have spoken:
But WE preach a land awoken;
Fatherland is true and tried
As your fears are false and hollow;
Slaves and dastards, stand aside—
Knaves and traitors, *Fág an Bealach!*

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,
Might is strong, but Right is stronger:
Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
Can enslave our land no longer
Than your own dissensions wrong her;
Be ye one in might and mind—
Quit the mire where cravens wallow—
And your foes will flee like wind
From your fearless *Fág an Bealach!*

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* *Fág an Bealach*, "Clear the road," or, as it is vulgarly spelt, *Faugh a Ballagh*, was the cry with which the clans of Connaught and Munster used in faction fights to come through a fair with high hearts and smashing shillelahs. The regiments raised in the South and West took their old shout with them to the Continent. The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusiliers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "The Faugh a Ballagh Boys." "Nothing," says Napier, in his "History of the Peninsular War"—"nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish regiments sprang to the charge;" and never was that haughty and intolerant shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought, and fatal as flame, came with it, like a rushing incarnation of *Fág an Bealach!*—C. G. D.

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Thus the mighty multitude
Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow:
"We are fallen, but unsubdued;
Show us whence we hope may borrow,
And we'll fight your fight to-morrow.
Be but cautious, true, and brave,
Where you lead us we will follow;
Hill and valley, rock and wave,
Soon shall hear our *Fág an Bealach!*"

Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory;
Worth, and wit, and might, and mind,
Poet young, and patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story.
Close your ranks—the moment's come—
NOW, ye men of Ireland! follow;
Friends of Freedom, charge them home—
Foes of Freedom, *Fág an Bealach!*

Charles Gavan Duffy.

[To make the general tone and some of the allusions in this song intelligible, we should, perhaps, mention that it was written in October 1842, when the hope and spirits of the people were low; and published in the *Nation*, as the Charter-song of the contributors. It was supposed to be first sung, as it actually was, at one of their weekly suppers. —*Author's Note.*]

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THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

In comes the captain's daughter,
The captain of the Yeos,
Saying, "Brave United man,
We'll ne'er again be foes.
A thousand pounds I'll give you,
And fly from home with thee,
And dress myself in man's attire,
And fight for libertie!"
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

And when we left our cabins, boys,
We left with right goodwill,
To see our friends and neighbours
That were at Vinegar Hill!
A young man from our ranks,
A cannon he let go;
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy—
A tyrant he laid low!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand,
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

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We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross, and Wexford town;
And, if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down.
We had no drink beside us
On Tubber'neering's day,
Depending on the long bright pike,
And well it worked its way!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill;
But let them weep for Wexford,
And think of Oulart Hill!
'Twas drink that still betrayed us—
Of them we had no fear;
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shelmalier!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

My curse upon all drinking!
It made our hearts full sore;
For bravery won each battle,
But drink lost evermore;

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And if, for want of leaders,
We lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight,
And love our country still!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D.

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THE FELONS.

[When Thomas Francis Meagher and two more of the 'Forty-Eight men were outlawed wanderers in Tipperary, and at the close of a weary evening sought food and shelter from a peasant whom they met on the way, the colloquy and events of the ballad took place.]

"Good peasant, we are strangers here,
And night is gathering fast;
The stars scarce glimmer in the sky,
And moans the mountain blast:
Canst tell us of a place to rest?
We're wearied with the road;
No churl the peasant used to be
With homely couch and food."

"I cannot help myself, nor know
Where ye may rest or stay;
A few more hours the moon will shine,
And light you on your way."

"But, peasant, can you let a man
Appeal to you in vain;
Here at your very cabin door,
And 'mid the pelting rain?
Here in the dark, and in the night
Where one scarce sees a span,
What!—close your heart!—and close your door!
And be an Irishman?"

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"No—no—go on—the moon will rise
In a short hour or two;
What can a peaceful labourer say?
Or a poor toiler do?"

"You're poor? well—here's a golden chance
To make you rich and great;
Five hundred pounds are on our heads!
The gibbet is our fate!
Fly—raise the cry, and win the gold;
Or some may cheat you soon;
And we'll abide by the road side,
And wait the rising moon."

What ails the peasant?—does he flush
At the wild greed of gold?
Why seizes he the wanderers' hands?—
Hark to his accents bold:—

"Ho! I *have* a heart for you, neighbours,
Ay, and a hearth and a home;
Ay, and a help for you, neighbours;
God bless ye, and prosper ye—come!

"Come—out of the light of the soldiers;
Come in 'mongst the children and all;
And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland,
Till Connall himself gets a fall.

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"To the devil with all their gold guineas—
Come in—everything is your own;
And I'll kneel at your feet, friends of Ireland!
What I wouldn't for king on his throne.

"God bless ye that stood in the danger,
In the midst of the country's mishap;
That stood up to meet the big famine:
Och! ye are the men in the gap!*

"Come in—with a '*Céad Míle Fáilte*;'†
Sit down, and don't make any noise,
Till I come for more comforts to crown ye;
Till I gladden the hearts of the boys.

"Arrah! shake hands again—noble fellows!
That left your own homes for the poor;
Not a man in the land could betray you,
Or shut up his heart or his door."

John T. Campion, M.D.

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* "I sought for a man that . . . should stand *in the gap* before me for the land."—*Ezek.* xxii. 30.

† "A hundred thousand welcomes."

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IRISH WAR-SONG.

BRIGHT sun! before whose glorious ray
Our pagan fathers bent the knee;
Whose pillar-altars yet can say
When time was young our sires were free;
Who seest how fallen their offspring be,
Our matrons' tears, our patriots' gore;
We swear, before high Heaven and thee,
The Saxon holds us slaves no more!

Our sunburst on the Roman foe
Flashed vengeance once in foreign field;
On Clontarf's plain lay scathed low
What power the sea-kings fierce could wield;
Beinn Burb might say whose cloven shield
'Neath bloody hoofs was trampled o'er,
And, by these memories high, we yield
Our limbs to Saxon chains no more!

The *clâirseach** wild, whose trembling string
Had long the "song of sorrow" spoke,
Shall bid the wild *Rosg-Cata*† sing
The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.
And, by each heart his bondage broke—
Each exile's sigh on distant shore—
Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke—
The Saxon holds us slaves no more!

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* Harp.

† Literally the "Eye of Battle"—the war-song of the bards.

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Send the loud war-cry o'er the main—
Your sunburst to the breezes spread:
That *slogan** rends the heaven in twain—
The earth reels back beneath your tread.
Ye Saxon despots, hear, and dread!
Your march o'er patriot hearts is o'er—
That shout hath told, that tramp hath said,
Our country's sons are slaves no more!

Edward Walsh.

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* *Sluach-gairm*—army shout (word commonly used was *gair-chath*—war-cry).

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THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

WHO fears to speak of 'Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus;
But a *true* man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

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The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that give them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of 'Ninety-Eight.

John Kells Ingram, LL.D.

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THE BATTLE OF BÉAL-AN-ATHA-BUÍDHE.*

[Won by the great Hugh O'Neill over Marshal Bagenal and the flower of Elizabeth's army, between Armagh and Blackwater Bridge, A.D. 1598.]

By O'Neill close beleaguered, the spirits might droop
Of the Saxon three hundred shut up in their coop,
Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore,
On the sword of a soldier, to succour Port Mor.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—
Their features how bronzed, and how haughty their stride—
Stept steadily on; it was thrilling to see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er *Béal-an-atha-buídhe.*

The flash of their armour, inlaid with fine gold—
Gleaming matchlocks, and cannon that mutteringly rolled—
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers
Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

And are the mere Irish, with pikes and with darts,
With but glibb-covered heads, and but rib-guarded hearts—
Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—
The battle to dare against England's proud sons?

* Mouth of the yellow ford.

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Poor bonnochts, and wild gallow-glasses and kern*—
Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry fern;
Wirrastrue† for their wives—for their babes *ochanie*,
If they wait for the Saxon at *Bŧal-an-atha-buidhe.*

Yet O'Neill standeth firm—few and brief his commands:
"Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands;
Try how far you can push them, my children, at once;
Fág an bealach! and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

"They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread;
Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;"
And he clutched his claymore, and, "Look yonder!" laughed he,
"What a grand commissariat for *Bŧal-an-atha-buidhe!*"

Near the chief a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood;
His nostrils, dilated, seemed snuffing for blood;
Rough and ready to spring, like the wiry wolf-hound
Of Irenè—who, tossing his pike with a bound,

Cried, "My hand to the Sassanach! ne'er may I hurl
Another to earth if I call him a churl!
He finds me in clothing, in booty, and bread—
My chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?"

---

* *Buanadh*—a billeted soldier, from *buanacht*, quarterage. *Gallo-glach*, a heavy soldier. *Ceitheirn*, a band of light troops, plural of *Ceithearnaigh.*

† *Wirrastrue—A Mhuire as truagh*, O Mary, what sorrow!

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"Land of Owen *abú!*" * and the Irish rushed on—
The foe fired but one volley—their gunners are gone;
Before the bare bosoms the steel-coats have fled,
Or, despite casque and corselet, lie dying and dead.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought,
With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought,
Their faces to heaven; there were others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colours, great store,
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *go leor!* †
They munched the white manchets—they champed the brown chine—
Fuilleluadh! ‡ for that day how the natives did dine!

The chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
And cried, "Hearken, O'Neill! I've a health to propose—
'To our Sassanach hosts!'" and all quaffed in huge glee,
With *Céad mile fáilte go* BÉAL-AN-ATHA-BUÍDHE!

William Drennan.

---

* *A búaidh*, to victory.
† Sufficiently, plentifully.
‡ An oath or exclamation.

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THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1190.

CAN the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,
That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—
To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow
Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Eatharlach: *

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Gailtees;
Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Sliabh na m-Ban,† Gleann Colaich, and sublime Gailtee Mor!

The sunburst that slumbered, embalmed in our tears,
Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers!
And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane,
His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes!
He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

---

* Aharlow Glen, county Tipperary. † Slievenamon.

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Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain !
He reels o'er his charger deep pierced through the brain ;
And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale—
But who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
Till thy waves, "lordly Sionainn," all crimsonly flow,
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie ;
And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock,
And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Sliabh Bloom,
To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves,
But the glen and the torrent have yawned on their graves :
From the gloomy Ard Fionnain to wild Teampoll Mor—*
From the Siur to the Sionainn—is red with their gore.

---

* Ardfinan and Templemore.

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By the soul of Heremon! our warriors may smile,
To remember the march of the foe through our isle;
Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray;

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold;
By Saint Bride of Cildare! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Eatharlach!

Richard Dalton Williams.

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THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A PEASANT BALLAD OF 1691.

[When Limerick was surrendered, and the bulk of the Irish army took service with Louis XIV., a multitude of the old soldiers of the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, preferred remaining in the country at the risk of fighting for their daily bread; and with some gentlemen, loth to part from their estates or their sweethearts, among whom Redmond O'Hanlon is, perhaps, the most memorable. The English army and the English law drove them by degrees to the hills, where they were long a terror to the new and old settlers from England, and a secret pride and comfort to the trampled peasantry, who loved them even for their excesses. It was all they had left to take pride in.—C. G. D.]

RIGH Shemus * he has gone to France, and left his crown behind;
Ill luck be theirs, both day and night, put running in his mind!
Lord Lucan † followed after, with his Slashers brave and true,
And now the doleful keen is raised—"What will poor Ireland do?
"What must poor Ireland do?
Our luck," they say, "has gone to France—what *can* poor Ireland do?"

---

* King James II.

† After the Treaty of Limerick, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, sailed with the brigade to France, and was killed whilst leading his countrymen to victory at the battle of Landen, in the Low Countries, on July 29, 1693, saying, as he drew his hand, covered with his heart's blood, from his bosom, and looking at it, "Would that this were for my native land."

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O never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still;
For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

O black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and colder than the clay!
O high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's gone away!
It's little love you bear to us, for sake of long ago;
But hold your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow—
Can strike a mortal blow—
Och, *duar-na-Criosd!* * 'tis she that still could strike a deadly blow!

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly *bodach* † fills;
The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills.
But God be praised that round him throng, as thick as summer bees,
The swords that guarded Limerick wall—his loyal Rapparees!
His loving Rapparees!
Who dare say *no* to Rory Oge, with all his Rapparees?

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore—
God rest the faithful hearts he broke!—we'll never see them more!

* Word of Christ.

† *Bodach*—a clown, a churl.

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But I'll go bail he'll break no more, while Truagh has
gallows-trees;
For why?—he met, one lonely night, the fearless Rapparees!
The angry Rapparees!
They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rap-
parees!

Now, Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed of what I say—
Keep down your black and angry looks, that scorn us night
and day:
For there's a just and wrathful Judge, that every action sees,
And He'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful
Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the roving Rap-
parees!

Charles Gavan Duffy.

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OURSELVES ALONE.

THE work that should to-day be wrought,
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled
In patient hope to bide,
By dreams of English justice fooled
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion's past—
The empty dream has flown:
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

Aye! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love, at best,
Is all we've found, or can expect,
We Aliens of the West.
No friend, beyond our own green shore,
Can Erin truly own;
Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
In her brave sons ALONE.

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Remember, when our lot was worse—
Sunk, trampled to the dust—
'Twas long our weakness and our curse
In stranger aid to trust.
And if, at length, we proudly trod
On bigot laws o'erthrown,
Who won that struggle? Under God,
Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

O let its memory be enshrined
In Ireland's heart for ever!
It proves a banded people's mind
Must win in just endeavour;
It shows how wicked to despair,
How weak to idly groan—
If ills at *others'* hands ye bear,
The cure is in YOUR OWN.

The foolish word "impossible"
At once, for aye, disdain;
No power can bar a people's will,
A people's right to gain.
Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone—
We'll be a glorious nation yet,
REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE!

Sliabh Cuilinn.

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EIRE A RUIN.

LONG thy fair cheek was pale,
Eire a ruin—
Too well it spake thy tale,
Eire a ruin—
Fondly nursed hopes betrayed,
Gallant sons lowly laid,
All anguish there portrayed,
Eire a ruin.

Long my dear *dáirseach's** string
Eire a ruin,
Sang but as captives sing,
Eire a ruin,
'Twas sorrow's broken sigh
Blent with mirth's reckless cry,
Saddest of minstrelsy—
Eire a ruin—

Still was it thine to cope,
Eire a ruin—
Still against hope to hope,
Eire a ruin,
Ever through blackest woe
Fronting that tyrant foe,
Whom thou shalt yet lay low,
Eire a ruin.

---

* Harp.

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Though he should sue thee now,
Eire a ruin,
Heed not his traitor vow,
Eire a ruin;
When didst thou e'er believe,
When his false words receive,
But sorely thou didst grieve,
Eire a ruin?

Millions of hearts are thine,
Eire a ruin;
Millions as one combine,
Eire a ruin;
Closer in peril knit,
Patient, though passion-lit—
For such is triumph writ,
Eire a ruin.

Then let thy *cláirseach* pour,
Eire a ruin,
Wailings of grief no more,
Eire a ruin;
But strains like flash of steel,
Kindling that fire of zeal
Which melts their chains who feel,
Eire a ruin.

Sliabh Cuilinn.

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ORANGE AND GREEN.

THE night was falling dreary,
In merry Bandon town,
When, in his cottage weary,
An Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendour
Had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No Surrender!
Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving
The feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving,
Flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting,
A hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating
The *Battle of the Boyne.*

Ha! toward his cottage hieing,
What form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying,
With blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger,
Though green my colour be,
And, in the day of danger,
May Heaven remember thee!

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"In yonder vale contending,
Alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending,
An Orangeman I slew;
Hark! hear that fearful warning,
There's death in every tone—
O save my life till morning,
And Heaven prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted
In pity to the green;
He heard the tale, and felt it
His very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning
Though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling,
The angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangeman addressed—
"Arise, arise, and follow
The chase along the plain!
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather
Upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father
Aghast with sudden pain.

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He seeks the righted stranger
In covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger
Is gone and past away.

"I had a son—one only,
One loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely,
In that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee
Until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee—
Arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed
From that unhappy vale;
The father, broken-hearted,
Lay brooding o'er that tale.
Full twenty summers after
To silver turned his beard,
And yet the sound of laughter
From him was never heard.

. . . . .

The night was falling dreary
In merry Wexford town,
When, in his cabin, weary,
A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
Along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of "*Granua Uaile!*"

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Beside the waters, laving
The feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gaily waving,
Was spread against the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting,
Loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating,
"Down, Orangemen, lie down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour
That woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger,
Rise on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean,
He sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion,
An Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary,
And feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over
Have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover
Of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the green;
When fainting and defeated
I freely took him in.

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I pledged my word to save him,
From vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him,
Though he had killed my son."

That aged peasant heard him,
And knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirred him,
And tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure,
He pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure
Of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling,
That old man's tears came down;
Deep memory recalling
That cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee,
My being first shall end;
I'm living to defend thee,
My saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning,
Addressed the wondering crowd;
With fervent spirit burning,
He told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders,
Their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders
And chaired him through the street.

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As he had saved that stranger
From peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger
Did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended,
The worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended
Of Orange and of Green.

Gerald Griffin.

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THE FAMINE YEAR.

WEARY men, what reap ye?—Golden corn for the stranger.
What sow ye?—Human corses that wait for the avenger.
Fainting forms, hunger-stricken, what see ye in the offing?—
Stately ships to bear our food away, amid the stranger's scoffing.
There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your door?—
They guard our master's granaries from the thin hands of the poor.
Pale mothers, wherefore weeping?—Would to God that we were dead?
Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them bread.

Little children, tears are strange upon your infant faces,
God meant you but to smile within your mother's soft embraces.—
O we know not what is smiling, and we know not what is dying;
But we're hungry, very hungry, and we cannot stop our crying.
And some of us grow cold and white—we know not what it means;
But, as they lie beside us we tremble in our dreams.
There's a gaunt crowd on the highway—are you come to pray to man,
With hollow eyes that cannot weep, and for words your faces wan?—

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No; the blood is dead within our veins—we care not now
for life;
Let us die hid in the ditches, far from children and from
wife;
We cannot stay and listen to their raving famished cries—
Bread! Bread! Bread! and none to still their agonies.
We left our infants playing with their dead mother's hand:
We left our maidens maddened by the fever's scorching
brand:
Better, maiden, thou wert strangled in thy own dark-twisted
tresses—
Better, infant, thou wert smothered in thy mother's first
caresses.

We are fainting in our misery, but God will hear our
groan;
Yet, if fellow-men desert us, will He hearken from His
throne?
Accursed are we in our own land, yet toil we still and toil;
But the stranger reaps our harvest—the alien owns our soil.
O Christ! how have we sinned, that on our native plains
We perish homeless, naked, starved, with branded brow like
Cain's?
Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow—
Dying as a dog would die, by the wayside as we go.

One by one they're falling round us, their pale faces to the
sky;
We've no strength left to dig them graves—there let them
lie.
The wild bird, if he's stricken, is mourned by the others,
But we—we die in Christian land,—we die amid our
brothers,

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In a land which God has given us, like a wild beast in his cave,
Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin, or a grave.
Ha! but think ye the contortions on each livid face ye see,
Will not be read on Judgment-day by eyes of Deity?

We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools to build your pride,
But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for whom Christ died.
Now in your hour of pleasure—bask ye in the world's caress;
But our whitening bones against ye will rise as witnesses,
From the cabins and the ditches in their charred, uncoffined masses,
For the Angel of the Trumpet will know them as he passes.
A ghastly spectral army, before the great God we'll stand,
And arraign ye as our murderers, the spoilers of our land!

Lady Wilde.

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THE ARMS OF 'EIGHTY-TWO.

THEY rose to guard their fatherland—
In stern resolve they rose,
In bearing firm, in purpose grand,
To meet the world as foes.
They rose, as brave men ever do;
And flashing bright,
They bore to light
The Arms of 'Eighty-two!

O 'twas a proud and solemn sight
To mark that broad array
Come forth to claim a nation's right
'Gainst all who dared gainsay;
And despots shrunk, appalled to view
The men who bore,
From shore to shore,
The Arms of 'Eighty-two!

They won her right—they passed away—
Within the tomb they rest—
And coldly lies the mournful clay
Above each manly breast;
But Ireland still may proudly view
What that great host
Had cherished most—
The Arms of 'Eighty-two!

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Time-honoured comrades of the brave—
  Fond relics of their fame!
Does Ireland hold one coward slave
  Would yield you up to shame?
One dastard who would tamely view
    The alien's hand,
    Insulting, brand
The Arms of 'Eighty-two?

Michael Joseph Barry.

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MACKENNA'S DREAM.

One night of late I chanced to stray,
All in the pleasant month of May,
When all the Green in slumber lay,
The moon sunk in the deep;
'Twas on a bank I sat me down,
And while the wild wind whistled round,
The ocean with a solemn sound
Lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw brave Brian Boru,
Who did the Danish force subdue;
His sabre bright with wrath he drew;
These words he said to me:
"The Harp melodiously shall sound,
When Erin's sons shall be unbound,
St Patrick's Day they'll dance around
The blooming laurel tree."

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
And presently made this reply,
"For Erin's cause I'll live and die,
As thousands did before;
My sword again on Aughrim's plain
Old Erin's right shall well maintain,
Through millions in the battle slain,
And thousands in their gore."

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I thought St Ruth stood on the ground,
And said, "I will your monarch crown,
Encompassed by the French around,
All ready for the field."
He raised a Cross, and thus did say,
"Brave boys, we'll show them gallant play;
Let no man dare to run away;
We'll die before we yield."

The brave O'Byrne he was there,
From Ballymanus, I declare,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare
To march at his command;
Westmeath and Cavan too did join,
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,
Slane, Trim, and Navan too did join
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,
He drew his sword both bright and keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen,
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
And died before they'd live enslaved,
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy he did say,
"Behold, my lord, I'm here to-day,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay,
From Wexford hills so brave;

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Our country's fate, it does depend
On you, and on your gallant friend;
And Heaven will his cause defend,
Who'll die ere be a slave."

I thought each band played "Patrick's Day,"
To marshal all in grand array;
With cap and feather white and gay,
They march in warlike glow,
With drums and trumpets loud and shrill,
And cannon upon every hill;
The pikemen did the valley fill,
To strike the fatal blow.

When, all at once, appeared in sight
An army clad in armour bright;
Both front, and rear, and left, and right,
Marched Paddies evermore.
The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,
Determined tyrant's blood to spill;
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,
As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said—
"Let Erin's sons be not afraid;
To glory I'll the vanguard lead,
To honour and renown;
Come, draw your swords along with me,
And let each tyrant bigot see
Dear Erin's daughters must be free
Before the sun goes down."

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Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying, "Quick march, right about!"
With bayonets fixed they all marched out
To face the deadly foe:
The enemy were no-ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh;
Now thousands on the bank did lie,
And blood in streams did flow.

The enemy made such a square
As drove our cavalry to despair,
Who were nigh routed, rank and rear,
But yet not forced to yield.
The Wexford boys that ne'er were slack,
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,
With Longford joined, who in a crack
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for Liberty,
As the enemy all broken flee;
I looked around, but could not see
One foeman on the plain,
Except the men who wounded lay,
Not able for to run away.
When I awoke 'twas break of day—
So ends MacKenna's dream.

Street Ballad.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SONG OF THE PENAL DAYS.

A.D. 1720.

YE dark-haired youths and elders hoary,
List to the wandering harper's song.
My *clairseach** weeps my true love's story,
In my true love's native tongue:
She's bound and bleeding 'neath the oppressor,
Few her friends and fierce her foe,
And brave hearts cold who would redress her—
Mo chraobhin aoibhinn alga, O!†

My love had riches once and beauty,
Till want and sorrow paled her cheek;
And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
They're crouching now, like cravens sleek.
O Heaven! that e'er this day of rigour
Saw sons of heroes abject, low—
And blood and tears thy face disfigure,
Mo chraobhin aoibhinn alga, O!

I see young virgins step the mountain
As graceful as the bounding fawn,
With cheeks like heath-flower by the fountain,
And breasts like downy *ceanabhan.*‡

---

* Harp.

† *Ma chreevin evin alga, O!*—My fair noble maid.

‡ *Ceanabhan*—moor-grass.

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Shall bondsmen share those beauties ample?
Shall their pure bosoms' current flow
To nurse new slaves for them that trample?
Mo chraobhin aoibhinn alga, O!

Around my *clairseach's* speaking measures
Men, like their fathers tall, arise;
Their heart the same deep hatred treasures—
I read it in their kindling eyes!
The same proud brow to frown at danger—
The same long *coulin's** graceful flow—
The same dear tongue to curse the stranger—
Mo chraobhin aoibhinn alga, O!

I'd sing ye more, but age is stealing
Along my pulse and tuneful fires;
Far bolder woke my chord, appealing,
For craven *Sheamus*, to your sires.
Arouse to vengeance, men of bravery,
For broken oaths—for altars low—
For bonds that bind in bitter slavery—
Mo chraobhin aoibhinn alga, O!

Edward Walsh.

---

* *Cuil-fhion*—(fair or pleasant hair) love-locks.

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THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

THOSE scalding tears—those scalding tears
Too long have fallen in vain—
Up with the banners and the spears,
And let the gathered grief of years
Show sterner stuff than rain.
The lightning, in that stormy hour
When forth defiance rolls,
Shall flash to scathe the Saxon power,
But melt the links our long, long shower
Had rusted round our souls.

To bear the wrongs we can redress,
To make *a thing of time*—
The tyranny we can repress—
Eternal by our dastardness
Were crime—or worse than crime!
And we, whose *best* and *worst* was shame,
From first to last, alike,
May take, at length, a loftier aim,
And struggle, since it is the same
To *suffer*—or to *strike.*

What hatred of perverted might
The cruel hand inspires
That robs the linnet's eye of sight,
To make it sing both day and night!
Yet thus they robbed our sires,

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By blotting out the ancient lore
  Where every loss was shown—
Up with the flag! we stand before
The Saxons of the days of yore
  In Saxons of our own.

Denial met our just demands,
  And hatred met our love;
Till now, by heaven! for grasp of hands
We'll give them clash of battle-brands,
  And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
And may the Saxon stamp his heel
  Upon the coward's front
Who sheathes his own unbroken steel,
Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
  Who forced us to the brunt!

J. De Jean Frazer.

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THE GERALDINES.

THE Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis full a thousand years
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle-spears;
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were known,
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne;
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by William's side,
And the grey sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed;
But never then, nor thence till now, have falsehood or disgrace
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis true, in Strongbow's van,
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began;
And, O hrought many a dark campaign they proved their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and chief, and kerne:
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,
And generous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter done!
How gay their laugh! how proud their mien! you'd ask no herald's sign—
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

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These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—not long our air they breathed,
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed,
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst!
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more than Irish" tribe;
For still they clung to fosterage, to *breitheamh*, cloak, and bard:
What king dare say to Geraldine, "Your Irish wife discard?"

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained:
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call
By *Gleann's** green slopes, and *Daingean's*† tide, from *Bearbha's*‡ banks to *Eochaill.*§
What gorgeous shrines, what *breitheamh*‖ lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In and around *Magh Nuadhaid's*¶ keep, and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stayed when friend or kin were pressed;
And foemen fled when "*Crom abú*"** bespoke your lance in rest.

---

* *Angl.* Glyn. † *Angl.* Dingle. ‡ *Angl.* Barrow.
§ *Angl.* Youghal. ‖ *Angl.* Brehon. ¶ *Angl.* Maynooth.
** Formerly the war-cry of the Geraldines, and now their motto.

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Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! since Silken Thomas flung
King Henry's sword on council board, the English thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away.
Of Desmond's blood through women's veins passed on the exhausted tide;
His title lives—a Sassanach churl usurps the lion's hide:
And though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at the root,
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?

True Geraldines! brave Geraldines! as torrents mould the earth,
You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth:
When Ginckle leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed
To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed!
And still it is the peasants' hope upon the *Cuirreach's** mere,
"They live who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here."
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed!

These Geraldines! these Geraldines! rain wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock,

---

* *Angl.* Curragh.

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But ever, sure, while one is left of all that honoured race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place;
And though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and town,
From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish their renown!
And men will say of valour's rise, or ancient power's decline,
"'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine."

The Geraldines! the Geraldines! and are there any fears
Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years?
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyr's blood?
Or has that grown a purling brook which long rushed down a flood?
By Desmond swept with sword and fire, by clan and keep laid low,
By Silken Thomas and his kin, by sainted Edward, No!
The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line
COMMAND THEIR SONS TO TAKE THE POST THAT FITS THE GERALDINE!

Thomas Davis.

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BY MEMORY INSPIRED.

By Memory inspired,
And love of country fired,
The deeds of MEN I love to dwell upon;
And the patriotic glow
Of my spirit must bestow
A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys, gone!
Here's a memory to the friends that are gone.

In October 'Ninety-Seven—
May his soul find rest in heaven—
William Orr to execution was led on:
The jury, drunk, agreed
That IRISH was his creed;
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on:
Here's the memory of John Mitchell that is gone!

In 'Ninety-Eight—the month July—
The informer's pay was high;
When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann;
But MacCann was Reynolds' first—
One could not allay his thirst;
So he brought up Bond and Byrne, that are gone, boys, gone!
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

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We saw a nation's tears
Shed for John and Henry Shears;
Betrayed by Judas Captain Armstrong;
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The poisoning of Maguire that is gone, boys, gone—
Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man, without a sigh;
But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
But Sirr, with steel-clad breast,
And coward heart at best,
Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys, gone:
Here's the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-three,
Closed this cruel history,
When Emmett's blood the scaffold flowed upon:
O had their spirits been wise,
They might then realise
Their freedom—but we drink to Mitchell that is gone, boys, gone:
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

Street Ballad.

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TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG.

'Tis now we'd want to be wary, boys,
The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys;
If they offer a glass, we'll wink as they pass—
We're old birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys.

Then, hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys,
Although we're "cross and contrary," boys;
The never a one will handle a gun,
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys,
In the days of our famine and fear, my boys;
He burned and sacked, he plundered and racked,
Old Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys.

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys,
And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys;
But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade,
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys.

So never to 'list bé in haste, my boys,
Or a glass of drugged whisky to taste, my boys;
If to India you go, it's to grief and to woe,
And to rot and to die like a beast, my boys.

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But now he is beat for men, my boys,
His army is getting so thin, my boys,
With the fever and ague, the sword and the plague,
O the devil a fear that he'll win, my boys.

Then mind not the nobblin' old schemer, boys,
Though he says that he's richer than Damer, boys;
Though he bully and roar, his power is o'er,
And his black heart will shortly be tamer, boys.

Now, isn't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,
In his mortal distress and his evil, boys?
But we'll cock each *caubeen* when his sergeants are seen,
And we'll tell them to go to the devil, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys!
Although "we're cross and contrary," boys
The never a one will handle a gun,
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

Street Ballad.

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THE BISHOP OF ROSS.

THE tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroom;
The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel,
And Broghill—the merciless Broghill—is come
On a mission of murder which pleases him well.

The wailing of women, the wild *ululu*,
Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey;
But loud though the plaints and the shrieks which ensue,
The war-cry is louder of men in array.

In the park of Macroom there is gleaming of steel,
And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,
And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,
And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield.

MacEgan,* a prelate like Ambrose of old,
Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near;
The post of the pastor's in front of the fold
When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear

The danger is come, and the fortune of war
Inclines to the side of oppression once more;
The people are brave—but, they fall; and the star
Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

---

* *Mac Aodhagain* in proper spelling

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MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands
Of the lords of the Pale, and his death is decreed;
But the sentence is stayed by Lord Broghill's commands,
And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.

"To *Carraig-an-Droichid** this instant," he cried,
"Prevail on your people in garrison there
To yield, and at once in our mercy confide,
And your life I will pledge you my honour to spare."

"*Your mercy! your honour!*" the prelate replied,
"I well know the worth of: my duty I know.
Lead on to the castle, and there, by your side,
With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do."

The orders are given, the prisoner is led
To the castle, and round him are menacing hordes:
Undaunted, approaching the walls, at the head
Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these words:

"Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
Of the serpent, for perfidy skulks in its folds!
Beware of Lord Broghill the day that he smiles!
His mercy is murder!—his word never holds.

"Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
Our countrymen never relied on the faith
Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued—
And the issue of every delusion was death."

* Commonly written Carrigadrohid (the Rock of the Bridge), three miles east of Macroom, county Cork. The castle was built on a steep rock in the river Lee, by the M'Carthys.

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Thus nobly the patriot prelate sustained
The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,
And the last of old *Eoghan's* descendants obtained
For the name of *Ui-Mani* new lustre and grace.

He died on the scaffold, in front of those walls
Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar;
And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
The blackest of Broghill's achievements in war!

Dr Madden.

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OUR OWN AGAIN.

Let the coward shrink aside,
We'll have our own again;
Let the brawling slave deride,
Here's for our own again;
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
March, threaten, fortify,
Loose his lawyer and his spy,
Yet we'll have our own again.
Let him soothe in silken tone,
Scold from a foreign throne,
Let him come with bugles blown,
We shall have our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
We'll have our own again;
Let the game be fairly tried,
We'll have our own again.

Send the cry throughout the land,
"Who's for our own again?"
Summon all men to our band,
Why not our own again?
Rich, and poor, and old, and young,
Sharp sword, and fiery tongue,
Soul, and sinew firmly strung,
All to get our own again.

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Brothers thrive by brotherhood—
Trees in a stormy wood—
Riches come from nationhood—
Shan't we have our own again?
Munster's woe is Ulster's bane—
Join for our own again;
Tyrants rob as well as reign—
We'll have our own again.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirred,
"Rise for our own again!"
Oft passed the signal word,
"Strike for our own again!"
Rudely, rashly, and untaught,
Uprose they, ere they ought,
Failing, though they nobly fought,
Dying for their own again.
Mind will rule and muscle yield
In senate, ship, and field—
When we've skill our strength to wield,
Let us take our own again.
By the slave his chain is wrought—
Strive for our own again;
Thunder is less strong than thought—
We'll have our own again.

Calm as granite to our foes,
Stand for our own again,
Till his wrath to madness grows—
Firm for our own again.
Bravely hope and wisely wait,
Toil, join, and educate;
Man is master of his fate;
We'll enjoy our own again.

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With a keen, constrained thirst—
Powder's calm ere it burst—
Making ready for the worst,
So we'll get our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
We'll have our own again;
God is on the righteous side,
We'll have our own again.

Thomas Davis.

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THE BROTHERS.

HENRY AND JOHN SHEARS.*

'Tis midnight; falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
On a pale and anxious crowd,
Through the court, and round the judges, thronging thickly,
With prayers they dare not speak aloud.
Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the bar—
You can see them through the gloom—
In the pride of life and manhood's beauty there they are,
Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on these are keeping,
Some, sobbing, turn away,
And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
So noble and so loved were they.
Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,
As before the judge they stand;
They feel not the deep grief that moves the others;
For they die for Fatherland.

---

* Born in Cork. Their father was a banker in that city, where his leisure moments were devoted to literary and benevolent pursuits. Glasheen, about a mile from the city, was his country residence, where his children were reared. The brothers were arrested on the 21st May 1798, tried on the 12th, and executed on the 14th of July following, with circumstances of great barbarity.

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They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
On each proud high brow;
For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
Around them even now.
They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger,—
Was it treason? Let them die;
But their blood will cry to heaven—the Avenger
Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
The base informer bends,
Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,
While he clasped their hands as friends.
Ay, could fondle the young children of his victim,
Break bread with his young wife,
At the moment that, for gold, his perjured dictum
Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping
Troubled watch, till forth the jury come;
There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—
Guilty! is the fatal doom.
For a moment o'er the brothers' noble faces
Came a shadow sad to see,
Then silently they rose up in their places,
And embraced each other fervently.

O the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
The rudest cheek might blush at such a scene;
Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—to-morrow—
Twice faltered, as a woman he had been.

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To-morrow! Fain the elder would have spoken,
Prayed for respite, though it is not death he fears;
But thoughts of home and wife his heart have broken,
And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest—O he speaks out bold and clearly:
"I have no ties of children or of wife;
Let me die—but spare the brother, who more dearly
Is loved by me than life."
Pale martyrs, ye may cease; your days are numbered;
Next noon your sun of life goes down;
One day between the sentence and the scaffold;
One day between the torture and the crown.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation;
Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky;
But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
For the brothers are led forth to die.
Ay; guard them with your cannon and your lances—
So of old came martyrs to the stake;
Ay; guard them—see the people's flashing glances,
For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever—
Ah! methinks, had I been there,
I'd have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
The sword should touch their hair.*

* Lady Wilde gave proof of her courage in 'Forty-Eight; standing up in the gallery of the court, she announced herself, before the judges, the writer of an article which was then being adduced as proof of the guilt of the Editor of one of the National Papers.

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It falls!—there is a shriek of lamentation
From the weeping crowd around;
They are stilled—the noblest hearts within the nation—
The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have passed since that fatal scene of dying,
Yet life-like to this day
In their coffins still those severed heads are lying,
Kept by angels from decay.
O they preach to us, those still and pallid features;
Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves
To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

Lady Wilde.

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UP FOR THE GREEN.

A SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

'Tis the green—O the green is the colour of the true,
And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue!
And the colour of our fatherland alone should here be seen—
And the colour of the martyred dead—our own immortal green.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
O 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hands, O we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—
'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes;
But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean,
For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.
So we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green—
O to *die* is far better than be cursed as we have been;
And we've hearts—O we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green.

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They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure,
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure;
No, we won't, no, we won't, Bull, for now nor evermore!
For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.
Then up for the green, boys, then up for the green!
Shout it back to the Sassanach, "We'll *never* sell the green!"
For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue and avenge us and our own immortal green.

O remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
At *Luimneach** and *Durlas*,† Blackwater and *Beinnbhorb*,‡
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Fontenoy.
Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
O 'tis *still* in the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green!

J. E. Pigot.

---

* Limerick. † Misspelt Thurles. ‡ Benburb.

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MY LAND.

SHE is a rich and rare land;
O she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
  This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
  And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land;
O she's a true and old land—
  This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
  No friend within it pine!

O she's a fresh and fair land,
O she's a true and rare land!
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
  This native land of mine.

Thomas Davis.

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MUSIC IN THE STREET.

[Suggested by hearing *Patrick's Day* and *Garryowen* played on the Fourth of July by the band of the 69th Regiment, in the streets of New York.]

It rose upon the sordid street,
A cadence sweet and lone;
Through all the vulgar din it pierced,
That low melodious tone.
It thrilled on my awakened ear
Amid the noisy mart,
Its music over every sound
Vibrated in my heart.

I've heard full oft a grander strain
Through lofty arches roll,
That bore on the triumphant tide
The rapt and captive soul.
In this the breath of my own hills
Blew o'er me soft and warm,
And shook my spirit, as the leaves
Are shaken by the storm

As sounds the distant ocean wave
Within a hollow shell,
I heard within this far-off strain
The gentle waters swell

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Around my distant island shore,
And glancing through the rocks,
While o'er their full and gliding wave
The sea-birds wheeled in flocks.

There, through the long delicious eves
Of that old haunted land,
The Naiads, in their floating hair,
Yet dance upon the strand;
Still near and nearer came the sound,
And swelled upon the air;
And still strange echoes trembled through
And magic music there.

It rose above the ceaseless din,
It filled the dusty street,
As some cool breeze of freshness blows
Across the desert's heat.
It shook their squalid attic homes—
Pale exiles of our race—
And drew to dingy window panes
Full many a faded face.

And eyes whose deep and lustrous light
Flashed strangely, lonely there,
And many a young and wistful brow
Beneath its soft brown hair;
And other eyes of fiercer fire,
And faces rough and dark—
Brave souls! that bore through all their lives
The tempests on their bark.

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In through the narrow rooms it poured,
That music sweeping on,
And perfumed all their heavy air
With flowers of summers gone,
With waters sparkling to the lips,
With many a summer breeze,
That woke into one rippling song
The shaken summer trees.

In it, along the sloping hills,
The blue flax-blossoms bent;
In it, above the shining streams,
The "Fairy Fingers" leant;
In it, upon the soft green Rath,
There bloomed the Fairy Thorn;
In their tired feet they felt the dew
Of many a harvest morn.

In it, the ripe and golden corn
Bent down its heavy head;
In it, the grass waved long and sweet
Above their kindred dead;
In it, the voices of the loved,
They might no more behold,
Came back and spoke the tender words
And sang the songs of old.

Sometimes there trembled through the strain
A song like falling tears,
And then it rose and burst again
Like sudden clashing spears;

Digitized by Google

And still the faces in the street,
  And at the window panes,
Would cloud or lighten, gloom or flash,
  With all its changing strains.

But all too soon it swept away,
  That pageantry of sound,
Again the parted tide of life
  Closed darkly all around;
As in the wake of some white bark,
  In sunshine speeding on,
Close in the dark and sullen waves,
  The darker where it shone.

The faces faded from my view,
  Like faces in a dream;
To its dull channel back again
  Crept the subsiding stream.
And I, too, starting like the rest,
  Cast all the spell aside,
And let the fading music go—
  A blossom down the tide.

Anonymous.

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DEAR LAND.

WHEN comes the day all hearts to weigh,
If staunch they be, or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle?
My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue,
But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
Ere I am false to you,
Dear land—
Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold—
Your noble lakes and streams—
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all your long, dark thrall—
Your martyrs brave and true;
And dash apart the tears that start—
We must not *weep* for you,
Dear land—
We must not *weep* for you.

My grandsire died his home beside;
They seized and hanged him there;
His only crime, in evil time
Your hallowed green to wear.

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Across the main his brothers twain
Were sent to pine and rue;
And still they turned, with hearts that burned,
In hopeless love to you,
Dear land—
In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore;
Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
Some gallant patriot few;
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you,
Dear land—
To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine.
The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
No terrors can subdue;
If death should come, that martyrdom
Were sweet, endured for you,
Dear land—
Were sweet, endured for you

Sliabh Cuilinn.

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NATIVE SWORDS.

A VOLUNTEER SONG—1ST JULY 1792

We've bent too long to braggart wrong,
While force our prayers derided;
We've fought too long ourselves among,
By knaves and priests divided;
United now, no more we'll bow;
Foul faction, we discard it;
And now, thank God! our native sod
Has Native Swords to guard it.

Like rivers which, o'er valleys rich,
Bring ruin in their water,
On native land a native hand
Flung foreign fraud and slaughter.
From Dermod's crime to Tudor's time
Our clans were our perdition;
Religion's name, since then, became
Our pretext for division.

But, worse than all! with Limerick's fall
Our valour seemed to perish;
Or, o'er the main, in France and Spain,
For bootless vengeance flourish.

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The peasant here grew pale for fear
He'd suffer for our glory,
While France sang joy for Fontenoy,
And Europe hymned our story.

But now no clan nor factious plan
The east and west can sunder—
Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear
Can only wake our wonder.
Religion's crost when Union's lost
And "royal gifts" retard it;
And now, thank God! our native sod
Has Native Swords to guard it.

Thomas Davis.

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SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
*Soggarth aroon?**
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon.

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,

---

* *Ságart arún*—Priest, dear.

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Nor, out of fear to you—
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you*,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon?
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

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Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon?

John Banim.

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SONG OF AN EXILE.

In Ireland 'tis evening—from toil my friends hie all,
And weary walk home o'er the dew-spangled lea;
The shepherd in love tunes his grief-soothing viol,
Or visits the maid that his partner will be;
The blithe milkmaid trips to the herd that stands lowing;
The west richly smiles, and the landscape is glowing;
The sad-sounding curfew, and torrent fast-flowing,
Are heard by my fancy, though far, far at sea!

What has my eye seen since I left the green valleys,
But ships as remote as the prospect could be;
Unwieldy, huge monsters, as ugly as malice;
And floats of some wreck, which with sorrow I see?
What is seen but the fowl, that its lonely flight urges;
The lightning, that darts through the sky-meeting surges;
And the sad-scowling sky, that with bitter rain scourges
This cheek care sits drooping on, far, far at sea?

How hideous the hold is!—Here, children are screaming—
There, dames faint through thirst, with their babes on their knee!
Here, down every hatch the big breakers are streaming,
And there, with a crash, half the fixtures break free!
Some court, some contend, some sit dull stories telling;
The mate's mad and drunk, and the tars tasked and yelling;
What sickness and sorrow pervade my rude dwelling!—
A huge, floating lazar-house, far, far at sea!

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How changed all may be when I seek the sweet village:
A hedgerow may bloom where its street used to be;
The floors of my friends may be tortured by tillage,
And the upstart be served by the fallen grandee;
The axe may have humbled the grove that I haunted,
And shades be my shield that as yet are unplanted,
Nor one comrade live who repined when he wanted
The sociable sufferer that's far, far at sea!

In Ireland 'tis night—on the flowers of my setting
A parent may kneel, fondly praying for me;
The village is smokeless—the red moon is getting
That hill for a throne which I hope yet to see.
If innocence thrive, many more have to grieve for;
Success, slow but sure, I'll contentedly live for;
Yes, Sylvia, we'll meet, and your sigh cease to heave for
The swain your fine image haunts, far, far at sea!

James Orr.

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O'BYRNE'S BARD TO THE CLANS OF WICKLOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

God be with the Irish host,
Never be their battle lost!
For in battle, never yet
Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armour, red and bright,
May ye fight a valiant fight!
For the green spot of the earth,
For the land that gave you birth.

Who in Erin's cause would stand
Brother of the avenging band,
He must wed immortal quarrel,
Pain, and sweat, and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep,
Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
Then, ere sunrise, from his eyrie,
Swooping on the Saxon quarry.

What, although you've failed to keep
Liffey's plain or Tara's steep,
Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
Or the meads of Cruachan Maev.

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Want of conduct lost the town,
Broke the white-walled castle down,
Moira lost, and old Taltin,
And let the conquering stranger in.

'Twas the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains to-day
'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway.

Ah! had Heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Erin's host
Had Clan London now to boast.

Woe is me, 'tis God's decree
Strangers have the victory;
Irishmen may now be found
Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Creevan's* richest valleys ravage.

Woe is me, the foul offence,
Treachery and violence,
Done against my people's rights—
Well may mine be restless nights!

* *Chrìomhthann*—a king of ancient Erin.

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When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gauls, who have come
Hither o'er the ocean foam,
From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw,
God be with Clan Ranelagh!
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

Have them in Thy holy keeping,
God, be with them lying sleeping;
God, be with them standing fighting,
Erin's foes in battle smiting!

Samuel Ferguson.

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RÓISÍN DUBH.*

FROM THE IRISH.

[This song was composed in the reign of Elizabeth, to celebrate the Irish hero, *Hugh Ruadh O'Donnel*, of Tyrconnell. By *Róisín Dubh*, supposed to be a beloved female, is meant Ireland.]

O MY sweet little rose, cease to pine for the past,
For the friends that came eastward shall see thee at last;
They bring blessings and favours the past never knew,
To pour forth in gladness on my *Róisín Dubh.*

Long, long, with my dearest, through strange scenes I've gone,
O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have toiled on;
O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales blew,
While the harp poured its music for my *Róisín Dubh.*

Though wearied, O my fair one! do not slight my song,
For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved thee long;
In sadness and in sorrow I still shall be true,
And cling with wild fondness round my *Róisín Dubh.*

There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose excel,
There's no tongue that e'er moved half my love can tell;
Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to subdue,
O the queen of that wide world should be *Róisín Dubh.*

* *Roseen dhu*—Little Black Rose.

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Had I power, O my loved one, but to plead thy right,
I should speak out in boldness for my heart's delight;
I would tell to all round me how my fondness grew,
And bid them bless the beauty of my *Róisín Dubh.*

The mountains, high and misty, through the moors must go?
The rivers shall run backward, and the lakes overflow;
And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
Ere the world sees the ruin of my *Róisín Dubh.*

Thomas Furlong.

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DARK ROSALEEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[This impassioned ballad is another rendering of *Róisín Dubh.* Furlong's version is much the more literal, but this conveys a better idea of the intense fire and passion of the original. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers. Mangan, however, always maintained that it was in reality a love-song with an infusion, but no more, of allegorical meaning.]

O MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

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Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails;
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.

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But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
    My Dark Rosaleen!
    My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
    My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
  Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
  Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
  From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
    My Dark Rosaleen!
    My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
    My Dark Rosaleen?

I could scale the blue air,
  I could plough the high hills,
O I could kneel all night in prayer,
  To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
  Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
    My Dark Rosaleen!
    My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
    My Dark Rosaleen!

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O the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames warp hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

James Clarence Mangan.

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THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE.*

THE Little Black Rose shall be red at last;
What made it black but the March wind dry,
And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
It shall redden the hills when June is nigh!

The Silk of the Kine shall rest at last;
What drove her forth but the dragon fly?
In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn and her slow, dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last!
The pine long bleeding, it shall not die!
This song is secret. Mine ear it passed
In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

Aubrey de Vere.

* One of the mystical names of Ireland, as is also "The Silk of the Kine."

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KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN,*

A JACOBITE RELIC—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH OF WILLIAM HEFFERAN, CALLED WILLIAM DALL, OR BLIND WILLIAM.

LONG they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;
Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand;
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned queen,
Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet and mild,
Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled;
Woollen plaids would grace herself, and robes of silk her child,
If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

* *Chaitilín ní Uallachán*—an emblematic name for Ireland.

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Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones,
Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones!
Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and groans
We wait the young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Let us pray to Him who holds life's issues in His hands—
Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand lands;
Girdling them with seas and mountains, rivers deep, and strands,
To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

He who over sands and waves led Israel along—
He who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and throng—
He who stood by Moses, when his foes were fierce and strong—
May He show forth His might in saving Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

James Clarence Mangan.

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THE BLACKBIRD.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

Upon a fair morning for sweet recreation,
I heard a fair lady a-making her moan
With sighing and sobbing and sad lamentation,
And saying, "My Blackbird most royal is flown!
My thoughts they deceive me; reflections do grieve me;
And I'm overburthened with sad misery;
Yet ere death shall bind me, as true love inclines me,
My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever he be.

"Over in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king;
But since that false fortune, that still is uncertain,
Has caused this parting between him and me,
I will go, a stranger to peril or danger,
And seek out my Blackbird wherever he be.

"The birds of the forest they all met together,
The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove;
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
Once more in the spring for to seek out my love.
He is my heart's treasure, my joy, and my pleasure—
And justly, my love, my heart follows thee,
Who art courteous and kind and constant of mind—
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be!

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"In England my Blackbird and I were together,
Where he was still noble and generous of heart,
Ah! woe to the time that first we went thither—
Alas! he was forced soon from thence to depart.
In Scotland he's deemed, and highly esteemed;
In England a stranger he seemeth to be;
But his name I'll advance in Ireland and France—
All bliss to my Blackbird, wherever he be!

"O what if the fowler my Blackbird has taken?
Then sighing and sobbing shall be all my tune;
But if he is safe I shall not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in May or in June.
For him through mire, through mud, and through fire,
I'd go, for I love him to such a degree,
Who is gentle and kind, and noble of mind,
Deserving all blessings wherever he be!

"It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
Nor though like a pilgrim I wander forlorn;
I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
More than of one that in Britain is born.
I pray heaven so spacious to Britain be gracious,
Though some there be odious to both him and me;
Yet joy and renown and laurels shall crown
My Blackbird with honour wherever he be!"

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THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT FOR KING CHARLES.

A JACOBITE RELIC—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

I'LL not reveal my true-love's name;
Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame—
But, O may Heaven, my grief to quell,
Restore the hero safe and well!
My hero brave, *mo ghile, m'fhear,**
My kindred love, *mo ghile, m'fhear;*
What wringing woes my bosom knows,
Since crossed the sea *mo ghile, m'fhear.*

His glancing eyes I may compare
To diamond dews on rosebuds rare—
And love and valour brighten o'er
The features of my bosom's store;
My hero brave, etc.

No cuckoo's note by fell or floor;
No hunter's cry through hazel wood;
Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,
Since crossed the seas my royal boy.
My hero brave, etc.

* "My brightness (of my heart) is my husband." The reader will pronounce the Irish here as if written *magilli mar.*

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Oppressed with grief, I hourly cry,
With bursting heart and tearful eye—
Since we did thee, fair youth, resign
For distant shores, what woes are mine?
My hero brave, etc.

The sun his golden glory shrouds
In mantle sad of sable clouds;
The threatening sky of grief portends,
Since through far realms our lion wends!
My hero brave, etc.

That haughty, noble, youthful knight,
Of feature bland—of spirit light—
Strong-handed, swift, in war's wild throng
To chase to death the brave and strong!
My hero brave, etc.

His wreathed hair, in graceful flow
Of ringlet rare, falls full below
His manly waist, in yellow fold,
Like silken threads of curling gold!
My hero brave, etc.

Like Aongus Oge he bears command;
Or Louis of the trenchant brand:
Or Daire's son, the great Conroy—
Brave Irish chiefs, my royal boy!
My hero brave, etc.

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Or Conall, who strong ramparts won;
Or Fergus, regal Rogia's son;
Or Conor, Ulad's glorious king,
Whom harp-strings praise and poets sing—
My hero brave, etc.

Wake, wake, the wild harp's wildest sound,
Send sparkling flagons flowing round—
Fill high the wine-cup's tide of joy—
This health to thee, my royal boy!
My hero brave, *mo ghile, m'fhear,*
My kindred love, *mo ghile, m'fhear,*
What wringing woes my bosom knows,
Since crossed the seas *mo ghile, m'fear.*

Edward Walsh.

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DRIMIN DUBH.

A JACOBITE RELIC—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

AH, *Drimin dubh dilis*,* ah pride of the flow,†
Ah, where are your folks, are they living or no?
They're down in the ground, 'neath the sod lying low,
Expecting King James with the crown on his brow.

But if I could get sight of the crown on his brow,
By night and day travelling to London I'd go;
Over mountains of mist and soft mosses below,
Till I'd beat on the kettle-drums, *Drimin Dubh O!*

Welcome home, welcome home, *Drimin Dubh O!*
Good was your sweet milk for drinking, I trow;
With your face like a rose, and your dew-lap of snow,
I'll part from you never, ah, *Drimin Dubh O!*

Samuel Ferguson, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

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* *Druim-fionn dubh dilis*—"dear black white-backed (cow)."
† The soft grassy part of the bog.

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THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland—
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that they may appear in;
And shine through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland;
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes on one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;

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And still through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland.
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

Andrew Cherry.

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FINEEN THE ROVER.

An old castle towers o'er the billows
That thunder by Cleena's green land,
And there dwelt as gallant a rover
As ever grasped hilt in the hand;
Eight stately towers of the waters
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,
And over their twenty score sailors,
O who but that Rover holds sway?
Then ho for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
Straight as the mast of his galley,
And wild as a wave of the sea!

The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
They harried his lands with their powers;
He gave them a taste of his cannon,
And drove them like wolves from his towers;
The men of Clan London brought over
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;
They met him by Mizen's wild headland,
And the sharks gnawed their bones 'neath the wave.
Then ho for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
With step like the red stag of Beara,
And voice like the bold-sounding sea!

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Long time in that old battered castle,
Or out on the waves with his clan,
He feasted and ventured and conquered,
But ne'er struck his colours to man.
In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country
He died as a brave man should die,
And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,
Where the waves sing his *caoine* to the sky.
Then ho for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
With eye like the osprey's at morning,
And smile like the sun on the sea!

Robert Dwyer Joyce.

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THE RETURNED PICTURE.

[In 1866, while her husband was imprisoned at Portland, she sent him a likeness of herself and babe, taken specially for him. He had never seen the child, as it was born a week after his conviction and sentence. The carte was returned with a note from the Governor, saying that the regulations did not allow such things to prisoners.]

REFUSED admission! Baby, Baby,
Don't you feel a little pain?
See, your picture with your mother's,
From the prison back again.
They are cruel, cruel jailers,—
They are heartless, heartless men.

Ah, you laugh, my little Flax-Hair!
But my eyes are full of tears;
And my heart is sorely troubled
With old voices in my ears:
With the lingering disappointment
That is shadowing my years!

Was it much to ask them, Baby—
These rough menials of the Queen—
Was it much to ask, to give him
This poor picture, form and mien
Of the wife he loved, the little son
He never yet had seen?

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Ah, they're cruel, cruel jailers;
They are heartless, heartless men:
To bar the last poor comfort from
Your father's prison pen;
To shut our picture from the gates
And send it home again!

Mrs O'Donovan Rossa.

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SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say:—
Here's dear old Ireland! good old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain;

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But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way—
Here's good old Ireland! loved old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The patron and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make,
And the heads they break down there,
With a loud "hurroo" and a "pillalu,"
And a thundering "clear the way!"
Here's gay old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

And well we know in the cool grey eves,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more;
With "Mary machree!" and "My Pat! 'tis he!"
And "My own heart night and day!"
Ah, fond old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray.
O dear old Ireland! blest old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

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But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
  And we never may see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
  And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup,
  And with every sup let's say—
    Here's loved old Ireland! good old Ireland!
    Ireland, boys, hurra!

T. D. Sullivan, 1857.

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TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE.

I SIT beside my darling's grave,
  Who in the prison died,
And though my tears fall thick and fast,
  I think of him with pride:—
Ay, softly fall my tears like dew,
For one to God and Ireland true.

"I love my God o'er all," he said,
  "And then I love my land,
And next I love my Lily sweet,
  Who pledged me her white hand:—
To each—to all—I'm ever true,
To God—to Ireland and to you."

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed,
  Or softly raised his head:—
He fell asleep and woke in heaven
  Ere I knew he was dead;
Yet why should I my darling rue?
He was to God and Ireland true.

O 'tis a glorious memory;
  I'm prouder than a queen
To sit beside my hero's grave
  And think on what has been:—
And O my darling, I am true
To God—to Ireland and to you!

Ellen O'Leary.

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SHAMROCKS.

I WEAR a shamrock in my heart.
Three in one, one in three—
Truth and love and faith,
Tears and pain and death:
O sweet my shamrock is to me!

Lay me in my hollow bed,
Grow the shamrocks over me.
Three in one, one in three,
Faith and hope and charity,
Peace and rest and silence be
With me where you lay my head:
O dear the shamrocks are to me!

Rosa Mulholland.

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SHAMROCK SONG.

O THE red rose may be fair,
And the lily statelier;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the very heart of me!

Many a lover hath the rose
When June's musk-wind breathes and blows;
And in many a bower is heard
Her sweet praise from bee and bird.

Through the gold hours dreameth she,
In her warm heart passionately,
Her fair face hung languid-wise:
O her breath of honey and spice!

Like a fair saint virginal
Stands your lily, silver and tall;
Over all the flowers that be
Is my shamrock dear to me.

Shines the lily like the sun,
Crystal-pure, a cold sweet nun;
With her austere lip she sings
To her heart of heavenly things.

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Gazeth through a night of June
To her sister-saint, the moon;
With the stars communeth long
Of the angels and their song.

But when summer died last year
Rose and lily died with her;
Shamrock stayeth every day,
Be the winds or gold or grey.

Irish hills, as grey as the dove,
Know the little plant I love;
Warm and fair it mantles them,
Stretching down from throat to hem.

And it laughs o'er many a vale,
Sheltered safe from storm and gale;
Sky and sun and stars thereof
Love the gentle plant I love.

Soft it clothes the ruined floor
Of many an abbey, grey and hoar,
And the still home of the dead
With its green is carpeted.

Roses for an hour of love,
With the joy and pain thereof;
Stand my lilies white to see
All for prayer and purity.

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These are white as the harvest moon,
Roses flush like the heart of June;
But my shamrock, brave and gay,
Glads the tired eyes every day.

O the red rose shineth rare,
And the lily saintly fair;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the inmost heart of me!

Katarhine Tynan.

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THE SUNNY SOUTH IS GLOWING.

THE sunny South is glowing in the glow of Southern glory,
And the Southern Cross is waving o'er the freest of the free;
Yet in vain, in vain, my weary heart would try to hide the story
That evermore 'tis wandering back, dear native land, to thee;
The heathy hills of Malazan, the Bann's translucent waters,
Glenleary's shades of hazel, and Agivy's winding streams;
And Kathleen of the raven locks, the flower of Erin's daughters—
Lost heaven of 'wildering beauty! thou art mine at least in dreams.

O the green land, the old land,
Far dearer than the gold land,
With all its landscape glory and unchanging summer skies;
Let others seek their pleasures
In the chase of golden treasures,
Be mine a dream of Erin and the light of Kathleen's eyes.

Sweet scenes may group around me, hill and dale, lagoon and wildwood,
And eyes as bright and cloudless as the azure skies above;
But strange the face of nature—not the happy haunts of childhood,
And cold the glance of beauty—not the smile of early love;

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Even in the pulse of joy itself, the native charm is wanting;
For distant are the bosoms that would share it as their own;
Too late to learn that loving hearts will never bear transplanting;
Uprooted once, like seedless flowers, they wither lost and lone.
O the old land, the green land,
That land of lands the queen land;
Keep, keep the gorgeous splendour of your sunny Southern shore;
Unfading and undying,
O'er the world between us lying,
The hallowed loves of former days are mine for evermore.

Andrew Orr.

BALLARAT, *December* 1860.

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I'M VERY HAPPY WHERE I AM.

A PEASANT WOMAN'S SONG. 1864.

["A few days ago I stood on the North Wall and watched the emigrants embarking for the Far West, as I have often stood on the quays of New York to see them arrive in America. While chewing the cud of many sweet and bitter fancies over this sad review, and picturing to myself the fate of each group as it passed, a chord in the old harp, which every Irishman wears in his breast, twanged in a minor key, and I heard a young Irish wife in the backwoods of Ohio singing this strain."]

I'M very happy where I am,
Far across the sea;
I'm very happy far from home,
In North Amerikay.

It's lonely in the night, when Pat
Is sleeping by my side,
I lie awake, and no one knows
The big tears that I've cried;

For a little voice still calls me back
To my far, far counthrie,
And nobody can hear it speak,
O nobody but me.

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There is a little spot of ground
  Behind the chapel wall,
It's nothing but a tiny mound,
  Without a stone at all;

It rises like my heart just now,
  It makes a dawny hill;
It's from below the voice comes out,
  I cannot keep it still.

O little Voice! ye call me back
  To my far, far counthrie,
And nobody can hear ye speak,
  O nobody but me!

Dion Boucicault.

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THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[Said to have been written by an Irish student in France.]

A PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O ! †
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;
Uileacan dubh O !
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacan dubh O !
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea;
Uileacan dubh O !
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

---

* *Ban-chnoic Eirean óg*—literally *the fair hills of Virgin Ireland.*

† "O round black head"—a refrain associated with the air of which it is the name and to which this song is written. It was a common thing for Irish writers to adopt an air and refrain without any reference to the meaning of the latter.

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Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
Uileacan dubh O!
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacan dubh O!
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Samuel Ferguson.

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MY NATIVE LAND.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail
  Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
  Of sensuous blessing did we sometimes go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
  Or like a clear calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
  And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one,—for 'tis soon to find
  In thousand-isled Cathay another isle,—
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
  And then again we yearned and ceased to smile.
And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
  Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
  We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
  Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change; but when in health they stand
  'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.

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And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower, or leaf,—
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet,—the mother's breath and smiles:
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land, the Niobe of Isles.

John Boyle O'Reilly

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TIPPERARY.

WERE you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve Bloom and the Galtees look down with so proud a mien?
'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish ground—
God bless you, my sweet Tipperary! for where could your like be found?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your eye;
But I'll not let them talk so black and bitter a lie.
O no! *macushla storin*,* bright, bright, and warm are you,
With hearts as bold as the men of old, to yourself and your country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who brought it there—
Sure a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face so fair;
You've a hand for the grasp of friendship—another to make them quake,
And they're welcome to whichsoever it pleases them to take.

---

* *Mo cuisle storin*—my pulse, my little treasure.

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Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled before our eyes?
Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love and prize?
No! by those that were here before us, no churl shall our tyrant be.
Our land it is theirs by plunder—but, by Brigid, ourselves are free!

No! we do not forget the greatness did once to sweet *Eiré* belong;
No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among;
And no frown or word of hatred we give—but to pay them back;
In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

O come for awhile among us and give us the friendly hand!
And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome land;
From Upper to Lower Ormonde, bright welcomes and smiles will spring—
On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king!

Eva Mary Kelly.

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THE FLOWER OF FINÆ.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finæ.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finæ.

But who down the hill-side than red deer runs fleeter?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finæ.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness—
He has told his hard fortune, no more he can stay,
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finæ.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;
He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finæ.

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He fought at Cremona—she hears of his story:
He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory,
Yet sadly she sings *Shule Aroon* all the day,
"O come, come, my darling, come home to Finæ."

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-hearted,
Her reel, and her rock, and her flax, she has parted;
She sails with the Wild Geese to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finæ.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramilies is charging—
Before him the Sassanach squadrons enlarging—
Behind him the Cravats their sections display—
Behind him rides Fergus and shouts for Finæ.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array;
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finæ.

. . . . . .

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramilies' fray,
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finæ.

Thomas Davis.

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LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN RUADH O'NEIL.

COMMONLY CALLED OWEN ROE O'NEIL.

[Time — 10th November 1649. Scene—Ormond's Camp, County Waterford. Speakers—A Veteran of Owen O'Neil's clan, and one of the horsemen, just arrived with an account of his death.]

"DID they dare, did they dare to slay Owen Roe O'Neil?"
"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."
"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."
"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Cloc Uactair, upon Saint Leonard's Day."

"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the Dead;
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head.
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

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Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been free;
But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

O'Farrell and Clanricarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise, and true;
But—what are ye all to our Darling who is gone?
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner-stone!

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the Victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young men and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
O why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neil! bright was your eye,
O why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?"

Thomas Davis.

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SHAUN'S HEAD.

[Scene:—*Before Dublin Castle.*—Night—a Clansman of Shaun O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head on a pole.]

GOD's wrath upon the Saxon! may they never know the pride
Of dying on the battle-field, their broken spear beside;
When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen brave,
Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.
May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves the heart of man,
Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;
For sure, O God!—and You know all, whose thought for all sufficed—
To expiate these Saxon sins they'd want another Christ.

Is it thus, O Shaun* the haughty! Shaun the valiant! that we meet—
Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?
Have *I* no chief or *you* no clan, to give us both defence,
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?

* *Seaghain*—beautiful, comely, usually translated by "John," with which it has no connection.

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Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems rough with power;
Thy wrathful lips like sentinels, by foulest treachery, stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Columbkill,
Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks of Derry Hill;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy cheers;
Ay, Shaun, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your tongue
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Shaun! the same moon shines on Liffey as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers.
Thy face is paler than the moon; my heart is paler still—

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My heart? I had no heart—'twas yours—*'twas* yours! to keep or kill.
And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief—your life, your soul, your pride;
But they sought it in thy bosom, Shaun—with proud O'Neill it died.
You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as Spanish steel—
But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief, O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the *Bloody Hand* until it paled the sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never done?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty" with the foe;
He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye blow for blow!
He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild to see his hearth-stone razed?
He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!
He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away
Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray,
He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it till Tyrone
Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands," to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shaun!" Ye Saints, he makes no breath:
I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death.

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Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?
"Dost hear, *dost hear?* By Randólph led, the troops the Foyle have crossed!"
He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout:
The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann the Fair!
I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there, proud Shane,
In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate again.

John Savage.

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KINCORA.

Lamentation of MacLiag for Kincora.—A.D. 1015.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[This poem is ascribed to the celebrated poet MACLIAG, the secretary of the renowned monarch Brian Boru, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kincora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death.]

O WHERE, Kincora! is Brian the Great?
And where is the beauty that once was thine?
O where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feast in thy halls, and drank the red wine?
Where, O Kincora?

O where, Kincora! are thy valorous lords?
O whither, thou Hospitable! are they gone?
O where are the Dalcassians* of the golden sword? †
And where are the warriors Brian led on?
Where, O Kincora?

---

* *Dal-g-cais*—descendants of King Cas—the name applied to King Brian's tribe.

† (*Colg-n-or*) or the swords *of gold*, *i.e.*, of the *gold-hilted* swords.

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And where is Morogh, the descendant of kings;
The defeater of a hundred—the daringly brave—
Who set but slight store by jewels and rings;
Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave?
Where, O Kincora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's son?
And where is Conaing, the beautiful chief?
And Kian and Corc? Alas! they are gone;
They have left me this night alone with my grief!
Left me, Kincora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth,
The never-vanquished sons of Erin the brave,
The great King of Onaght, renowned for his worth,
And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave?
Where, O Kincora?

O where is Duvlann of the Swift-footed Steeds?
And where is Kian, who was son of Molloy?
And where is King Lonergan, the fame of whose deeds
In the red battle-field no time can destroy?
Where, O Kincora?

And where is that youth of majestic height,
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he,
As wide as his fame was, as great as was his might,
Was tributary, O Kincora, to thee!
Thee, O Kincora!

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They are gone, those heroes of royal birth,
Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;
'Tis weary for me to be living on earth
When they, O Kincora, lie low in the dust!
Low, O Kincora!

O never again will Princes appear,
To rival the Dalcassians of the Cleaving Swords;
I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,
In the east or the west such heroes and lords!
Never, Kincora!

O dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Brian Boru!—how he never would miss
To give me at the banquet the first bright cup!
Ah! why did he heap on me honour like this?
Why, O Kincora?

I am MacLiag, and my home is on the Lake:
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
Came Brian, to ask me, and I went for his sake,
O my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, O Kincora!

James Clarence Mangan.

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A MUNSTER KEEN.*

FROM THE IRISH.

On Monday morning, the flowers were gaily springing,
The skylark's hymn in middle air was singing,
When, grief of griefs, my wedded husband left me,
And since that hour of hope and health bereft me.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.†

Above the board, where thou art low reclining,
Have parish priests and horsemen high been dining,
And wine and usquebaugh, while they were able,
They quaffed with thee—the soul of all the table.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.

Why didst thou die? Could wedded wife adore thee
With purer love than that my bosom bore thee?
Thy children's cheeks were peaches ripe and mellow,
And threads of gold their tresses long and yellow.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.

In vain for me are pregnant heifers lowing;
In vain for me are yellow harvests growing;
Or thy nine gifts of love in beauty blooming—
Tears blind my eyes, and grief my heart's consuming!
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.

---

* Properly *Caione.*

† The keener alone sings the *extempore* death-song; the burden of the ullagone, or chorus, is taken up by all the females present.

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Pity her plaints whose wailing voice is broken,
Whose finger holds our early wedding token,
The torrents of whose tears have drained their fountain,
Whose piled-up grief on grief is past recounting.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.

I still might hope, did I not thus behold thee,
That high Knockferin's airy peak might hold thee,
Or Crohan's fairy halls, or Corrin's towers,
Or Lene's bright caves, or Cleana's magic bowers,*
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.

But O my black despair! when thou wert dying
O'er thee no tear was wept, no heart was sighing—
No breath of prayer did waft thy soul to glory;
But lonely thou didst lie, and maimed and gory!
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.

O may your dove-like soul on whitest pinions
Pursue her upward flight to God's dominions,
Where saints' and martyrs' hands shall gifts provide thee—
And O my grief that I am not beside thee!
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! etc. etc.

Edward Walsh.

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* Places celebrated in fairy topography.

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IRISH MOLLY.

O WHO is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor, unhappy Scottish youth;—if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!
She's modest, mild, and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more.
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told him so—
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, etc.

MacDonald heard the heavy news—and grievously did say—
"Farewell, my lovely Molly, since I'm banished far away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!
She's modest, etc.

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"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be mine;
But now that she is lost to me, I must for ever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!
She's modest, etc.

"And now that I am dying, this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave!
And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven so—
MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, etc.

Street Ballad.

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THE CONVICT OF CLONMELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH

[The hero of this song is unknown, but convicts, from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland.]

How hard is my fortune,
And vain my repining!
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining.
My strength is departed;
My cheek sunk and sallow;
While I languish in chains
In the gaol of *Cluanmeala.**

No boy in the village
Was ever yet milder,
I'd play with a child,
And my sport would be wilder.
I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the lightning of heaven.

* Recess, or field of honey.—Irish of Clonmell.

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At my bed-foot decaying,
My hurlbat is lying,
Through the boys of the village
My goal-ball is flying;
My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected may fallow,—
While I pine in my chains
In the gaol of *Cluanmeala.*

Next Sunday the patron
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping.
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
Shall be cold in *Cluanmeala.*

James Joseph Callanan.

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LAMENT FOR THE MILESIANS.

O PROUD were the chieftains of proud Innis-Fail,
*A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !**
The stars of our sky and the salt of our soil,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
Yet they were "the men in the gap"—
And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

'Gainst England long battling, at length they went down,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
But they've left their deep tracks on the road of renown,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
We are heirs of their fame, if we're not of their race,
And deadly and deep our disgrace,
If we live o'er their sepulchres, abject and base,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

O sweet were the minstrels of kind Innis-Fail!
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
Whose music nor ages nor sorrow can spoil,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
But their sad, stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,
Their keen and their pibroch† were chid,
And their language, "that melts into music," forbid,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

---

* *As thrua gon éer na fárra*—"That is pity, without heir in their company"—*i.e.*, what a pity that there is no heir of their company.

† *Piobaireachd*—pipe-music, a march-tune.

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How fair were the maidens of fair Innis-Fail!
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n a bh-farradh!
As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
O are not our maidens as fair and as pure?
Can our music no longer allure?
And can we but sob, as such wrongs we endure,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

Their famous, their holy, their dear Innis-Fail,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
Shall it still be a prey for the stranger to spoil?
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
Sure, brave men would labour by night and by day
To banish that stranger away,
Or, dying for Ireland, the future would say,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

O shame!—for unchanged is the face of our isle,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
That taught them to battle, to sing, and to smile,
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their land,
Our sky and our mountains as grand—
We are heirs—O we're not!—of their heart and their hand.
A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

Thomas Davis.

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DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

FROM THE IRISH.

[One of the Sullivans of Beerhaven was particularly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish brigade in the French service. Information of his raising these "wild geese" was given by a Mr Puxley, on whom O'Sullivan vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him while on his way to church. A party of military was sent round from Cork to attack O'Sullivan's house. He was daring and well armed; and the house was fortified, so that he made an obstinate defence. At last a confidential servant, named Scully, was bribed to wet the powder in his guns and pistols, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape, but while springing over a high wall in the rear of his house, he received a mortal wound in his back. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it in that manner through the sea from Beerhaven to Cork, when his head was cut off, and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years. The dirge was composed by his nurse, who has made no sparing use of the peculiar energy of cursing which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess. Morty, in Irish *Muiertach*, or *Muircheartach*, is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies *expert at sea*. *Og*, or *Oge*, is *young*. Where a whole district is peopled, in a great measure, by a sept of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supersede the real name. *I-vera*, or *Aoi-vera*, is the original name of Beerhaven; *Aoi*, or *I*, signifying an island.]

THE sun on Ivera
No longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling
O'Sullivan Bear.

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Scully! thou false one,
You basely betrayed him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him;
He fed thee—he clad thee—
You had all could delight thee;
You left him—you sold him—
May Heaven requite thee!

Scully! may all kinds
Of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee!
May fevers long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God
In His red anger seize thee!

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him;
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him:
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter—
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them;
Scully, that sold him,
And soldier that slew him!

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One glimpse of heaven's light
  May they see never!
May the hearthstone of hell
  Be their best bed for ever!

In the hole which the vile hands
  Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonoured, unshrouded,
  And headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee,
  No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
  No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling,
  How gory and pale,
These aged eyes see thee,
  High spiked on their gaol!
That cheek in the summer sun
  Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
  But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
  Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork,
  To Ivera of slaughter!
Since thy billows were dyed
  With the red wounds of fear
Of Muiertach Oge,
  Our O'Sullivan Bear!

J. J. Callanan.

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A LAMENT

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[This is an elegy on the death of the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who, having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were interred on St Peter's Hill, in one grave. The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives.]

O WOMAN of the Piercing Wail!
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou would'st not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

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Beside the wave, in Donegal,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

O no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

O horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint *
Was crucified.

* St Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—Tr.

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From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen* *
Would cry aloud and clap their hands,
All woe distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe;
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.

* *Caoine*, the funeral-wail.

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Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns
A peerless pair.

O had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
Or had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann**
Of Jubilee!

* Song.

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When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met thus young
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the great!
No marvel this—for all the dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric** for his head,
If death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

If on the day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.

* A compensation or fine.

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If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee—*
The chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee,
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate,
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

* Ballyshannon.

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O had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks—
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood.

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
And iron thrall!

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Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
  Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
    Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
  And sternly the sepulchral urn
    Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
  Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
    But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to GOD alone,
  For all things go their destined way
    As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
  And seek the path of pain and prayer
    Thy Saviour trod!
Nor let thy spirit intermix
  With earthly hope and worldly care
    Its groans to GOD!

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
  Are far above our feeble minds
    To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
  And render light the chain that binds
    Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
  And through the ages that may still
    Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
  And shield at least from darker ill
    The blood of Conn!

James Clarence Mangan.

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DRIMIN DONN DILIS.*

O *Drimin donn dilis!* the landlord has come,
Like a foul blast of death has he swept o'er our home;
He has withered our roof-tree—beneath the cold sky,
Poor, houseless and homeless, to-night must we lie.

My heart it is cold as the white winter's snow;
My brain is on fire, and my blood's in a glow.
O *Drimin donn dilis!* 'tis hard to forgive
When a robber denies us the right we should live.

With my health and my strength, with hard labour and toil,
I dried the wet marsh and I tilled the harsh soil;
I moiled the long day through, from morn till even,
And I thought in my heart I'd a foretaste of heaven.

The summer shone round us above and below,
The beautiful summer that makes the flowers blow!
O 'tis hard to forget it, and think I must bear
That strangers shall reap the reward of my care.

Your limbs they were plump then—your coat it was silk,
And never was wanted the mether of milk;
For freely it came in the calm summer's noon,
While you munched to the time of the old milking croon.

* "*Druim-fionn*," white-backed, is the favourite name of a cow in Irish. The title means "the dear brown white-backed (cow)."

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How often you left the green side of the hill,
To stretch in the shade, and to drink of the rill!
And often I freed you before the grey dawn,
From your snug little pen at the edge of the bawn.

But they racked and they ground me with tax and with rent,
Till my heart it was sore, and my life-blood was spent;
To-day they have finished, and on the wide world,
With the mocking of fiends from my home was I hurled.

I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared, and the words were not there;
O wild were the thoughts through my dizzy head came,
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame.

I bid you, old comrade, a long last farewell;
For the gaunt hand of famine has clutched us too well;
It severed the master and you, my good cow,
With a blight on his life, and a brand on his brow.

John Walsh.

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LAMENT OF THE EVICTED IRISH PEASANT.*

The night is dark and dreary,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe! †
And the heart that loves you weary,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe!
For every hope is blighted,
That bloomed when first we plighted
Our troth, and were united,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe.

Still our homestead we behold,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe!
But the cheerful hearth is cold,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe!

---

* Von Raumer, making a tour in Ireland, tries to explain to his own country-people the state of things produced by the landlord land laws of this country thus:—"How shall I translate *tenant-at-will?* Shall I say *serfs?* No; in feudal times serfdom consisted rather in keeping the vassals attached to the soil, and by no means in driving them away. An ancient vassal is a lord compared with the present tenant-at-will, to whom the law affords no defence. Why not call them *Wegjagdbare* (chaseable)? But this difference lessens the analogy—that for hares, stags, and deer, there is a season during which no one is allowed to hunt them, whereas tenants-at-will are hunted all the year round. And if any one would defend his farm (as badgers and foxes are allowed to defend their cover), it is here denominated 'rebellion!'"

† *A ghra gal mochree*—O bright love of my heart!

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And those around its glow
Assembled long ago,
In the cold, cold earth lie low,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!

'Twas famine's wasting breath,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!
That winged the shaft of death,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!
And the landlord, lost to feeling,
Who drove us from our sheeling,
Though we prayed for mercy kneeling,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!

O 'twas heartless from that floor,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!
Where our fathers dwelt of yore,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!
To fling our offspring—seven—
'Neath the wintry skies of heaven,
To perish on that even,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!

But the sleety blast blows chill,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!
Let me press thee closer still,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!
To this scathed, bleeding heart,
Beloved as thou art;
For too soon—too soon we part,
A gradh geal mo chroídhe!

Anonymous.

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THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

"REMEMBER, Denis, all I bade you say;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of our troubles, since he went away,
You'll mind, *avick*,* and never say a word!
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share;
The finest summer isn't always fair.

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbours came
And cut the corn; and stored it in the barn;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James M'Carn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
But say, *agra*,†—O say I missed him still!

"They came with ready hands our toil to share—
'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand;
I felt, although kind hearts were around me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand! brave heart! O severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea!

---

* *A-mhic*—O son! † *Agradh*—O love!

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"And tell him she was with us—he'll know who:
Mavourneen,* hasn't she the winsome eyes?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,
I ever saw except in summer skies.
And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

"Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day
And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't die,
Crouched by the road side how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

"Tell him the house is lonesome-like, and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight:
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

"Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

Ellen Forrester.

---

* *Mo mhúirnín*—my darling.

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DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE.

A.D. 1642.

Up the sea-saddened valley at evening's decline,
A heifer walks lowing—the silk of the kine;*
From the deep to the mountains she roams, and again
From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed main.

What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
'Twas a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish and mallow!

Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st him not knowing
Thyself, too, art theirs—thy sweet breath and sad lowing!
Thy gold horn is theirs; thy dark eye and thy silk,
And that which torments thee, thy milk is their milk!

'Twas no dream, Mother Land! 'Twas no dream, Innisfail!
Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the Gael!
From Leix and Ikerrin to Donegal's shore,
Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest—O'More!

Aubrey de Vere.

* One of the mystical names of Ireland.

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CAOCH* THE PIPER.

ONE winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Grey-headed, blind, and yellow:
And, O how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor Pinch and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his bag,
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground,
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in, with panting haste, to see
And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

O God be with those happy times!
O God be with my childhood;
When I bare-headed, roamed all day—
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood.
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

* Pronounced *Kay-uch*, meaning "The Blind."

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Poor Caoch and Pinch slept well that night,
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
The wind that shakes the barley;
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried, "God mark my deary!"
And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although we thought him dead and gone,
And in the cold grave rotten;
And often, when I walked and talked
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We thought of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
'Twas Pinch and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, O how woe-begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
Ay—Time is even blending

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The colours on his thread-bare bag—
And Pinch is twice as hairy
And thin-spare as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
"Far, far be hell's black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Caoch the Piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
The old man murmured, "Deary,
Are you the silky-headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—
"And where, *a mhic mo chroidhe!** " he sobbed,
"Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago?"
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary;
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
"Pray let me in, *a stoir mo chroidhe,*†
And I'll *go home* to-morrow.

---

* *A vic machree*—son of my heart.
† *Asthore machree*—O treasure of my heart.

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My peace is made; I'll calmly leave
  This world so cold and dreary;
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
  And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With Pinch I watched his bed that night;
  Next day his wish was granted:
He died; and Father James was brought,
  And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
The neighbours came; we dug his grave
  Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.
  God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

John Keegan.

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PATRICK SHEEHAN.

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four;
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore;
I came of honest parents,
But now they're lying low;
And many a pleasant day I spent
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died; I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door;
The landlord and the sheriff too
Were there the day before!
And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,
I wandered far and near;
I went then to the poor-house,
For to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart;
But still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves
In the Glen of Aherlow.

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Bereft of home and kith and kin,
With plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin,
And slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was,
I ne'er did hardship know
Till I joined the English army,
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up, there," says the Corporal,
"You lazy Hirish 'ound;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
The call 'to arms' sound?"
Alas, I had been dreaming
Of days long, long ago;
I woke before Sebastopol,
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—
How dark I thought the night!
O blessed God, it was not dark,
It was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was *blind*,
My tears began to flow;
I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale;
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary gaol;

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Struck blind within the trenches,
Where I never feared the foe;
And now I'll never see again
My own sweet Aherlow.

A poor neglected mendicant,
I wandered through the street;
My nine months' pension now being out,
I beg from all I meet:
As I joined my country's tyrants,
My face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbours
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Then Irish youths, dear countrymen,
Take heed of what I say;
For if you join the English ranks,
You'll surely rue the day;
And whenever you are tempted
A-soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan
Of the Glen of Aherlow.

Charles J. Kickham.

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THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

[Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonised by the English. On the 20th of June 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for that purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted, and executed for the crime. This poem will have a special interest to many readers as the last written by Thomas Davis.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Innisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.

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So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide—
O some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah!" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
O blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child:

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But see yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the spring!
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw five leagues before
The pirate-galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

O some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
O some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

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The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey,
She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai;
And when, to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where high upon a gallows-tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

Thomas Davis.

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M'DERMOTT'S FAREWELL.

UPON the quay of Limerick city I heard a young man say:—
"Farewell, my dear and happy country, I'm bound for America;
Doomed in a foreign land to wander, none but strange faces for to see;
Farewell, once dear and happy country, Old Ireland, now adieu to thee!

"When on Columbia's shore I wander, far from friends and country dear,
With heartfelt grief and woe I'll ponder on the cause that brought me here;
For want of wages and employment, home and country I must flee,
And seek in foreign lands enjoyment;—dear Ireland, now adieu to thee!

"O who can tell the pang of anguish that I felt to leave the spot,
When I knew that I should languish far from my parents' humble cot;

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No more to meet the happy faces, full of honest mirth and glee,
Which I met at fairs and races;—dear Ireland, now adieu to thee!

"No more I'll meet my blue-eyed Mary, blushing like the blooming rose,
When in the evening, toiled and weary, on her bosom I'd repose;—
O how can I be torn from her?—What will now become of me
When I no more can gaze upon her?—Dear Ireland, now adieu to thee!

"My parents dear are broken-hearted, yet they wished me for to go
To the land where work and wages on the people there do flow;
But O my country, dearest Erin, nought but dread of poverty
Could ever force me for to leave you;—dear Ireland, now adieu to thee!

"But O should fortune smile upon me, with what joy I would return
Unto my parents, and my darling that I left behind to mourn.
Thoughts like these alone support me; they are my only company;
For in my heart they are engraven;—dear Ireland, now adieu to thee!

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"Farewell to all my old acquaintance; friends and neighbours, now good-bye;
When you're at your merry meetings, some of you may heave a sigh,
And say, 'God bless the youth that left us, and keep him from his enemy,'
For while he lives he'll ne'er forget you;—dear Ireland, now adieu to thee!"

Street Ballad.

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THE STREAMS OF BUNCLODY.

O WAS I at the moss-house where the birds do increase,
At the foot of Mount Leinster or some silent place
Near the streams of Bunclody, where all pleasures do meet,
And all I'd require is one kiss from you, sweet.

If I was in Bunclody I would think myself at home,
'Tis there I would have a sweetheart, but here I have none.
Drinking strong liquor in the height of my cheer—
Here's a health to Bunclody and the lass I love dear.

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, it sings as it flies,
It brings us good tidings and tells us no lies,
It sucks the young bird's eggs to make its voice clear,
And it never cries cuckoo till the summer is near.

If I was a clerk and could write a good hand,
I would write to my true love that she might understand,
I am a young fellow that is wounded in love,
That lived by Bunclody, but now must remove.

If I was a lark and had wings, I then could fly,
I would go to yon arbour where my love she does lie,
I'd proceed to yon arbour where my love does lie,
And on her fond bosom contented I would die.

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The reason my love slights me, as you may understand,
Because she has a freehold, and I have no land,
She has a great store of riches and a large sum of gold,
And everything fitting a house to uphold.

So adieu, my dear father, adieu, my dear mother,
Farewell to my sister, farewell to my brother;
I'm going to America, my fortune for to try;
When I think upon Bunclody, I'm ready for to die!

Street Ballad.

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MO CAILÍN DEAS CRÚIDHTE NA-MBÓ.*

THE beam on the streamlet was playing,
The dew-drop still hung on the thorn,
When a blooming young couple were straying,
To taste the mild fragrance of morn.
He sighed as he breathed forth his ditty,
And she felt her breast softly to glow;
"O look on your lover with pity,
Mo cailín deas crúidhte na-mbó.

"While green is yon bank's mossy pillow,
Or evening shall weep the soft tear,
Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow,
So long shall thy image be dear.
O fly to these arms for protection,
If pierced by the arrow of woe,
Then smile on my tender affection,
Mo cailín deas crúidhte na-mbó."

She sighed as his ditty was ended,
Her heart was too full to reply;
O joy and compassion were blended,
To light the mild beam of her eye.
He kissed her soft hand: "What above thee,
Could Heaven in its bounty bestow?"
He kissed her soft cheek: "Ah, I love thee!
Mo cailín deas crúidhte na-mbó."

Anonymous.

* *Ma colleen dhas cruthee na-mo*—my pretty girl milking her cow.

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THE GIRL I LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

THE girl I love is comely, straight, and tall;
Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall;
Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
Here a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be!

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek;
Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek;
Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
Here's a health to the charming maid, whoe'er she be!

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round;
The barrel is full; but its heart we soon shall see—
Come! here's to that charming maid, whoe'er she be!

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me—
Here's a health to the maid I love, whoe'er she be!

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
And five times five, for my love one hour each day,
Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own green tree—
Then, my dear, may I drink a fond, deep health to thee!

J. J. Callanan.

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THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

O MANY a day have I made good ale in the glen,
That came not of stream or malt—like the brewing of men.
My bed was the ground; my roof, the greenwood above,
And the wealth that I sought one far kind glance from my love.

Alas! on that night when the horses I drove from the field,
That I was not near from terror my angel to shield.
She stretched forth her arms,—her mantle she flung to the wind,
And swam o'er Loch Lene, her outlawed lover to find.

O would that a freezing sleet-wing'd tempest did sweep,
And I and my love were alone, far off on the deep:
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or pinnace, to save,—
With her hand round my waist, I'd fear not the wind or the wave.

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of heaven resides;—
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go to sleep by the sweet wild twist of her song.

J. J. Callanan.

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THE IRISH WIFE.

EARL DESMOND'S APOLOGY.*

I WOULD not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
An outlaw—so I'm near her,
To love till death my Irish wife.

O what would be this home of mine?
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face!
What comfort in a mine of gold,
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

* In 1376 the statute of Kilkenny forbade the English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the old Irish, under pain of outlawry. James, Earl of Desmond, and Almaric, Baron Grace, were the first to violate this law. One married an O'Meagher, the other a M'Cormack. Earl Desmond, who was an accomplished poet, may be supposed to have made this defence of his marriage.

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I knew the law forbade the banns—
I knew my king abhorred her race—
Who never bent before their clans
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night—
And twin-like, truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white.
My Irish wife has golden hair—
Apollo's harp had once such strings—
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.

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PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

THERE'S a colleen fair as May,
For a year and for a day
I've sought by every way,—Her heart to gain.
There's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh,—Yet tried in vain
If to France or far-off Spain,
She'd cross the watery main,
To see her face again,—The sea I'd brave.
And if 'tis Heaven's decree,
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me—In mercy save!

O thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I've given true love,
Do not ever thus reprove—My constancy.
There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in hand and kine,
If my heart would but incline—To turn from thee.
But a kiss, with welcome bland,
And a touch of thy dear hand,
Are all that I demand,—Wouldst thou not spurn;
For if not mine, dear girl,
O Snowy-breasted Pearl!
May I never from the Fair—With life return!

George Petrie, LL.D.

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CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

I'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn grey;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage bed this day!

O fair maid, remember the green hill side;
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide.
Time now has worn me; my locks are turned to grey,
The year is scarce and I am poor, but send me not, love, away!

O deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl,
O think not my birth was as the birth of the churl;
Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
That noble blood is written on my right side still!

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white,
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight,
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare though I be and lone,
O I'd take her with me kindly to the county Tyrone.

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O my girl, I can see 'tis in trouble you are,
And O my girl, I see 'tis your people's reproach you bear.
I am a girl in trouble for his sake for whom I fly,
And, O may no other maiden know such reproach as I.

Samuel Ferguson.

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MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;
It strays beyond the Southern side
Of *Cnoc-Maol-Donn*,†
Where *Capa-chuinn*‡ hath woodlands green,
Where *Amhan-Mhor's*§ waters flow,
Where dwell unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plume and silken gown,
And stately air;

---

* *Mo craoibhin cno*, pronounced *ma chreevin O*, literally means *my cluster of nuts;* but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid.*

† *Cnoc-maol-Donn — The brown bare hill* between the county of Tipperary and that of Waterford.

‡ Cappoquin. The Irish name denotes the *head of the tribe of Conn.*

§ *Amhon-mhor — The Great River.* The Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds, *Oan Vore.*

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Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
Can silk thy neck of snow?
Or measured pace thine artless grace?
Mo craoibhin cno,
When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
That maidens sung—
They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
In Saxon tongue—
O bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptured ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
And Lene's green bowers—
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea
And Limerick's towers—
And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to *Amhan-mhor's* side,
Mo craoibhin cno!
With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

Edward Walsh.

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MAIRGRÉAD NI CHEALLEADH.

[Daniel O'Keefe was an outlaw famous in the traditions of the county of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. O'Keefe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgréad ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keefe, having discovered her perfidy, stabbed her to the heart with his *scian*. He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.]

AT the dance in the village thy white foot was fleetest;
Thy voice 'mid the concert of maidens was sweetest;
The swell of thy white breast made rich lovers follow;
And thy raven hair bound them, young *Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.*

Thy neck was, lost maid, than the *ceanabhan* * whiter,
And the glow of thy check than the *monadan* † brighter;
But death's chain hath bound thee, thine eye's glazed and hollow,
That shone like a sunburst, young *Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.*

No more shall mine ear drink thy melody swelling;
Nor thy beamy eye brighten the outlaw's dark dwelling;
Or thy soft heaving bosom my destiny hallow,
When thine arms twine around me, young *Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.*

---

* A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton, and as white as snow.

† The monadan is a red berry that is found on wild marshy mountains. It grows on an humble creeping plant.

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The moss couch I brought thee to-day from the mountain,
Has drunk the last drop of thy young heart's red fountain—
For this good *scian** beside me struck deep and rang hollow
In thy bosom of treason, young *Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.*

With strings of rich pearls thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils of the Sassanach maiden;
Such rich silks enrobed not the proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not as *Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.*

Alas! that my loved one her outlaw would injure—
Alas! that he e'er proved her treason's avenger!
That this right hand should make thee a bed cold and hollow,
When in Death's sleep it laid thee, young *Mairgréad ni Chealleadh!*

And while to this lone cave my deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog my footsteps is scenting;
But true men await me afar in Duhallow.
Farewell, cave of slaughter, and *Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.*

Edward Walsh.

---

* A knife, pronounced as if written *skeen.*

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CUSHEEN LOO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[This song is supposed to have been sung by a young bride who was forcibly detained in one of those forts which are so common in Ireland, and to which the *good people* (fairies) are very fond of resorting. Under pretence of hushing her child to rest, she retired to the outside margin of the fort, and addressed the burthen of her song to a young woman whom she saw at a short distance, and whom she requested to inform her husband of her condition, and to desire him to bring the steel knife to dissolve the enchantment.]

SLEEP, my child! for the rustling trees,
Stirred by the breath of summer breeze,
And fairy songs of sweetest note,
Around us gently float.

Sleep! for the weeping flowers have shed
Their fragrant tears upon thy head,
The voice of love hath soothed thy rest,
And thy pillow is a mother's breast.
Sleep, my child!

Weary hath passed the time forlorn,
Since to your mansion I was borne,
Though bright the feast of its airy halls,
And the voice of mirth resounds from its walls.
Sleep, my child!

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Full many a maid and blooming bride
Within that splendid dome abide,—
And many a hoar and shrivelled sage,
And many a matron bowed with age,
Sleep, my child!

O thou who hearest this song of fear,
To the mourner's home these tidings bear.
Bid him bring the knife of the magic blade,
At whose lightning-flash the charm will fade.
Sleep, my child!

Haste! for to-morrow's sun will see
The hateful spell renewed for me;
Nor can I from that home depart,
Till life shall leave my withering heart,
Sleep, my child!

Sleep, my child! for the rustling trees,
Stirred by the breath of summer breeze,
And fairy songs of sweetest note,
Around us gently float.

J. J. Callanan.

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KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

HAVE you been at Garnavilla?
Have you seen at Garnavilla
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?
O she's pure as virgin snows
Ere they light on woodland hill O;
Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose
Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listened oft
To thy lay, nigh weeping willow;
O the strain more sweet, more soft,
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

As a noble ship I've seen
Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
So I've marked the graceful mien
Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

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If poet's prayers can banish cares,
No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
Jove's bright rays shall gild her days,
And dove-like peace perch on her pillow!
Charming maid of Garnavilla
Lovely maid of Garnavilla!
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
On lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

Edward Lysaght.

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LOVE *VERSUS* THE BOTTLE.

SWEET Chloe advised me, in accents divine,
The joys of the bowl to surrender:
Nor lose in the turbid excesses of wine
Delights more ecstatic and tender;
She bade me no longer in vineyards to bask,
Or stagger at orgies, the dupe of a flask,
For the sigh of a sot's but the scent of the cask,
And a bubble the bliss of the bottle.

To a soul that's exhausted, or sterile, or dry,
The juice of the grape may be wanted;
But mine is revived by a love-beaming eye,
And with Fancy's gay flowerets enchanted.
O who but an owl would a garland entwine
Of Bacchus's ivy—and myrtle resign?
Yield the odours of love for the vapours of wine,
And Chloe's kind kiss for a bottle!

Edward Lysaght.

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MY CONNOR.

O WEARY'S on money—and weary's on wealth,
And sure we don't want them while we have our health;
'Twas they tempted Connor over the sea,
And I lost my lover, my *cuisle mo chroidhe.**
Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—
O dearly I loved him, and he loved me.
By each other delighted—and fondly united—
My heart's in the grave with my *cuisle mo chroidhe.*

My Connor was handsome, good-humoured, and tall,
At hurling and dancing the best of them all;
But when he came courting beneath our old tree,
His voice was like music—my *cuisle mo chroidhe.*
Smiling, etc.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
He could not think ill of the worst of mankind,
He went bail for his cousin who ran beyond sea,
And all his debts fell on my *cuisle mo chroidhe.*
Smiling, etc.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride,—
In sorrow or death not to stir from his side.
He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me,
But sure I'd be rich with my *cuisle mo chroidhe.*
Smiling, etc.

---

* *Cushla machree*—vein of my heart.

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The morning he left us I ne'er will forget,
Not an eye in our village but with crying was wet.
"Don't cry any more, *mo mhúirnin*," said he,
"For I will return to my *cuisle mo chroídhe*."
Smiling, etc.

Sad as I felt then, hope mixed with my care,
Alas! I have nothing left now but despair.
His ship—it went down in the midst of the sea,
And its wild waves roll over my *cuisle mo chroidhe*.
Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—
O dearly I loved him, and he loved me.
By each other delighted—and fondly united—
My heart's in the grave with my *cuisle mo chroídhe*.

Anonymous.

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THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

My Connor, his cheeks are as ruddy as morning,
The brightest of pearls do but mimic his teeth,
While nature with ringlets his mild brows adorning,
His hair Cupid's bow-strings, and roses his breath.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together how oft o'er thé mountains we strayed,
By each other delighted and fondly united,
I have listened all day to my dear Irish Boy.

No roebuck more swift could fly over the mountain,
No veteran bolder meet danger or scars;
He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain,
His eyes twinkle love—O he's gone to the wars.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, etc.

The soft tuneful lark, his note's changed to mourning,
The dark screaming owl impedes my night's sleep,
While lonely I walk in the shade of the evening,
Till my Connor's return I will ne'er cease to weep.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, etc.

The war being over, and he not returned,
I fear that some dark, envious plot has been laid,
Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, etc.

Street Ballad.

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CUISLE MO CHROIDHE.*

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises!
An emerald set in the ring of the sea!
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the west! the world's *Cuisle mo chroidhe.*

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—
There smiles hospitality, hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with *Cuisle mo chroidhe.*

Thy sons they are brave; but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says *Cuisle mo chroidhe.*

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin!
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee,
And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own *Cuisle mo chroidhe.*

John Philpot Curran.

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* *Cushla machree*—vein of my heart.

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LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, my joy, my only best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest;
Be what it may the time o' day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks o' Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! they give me many a shock;
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a show'r,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up;
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before;
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt o' love, and O but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly kill'd itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But bless'd his luck to not be deaf when once her voice she raised.

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And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

O you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town!
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
O might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
With sods o' grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress.
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

William Allingham.

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KITTY NEIL.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool in the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing,
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion!
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

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Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
"*Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love.*"

John F. Waller, LL.D.

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THE OLD PLAID SHAWL.

Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way,
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish *càilín* in an old plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm;
And O her face! and O her grace! the soul of saint would charm;
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her old plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her—"God save you, miss," says I;
"God save you kindly, sir," said she, and shyly passed me by;
Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her old plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight,
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
"The grace of God about you and your old plaid shawl."

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I've heard of highway robbers that with pistols and with knives
Make trembling travellers yield them up their money or their lives,
But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all
To a simple little *càilín* in an old plaid shawl!

O graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair,
But never cloak, or hood, or robe, in palace, bower, or hall,
Clad half such witching beauty as that old plaid shawl.

O some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some on History's pages hope to win a glorious name:
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small—
You might wrap them all together in an old plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all through Clare,
I'll search for tales or tidings of my traveller everywhere,
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call
That little Irish *càilín* in her old plaid shawl.

Francis A. Fahy.

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AILLEEN.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Though fortune should her smile bestow
And I may win a name,
Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Ailleen,
And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go—for this
I lose thy love awhile;
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
And woo it o'er and o'er,
And tempt a wave, and try a fate
Upon a stranger shore,
Ailleen,
Upon a stranger shore.

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O when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care!
O when the gold is wooed and won,
I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen,
I know a brow shall wear!

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen,
And a hand will welcome me!

John Banim.

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GILLE MACHREE.

Gille Machree, sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er will sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor, your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said: "To other lands I'll roam,
Where Fate may smile on me, love;"
I said: "Farewell, my own old home!"
And I said: "Farewell to thee, love!"
Sing *Gille Machree*, etc.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot, a silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover;
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wing so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing *Gille Machree*, etc.

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I might have said, my mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse with tyrant force,
That have been blest in heaven.
But then, I said: "In after-years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn, with secret tears,
Her friends thus left behind her."
Sing *Gille Machree*, etc.

O no, I said, my own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn for ever,
That heart of thine shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille Machree*, etc.

Far, far away, by night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing *Gille Machree*, etc.

Gerald Griffin.

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MAIRE MY GIRL.

OVER the dim blue hills
Strays a wild river;
Over the dim blue hills
Rests my heart ever.
Dearer and brighter than
Jewels and pearl,
Dwells she in beauty there,
Maire my girl.

Down upon Claris heath
Shines the soft berry;
On the brown harvest tree
Droops the red cherry.
Sweeter thy honey lips,
Softer the curl
Straying adown thy cheeks,
Maire my girl.

'Twas on an April eve
That I first met her;
Many an eve shall pass
Ere I forget her.
Since my young heart has been
Wrapped in a whirl,
Thinking and dreaming of
Maire my girl.

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She is too kind and fond
  Ever to grieve me,
She has too pure a heart
  E'er to deceive me.
Were I Tyrconnell's chief
  Or Desmond's earl,
Life would be dark, wanting
  Maire my girl!

Over the dim blue hills
  Strays a wild river;
Over the dim blue hills
  Rests my heart ever.
Dearer and brighter than
  Jewels or pearl,
Dwells she in beauty there,
  Maire my girl!

John K. Casey.

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GRACIE OG MACHREE.*

SONG OF THE "WILD GEESE."

I PLACED the silver in her palm,
By Inny's smiling tide,
And vowed, ere summer time came on,
To claim her as a bride.
But when the summer time came on,
I dwelt beyond the sea;
Yet still my heart is ever true
To *Gracie Og Machree.*

O bonnie are the woods of Targ,
And green thy hills, Rathmore,
And soft the sunlight ever falls
On Darre's sloping shore;
And there the eyes I love—in tears
Shine ever mournfully,
While I am far, and far away
From *Gracie Og Machree.*

When battle-steeds were neighing loud,
With bright blades in the air,
Next to my inmost heart I wore
A bright tress of her hair.

* *Gracie óg mo-chroidhe*—Young Gracie of my heart.

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When stirrup-cups were lifted up
To lips, with soldier glee,
One toast I always fondly pledged,
'Twas *Gracie Og Machree.*

O I may never, never clasp
Again, her lily hand,
And I may find a soldier's grave
Upon a foreign strand;
But when the heart pulse beats the last,
And death takes hold of me,
One word shall part my dying lips,
Thy name, *Astor Machree.**

John K. Casey.

---

* *A-stóir mo-chroidhe*—O treasure of my heart.

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THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.

SHE lived beside the Anner,
At the foot of Sliev-na-mon,*
A gentle peasant girl,
With mild eyes like the dawn;
Her lips were dewy rosebuds;
Her teeth of pearls rare;
And a snowdrift 'neath a beechen bough
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 'twas to meet her
On Sunday, when the bell
Was filling with its mellow tones
Lone wood and grassy dell!
And when at eve young maidens
Strayed the river-bank along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter
Was loveliest of the throng

O brave, brave Irish girls—
We well may call you brave!—
Sure the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave,

* *Sliabh-na-mban.*

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When you leave your quiet valleys,
And cross the Atlantic foam,
To hoard your hard-won earnings
For the helpless ones at home.

"Write word to my own dear mother—
Say, we'll meet with God above;
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my love;
May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer"—
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah, cold and well-nigh callous,
This weary heart has grown,
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland,
And for sorrows of my own;
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
When by Anner side I stray,
For the lily of the mountain foot
That withered far away.

Charles J. Kickham.

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THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear, if you choose them:
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you'll ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
O she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

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So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

Thomas Davis.

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COME TO ME, DEAREST.

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee;
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure;
O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom—
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple—
O thanks to the Saviour that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

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You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love,
Our hearts always answer in tune and in time, love;
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—
You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing—
I would not die without you at my side, love—
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words that I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;
Come to the arms that alone should caress thee;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee!

Joseph Brenan.

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CATE OF CEANN-MARE.*

O MANY bright eyes full of goodness and gladness,
Where the pure soul looks out and the heart loves to shine,
And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness,
Have I worshipped in silence and felt them divine!
But hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,
Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair
As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the *Ruachtach*,†
The fawn of the valley, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare!

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me;
But time has not ages, and earth has not distance,
To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee!
Again am I straying where children are playing,
Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,
Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,
Sweet fawn of the valley, young Cate of Ceann-mare!

Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
Of white, flaxen blossoms, like lilies in air,
But, O thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre
No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear,

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* Properly *Ceann-Mara*—head of the sea.
† Commonly written Roughty.

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To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,
O what are the berries that bright tree doth bear?
Peerless in beauty, the rose of the *Ruachtach*,
That fawn of the valley, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare!

O beauty! some spell from kind nature thou bearest,
Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
That hearts that are hardest from forms that are fairest
Receive such impressions as never can die.
The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,
Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth wear;
Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it—
And such are thy glances, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare!

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling,
How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and dim,
When the scenes he most loves, like the river's soft stealing,
All fade as a vision, and vanish from him!
Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that garland
That memory weaves of the bright and the fair;
While this sigh I am breathing *my* garland is wreathing,
And the rose of that garland is Cate of Ceann-mare!

In lonely Lough Quinlan,* in summer's soft hours,
Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,
Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,
And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide!

* Dr Smith, in his "History of Kerry," says:—"Near this place is a considerable fresh-water lake, called Lough Quinlan, in which are some small floating islands, much admired by the country people. These islands swim from side to side of the lake, and are usually com-

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Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened,
And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,
Of him who, in roving, finds objects in loving
Like the fawn of the valley, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare!

Sweet Cate of Ceann-mare! though I ne'er may behold thee—
Though the pride and the joy of another you be—
Though strange lips may praise thee and strange arms enfold thee.
A blessing, dear Cate, be on them and on thee!
One feeling I cherish that never can perish—
One talisman proof to the dark wizard, Care—
The fervent and dutiful love of the beautiful,
Of which *thou* art a type, gentle Cate of Ceann-mare!

D. F. M'Carthy.

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posed at first of a long kind of grass, which being blown off the adjacent grounds about the middle of September, and floating about, collect slime and other stuff, and so yearly increase till they come to have grass and other vegetables grown upon them."

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MY OWEN.

PROUD of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you,
Light is my heart now I know I am dear to you!
Glad is my voice now, so free it may sing for you
All the wild love that is burning within for you!
Tell me once more, tell it over and over,
The tale of that eve that first saw you my lover.
Now I need never blush
At my heart's hottest gush;
The wife of my Owen her heart may discover!

Proud of you, fond of you, having all right in you,
Quitting all else through my love and delight in you!
Glad is my heart since 'tis beating so nigh to you!
Light is my step, for it always may fly to you!
Clasped in your arms where no sorrow can reach to me,
Reading your eyes till new love they shall teach to me,
Though wild and weak till now,
By that blest marriage vow,
More than the wisest know *your* heart shall preach to me!

Ellen Mary Downing.

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LOVE'S LONGINGS.

To the conqueror his crowning,
First freedom to the slave,
And air unto the drowning
Sunk in the ocean's wave,
And succour to the faithful
Who fight, their flag above,
Are sweet but far less grateful,
Than were my lady's love.

I know I am not worthy
Of one so young and bright;
And yet I would do for thee
Far more than others might:
I cannot give you pomp or gold
If you should be my wife,
But I can give you love untold,
And truth in death or life.

Methinks that there are passions
Within that heaving breast,
To scorn their heartless fashions,
And wed whom you love best.
Methinks you would be prouder
As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank your home should crowd, or
Cold riches round you glide.

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O the watcher longs for morning,
And the infant cries for light,
And the saint for heaven's warning,
And the vanquished pray for might;
But their prayer when lowest kneeling,
And their suppliance most true,
Are cold to the appealing
Of this longing heart to you.

Thomas Davis.

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MAUREEN BHAN.

I SIT all day and weep,
A poor forlorn man;
A-crying till my heart is broke,
For *Maureen Bhan!*

Across the ocean blue
I look with longing eyes,
And see in dreams dear Ireland's streams,
And Ireland's sunny skies.
I see her too, who holds
In thrall the singing man—
Ill luck is mine, I weep and pine
For *Maureen Bhan!*

The dames of Galway's halls
Have stately step and mien,
With jewels rare—but my girl fair
Is beauty's wondrous queen!
She's comely as the dawn,
And I'm her singing man—
Ill luck is mine, I weep and pine
For *Maureen Bhan!*

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Were I a mighty king,
  Or knowledge-man; my dear
Should wear a crown, despite the frown
  Of envy, slight, and fear.
She shall yet wear royal wreaths!
  Crowned by the singing man—
Ill luck is mine, I weep and pine
  For *Maureen Bhan!*

I sit all day and weep,
  A poor forlorn man;
A-crying till my heart is broke,
  For *Maureen Bhan!*

Charles P. O'Conor.

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AN ANCIENT RHYME.

He came across the meadow-pass,
  That summer eve of eves—
The sunlight streamed along the grass
  And glanced amid the leaves;
And from the shrubbery below,
  And from the garden trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
  And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
  The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
  He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate;
  He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch she sate,
  With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
  Unconscious who was nigh;
But oft the needle slowly went,
  And oft did idle lie;
And ever to her lips arose
  Sweet fragments sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
  She hushed them on her tongue.

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Her fancies as they come and go,
  Her pure face speaks the while,
For now it is a flitting glow,
  And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade
  When holier thoughts are there—
An Angel's pinion might be stayed
  To see a sight so fair;
But still they hid her looks of light,
  Those downcast eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds so silken white,
  Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
  Had rested on the hill,
And save one thrush from out the hedge,
  Both bower and grove were still.
The sun had almost bade farewell,
  But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell,
  As charmed there to stay—
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,
  And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
  And bathed her in its tinge.

"O beauty of my heart," he said,
  "O darling, darling mine,
Was ever light of evening shed
  On loveliness like thine?

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Why should I ever leave this spot,
  But gaze until I die?"
A moment from that bursting thought
  She felt his footstep nigh.
One sudden, lifted glance—but one,
  A tremor and a start,
So gently was their greeting done
  That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
  And all his golden trail
Had died away to lines of brown,
  In duskier hues that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—
  No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
  That gurgled underground—
No other living sound, unless
  Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
  And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
  Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
  Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendour, myriadfold, supreme,
  No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,
  Nor more majestic Jove.

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But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes;

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And fostered passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found an utterance yet,
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
That while the silent starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream:
And if, when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung;
What is it all—an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung—
That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

John O'Hagan.

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KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But, alas! she has left me her loss to deplore—
My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new—
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

She milked the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir;
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her—
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow, and to gaze on the moon,
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower,
It chilled my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that hour:
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

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The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds his nest;
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

George Nugent Reynolds.

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MY MARY DEAR.

O ART thou gone, my Mary dear,
  And cold thy heart, once warm with love,
And shall we never walk again
  In meadow green or shady grove?
Returning from the harvest home,
  As I drew near my native shore,
I thought those lips would welcome me,
  Which cannot give one welcome more!
I've toiled for many a weary day,
  Nor sorrowed at my lonely lot,
That I my darling girl might bring
  To cheer and bless my peasant cot:
Sweet roses bloom around it now—
  Our lambs are bleating in the fold,
But not one smile hast thou for me—
  Thy rosy cheeks are pale and cold!

The snow-white wedding-dress I gave,
  My Mary dear, thy shroud shall be!
My only wife in death or life,
  I'll place this ring of love on thee:
And thou wilt to the altar go,
  But lifeless on thy early bier,
And leave me with an aching heart
  To sigh and shed the bitter tear!

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I'll miss thee from the village dance;
From all the sports of merry May;
And from the old cross in the glen,
Where we have often knelt to pray!
I'll miss thee when my bosom mourns,
And sorrow sits upon my brow;
For none but thou could cheer the heart
So hopeless and so lonely now!

Stephen Nolan Elrington.

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THE COOLUN.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

O HAD you seen the Coolun,
Walking down by the cuckoo's street,
With the dew of the meadow shining
On her milk-white twinkling feet.
O my love she is, and my *cailin óg*,†
And she dwells in Bal'nagar;
And she bears the palm of beauty bright,
From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Bal'nagar is the Coolun,
Like the berry on the bough her cheek;
Bright beauty dwells for ever
On her fair neck and ringlets sleek;
O sweeter is her mouth's soft music
Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
Farewell to the setting sun.

Rise up, my boy! make ready
My horse, for I forth would ride,
To follow the modest damsel,
Where she walks on the green hill-side:

* *An chúil-fhionn*—the maiden of fair flowing locks.
† Young girl.

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For e'er since our youth were we plighted,
In faith, troth, and wedlock true—
O she's sweeter to me nine times over,
Than organ or cuckoo!

O ever since my childhood
I loved the fair and darling child;
But our people came between us,
And with lucre our pure love defiled:
O my woe it is, and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the *cailin bán* * of my early love
Is torn from my heart away.

Sweetheart and faithful treasure,
Be constant still, and true;
Nor for want of herds and houses
Leave one who would ne'er leave you.
I'll pledge you the blessed Bible,
Without and eke within.
That the faithful God will provide for us,
Without thanks to kith or kin.

O love, do you remember
When we lay all night alone,
Beneath the ash in the winter storm,
When the oak wood round did groan?
No shelter then from the blast had we,
The bitter blast or sleet,
But your gown to wrap about our heads,
And my coat around our feet.

Samuel Ferguson.

* White (fair) girl.

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BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STOIR.*

I AM a wandering minstrel man,
And Love my only theme,
I've strayed beside the pleasant Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've piped and played to wife and maid
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
Like *Brighidin ban mo stoir.*

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
By Nature's fingers wove—
Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
As is her breast of love;
And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
For *Brighidin ban mo stoir.*

---

* "*Brighidin ban mo stoir* is, in English, *fair young bride*, or *Bridget, my treasure.* The proper sound of this phrase is not easily found by the mere English-speaking Irish. God forgive them their neglect of a tongue, compared with whose sweetness the mincing sibilations of the English are as the chirpings of a cock-sparrow on the house-roof to the soft cooing of the gentle cushat by the southern Blackwater! The following is the best help I can afford them in the case:—'*Bree-dheen-bawn-mu-sthore.*' The proper name Brighit, or Bride, signifies *a fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the pagan days of Ireland."—*Author's Note.*

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It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song—
It is not that thou fliest to meet
My comings lone and long!
But that doth rest beneath thy breast
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
Brighidin ban mo stoir.

Edward Walsh.

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THE LAMENTATION OF FELIX M'CARTHY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[From the inquiries we have made concerning the tragical circumstance that gave rise to the following effusion, we learn that Felix M'Carthy had been compelled, during a period of disturbance and persecution, to fly for safety to a mountainous region in the western part of this county (Cork). He was accompanied in his flight by a wife and four children, and found an asylum in a lone and secluded glen, where he constructed a rude kind of habitation as a temporary residence. One night, during the absence of himself and his wife, this ill-contrived structure suddenly gave way, and buried the four children, who were asleep at the time, in its ruins. What the feelings of the father were will be best learned from the following lamentation.—TR.]

I'LL sing my children's death-song, though
My voice is faint and low;
Mine is the heart that's desolate—
'Tis I will mourn their fate.

I'll sing their death-song, though the dart
Is rankling in my heart:
No friend is here my pangs to soothe,
In this deep solitude.

Weep not the widow's grief to see,
When wild with agony:
Nor mourn to hear the bridegroom rave,
Above his partner's grave.

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But weep for one whose bitter wail
Is poured upon the gale,
Like the shrill bird that flutters nigh
The nest, where its crushed offspring lie.

Yes! I will sing this song of woe,
Till life's last spark shall glow,
Like the swan floating on the surge,
That murmurs its unwilling dirge.

Thou Callaghan, devoid of sin—
And Charles of the silken skin,
Mary and Anne, my peerless flower,
Entombed within an hour.

My four sweet children fair and brave,
Laid in one grave—
Wound of my soul, that I should say
Your death-song in one day!

Vain was the blood of Eiver's race,
And every opening grace,
And youth undarkened by a cloud—
Against an early shroud!

Mute are the tongues that sung for me,
In joyful harmony:—
Cold are the lips whose welcome kiss
To me was heavenly bliss.

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O but for Him whose head was bowed
'Mid Calvary's mocking crowd—
Soon would I fly the painful day,
And follow in their way.

Yet mourned not He in voiceless gloom,
O'er Lazarus in the tomb—
Rushed not the flood from His dimmed eyes?
Heaved not His breast with sighs?

Yes, for *His kindred* from the day
That earthward darkling lay,—
Then do not chide that I should mourn
For them that *won't return.*

And mourned not the pure Virgin, when
Her Son, transfixed by men,
Writhed in the throes of His dark agony?
Then blame not me

At midnight's hour of silence deep,
Sealed in their balmy sleep,—
O crushing grief! O scathing blow!—
My loved ones were laid low.

Methought, when bowed this head with time,
Around me they would twine,
Nor recked that I should mourn their lot.
A thing of nought.

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'Twas meet to him, affection they should prove
Who gave them all his love,
And to old age the right concede,
Their path to lead.

Beauty and strength have left my brow,
Nor care nor wisdom have I now;
Little the blow of death I dread
Since all my hopes have fled.

No more—no more shall music's voice
My heart rejoice—
Like a brain-stricken fool, whose ear
Is closed against earthly cheer.

When wailing at the dead of night,
They cross my aching sight—
They come, and beckoning me away,
They chide my long delay.

At midnight hour—at morn—at eve—
My sight they do not leave;
Within—abroad—their looks of love,
Around me move.

O in their visits no affection's lost!
I love the pathways by their shadows crossed;
Soon, by the will of heaven's King,
To their embrace I'll spring.

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I pity her who never more will know
Contentment here below:
Who fed them at the fountain of her breast,
And hushed their infant rest.

Her faded eyes, her anguish speak,
And her clasped hands, so weak;
'Tis she, alas! of Erin's daughters
Hath seen the *ruin of slaughters*,*

J. J. Callanan.

* This last expression may appear strange to the English reader, but it is a literal translation of the original.—TR.

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PASTHEEN FION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i., p. 330, there is a note upon the original of *Paistheen Fion*. The name may be translated either "fair youth" or "fair maiden," and the writer supposes it to have a political meaning, and to refer to the son of James II.—D. F. M'C.]

O MY fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!
Then, Oro, come with me!* come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And O I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, brown girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And O I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, brown girl, sweet!

---

* Accent thus: "Then, *Oro*, *come* with me, *come* with me," etc.

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Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And O I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, brown girl, sweet!

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again;
But whistle and call were all in vain!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me; brown girl, sweet!
And O I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, brown girl, sweet!

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe;
From all the girls in the world I'll go;
But from you, sweetheart, O never! O no!
Till I lie in the coffin, stretched, cold and low!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And O I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, brown girl, sweet!

Samuel Ferguson.

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THE FORSAKEN MAID.

He has gone! he is gone!
And my bosom is sore,
For I loved him too well,
And shall ne'er see him more!
Though they said he was false,
Yet I would not believe,
When I gazed in his eyes,
That his heart could deceive.

He is gone! he is gone!
And I wander alone
By the stream where so oft
He hath called me "his own."
But his vows are forgot,
And my eyes are now dim
With the tears I have wept
For the falsehood of him.

O the blossoms are fading
And falling away,
For the Summer is gone,
And they haste to decay;
And this heart, since the sunshine
It bloomed in hath fled,
Must soon, like the flowers,
Lie withered and dead.

Anonymous.

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THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

You know it now—it is betrayed
  This moment in mine eye,
And in my young cheek's crimson shade,
  And in my whispered sigh—
You know it, now—yet listen, now—
  Though ne'er was love more true,
My plight and troth and virgin vow
  Still, still I keep from you,
    Ever—

Ever, until a proof you give
  How oft you've heard me say
I would not even his empress live
  Who idles life away,
Without one effort for the land
  In which my fathers' graves
Were hallowed by a despot hand
  To darkly close on slaves—
    Never!

See! round yourself the shackles hang,
  Yet come you to love's bowers,
That only he may soothe their pang
  Or hide their links in flowers—
But try all things to snap them, first,
  And, should all fail, when tried,
The fated chain you cannot burst
  My twining arms shall hide—
    Ever!

John Banim.

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THE BANTRY GIRLS' LAMENT FOR JOHNNY.

O WHO will plough the field or who will sell the corn?
O who will wash the sheep, and have 'em nicely shorn?
The stack that's on the haggard unthrashed it may remain,
Since Johnny went a-thrashing the dirty King o' Spain.

The girls from the bawnoge in sorrow may retire,
And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow the fire;
For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailin' o'er the main,
Along with other patriarchs, to fight the King o' Spain,

The boys will sorely miss him when Moneyhore comes round,
And grieve that their bold captain is n ›where to be found;
The peelers must stand idle against their will and grain,
For the valiant boy who gave them work now peels the King o' Spain.

At wakes or hurling-matches your like we'll never see,
Till you come back to us again, *a-stóir grádh geal mo-chroidhe*,
And won't you trounce the buckeens that show us much disdain,
Because our eyes are not so black as those you'll meet in Spain?

If cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return,
His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn,
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief and pain,
Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign land of Spain.

Anonymous.

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MAILLIGH MO STOIR.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes,
Made vocal every spray;
They sung their little notes of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er,
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, mo cailín óg,*
*'Si Mailligh mo stoir.**

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields—
The primrose pale, and violet blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc*

* *Gramachree, ma colleen oge, Molly asthore*—"The love of my heart, my dear young girl is Molly, my treasure."

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You said you loved me, Molly dear!
  Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words
  Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I asked on earth—
  Nay, Heaven could give no more.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

O had I all the flocks that graze
  On yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds
  That yon green pasture fill—
With her I love I'd gladly share
  My kine and fleecy store.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

Two turtle doves, above my head,
  Sat courting on a bough;
I envied them their happiness,
  To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me was shown,
  But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!
  Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
Whilst life remains in my poor heart,
  'Twill beat for thee alone:
Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
  Its choicest blessings pour.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, mo cailín og,*
  'Si Mailligh mo stoir.

The Right Hon. George Ogle.

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ANNIE, DEAR.

Our mountain brooks were rushing,
Annie, dear,
The Autumn eve was flushing,
Annie, dear;
But brighter was your blushing,
When first, your murmurs hushing,
I told my love outgushing,
Annie, dear.

Ah! but our hopes were splendid,
Annie, dear;
How sadly have they ended,
Annie, dear;
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
Annie, dear.

The primrose flowers were shining,
Annie, dear.
When, on my breast reclining,
Annie, dear,
Began our *mì na meala.**
And many a month did follow
Of joy—but life is hollow,
Annie, dear.

* Honeymoon.

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For once, when home returning,
Annie, dear,
I found our cottage burning,
Annie, dear,
Around it were the yeomen,
Of every ill an omen,
The country's bitter foemen,
Annie, dear.

But why arose a morrow,
Annie, dear,
Upon that night of sorrow,
Annie, dear?
Far better, by thee lying,
Their bayonets defying,
Than live an exile sighing,
Annie, dear.

Thomas Davis.

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THE DRINAN DONN.*

By road and by river the wild birds sing,
O'er mountain and valley the dewy leaves spring,
The gay flowers are shining, gilt o'er by the sun,
And fairest of all shines the *Drinan Donn.*

The rath of the fairy, the ruin hoar,
With white silver splendour it decks them all o'er;
And down in the valleys, where merry streams run,
How sweet smells the bloom of the *Drinan Donn!*

Ah! well I remember the soft spring day,
I sat by my love 'neath its sweet-scented spray;
The day that she told me her heart I had won,
Beneath the white blossoms of the *Drinan Donn.*

The streams they were singing their gladsome song,
The soft winds were blowing the wild woods among,
The mountains shone bright in the red setting sun,
And my love in my arms 'neath the *Drinan Donn.*

'Tis my prayer in the morning, my dream at night,
To sit thus again by my heart's dear delight,
With her blue eyes of gladness, her hair like the sun,
And her sweet loving kisses, 'neath the *Drinan Donn.*

Robert Dwyer Joyce.

* *Draigheandn donn*—the brown thorn, or sloe-tree.

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SHULE AROON.

I WOULD I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúirnin! slán.
Siubhail, siubhail, siubhail, a rúin!
Siubhail go socair, agus siubhail go ciúin,
Siubhail go d-ti an doras agus eulaigh liom,
*Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúirnin! slán.**

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúirnin! slán.
Chorus.

---

* Approximate pronunciation of the chorus:—
Shoo-il, shoo-il, shoo-il, a rooin,
Shoo-il go socair, oggus shoo-il go kioon,
Shoo-il go dee an doras, oggus euli liom,
Iss go dee too, a vourneen, slaun.

Literally:—
"Move, move, move, O treasure!
Move quietly, and move gently,
Move to the door, and elope with me,
And mayst thou go, O darling, safe."

Versified:—
"Come, come, come, O love!
Quietly come to me, softly move,
Come to the door, and away we'll flee,
And safe for aye may my darling be!"

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I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúirnin! slán.

Chorus.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúirnin! slán.

Chorus.

But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance;
If he e'er come back 'tis but a chance,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúirnin! slán.

Chorus.

A Brigade Ballad.

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AFTER AUGHRIM.

Do you remember, long ago,
Kathaleen?
When your lover whispered low,
"Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen?"
And you answered proudly, "Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green."

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen;
Your heart is sad and full of woe,
Do you repent you made him go,
Kathaleen?
And quick you answer proudly, "No!
For better die with Sarsfield so,
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green."

Arthur Gerald Geoghegan.

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A DREAM OF OTHER YEARS.

TRUE love, remembered yet through all that mist of years,
Clung to with such vain, vain love—wept with such vain tears—
On the turf I sat last night, where we two sat of yore,
And thought of thee till memory could bear to think no more.

The twilight of the young year was fading soft and dim;
The branches of the budding trees fell o'er the water's brim;
And the stars came forth in lonely light through all the silent skies;
I scarce could see them long ago with looking in thine eyes.

For O thou wert my starlight, my refuge, and my home;
My spirit found its rest in thee, and never sought to roam;
All thoughts and all sensations that burn and thrill me through,
In those first days of happy love were calmed and soothed by you.

How wise thou wert—how tender—ah, but it seemed to be
Some glorious guardian angel that walked this earth with me;
And now though hope be over, and love too much in vain,
What marvel if my weary heart finds naught like thee again.

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Beloved, when thou wert near me, the happy and the right
Were mingled in our gentle dream of ever fresh delight;
But now the path of duty seems cold and dark to tread,
Without one radiant guiding-star to light me overhead.

If there were aught my faith in thee to darken or remove,
One memory of unkindness—one chilling want of love;—
But no—thy heart still clings to me as fondly, warmly true,
As mine, through chance and change and time, must ever cling to you.

If there were aught to shrink from—to blush with sudden shame—
That he who won the beating heart the lips must fear to name;
But O before the whole wide world how proudly would I say:
"*He reigned my king long years ago—he reigns my king to-day.*"

And so I turn to seek thee through all the mist of years,
And love with vain devotion, and weep with vainer tears;
And on the turf I sit alone, where we two sat of yore,
And think of thee till memory can bear to think no more!

Ellen Mary Downing.

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MO BUACHAILIN BÁN.*

Mo buachailin bán
Is up with the dawn,
And over the mountain, through forest and lawn;
By green bank and slip,
Where golden flowers dip,
The dew of the morning is still on his lip.

And down by the castle, right over the hill,
Mo buachailin works, the brown lands to till;
But still at the dawn we meet at the slip,
Where white lilies float and golden flowers dip.

Through field as he goes,
He pulls the wild rose,
And blossoms of blue from the green rushy bawn;
But over the rose
His damask cheek glows,
And the blue eye is bright of my *buachailin bán.*

He talks not like men who think woman can't know
When liberty rises or freedom is low;
And often our thoughts for old Ireland are high,
Like the sun on the mountain when painting the sky.

* Pronounced *Mo bohilleen baun*—"my fair little boy."

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My *buachailin bán*
Is clear as the dawn,
No shadow of falsehood to cloud his blue eye;
The plans of Untruth
'Tis he can confute,
And Tyranny shrinks when he stands to defy.

And sometimes his blue eyes will dream in the dawn;
And fitful and wild is *mo buachailin bán;*
But as Infancy kind, he is dear to my mind,
And the Shield of my life is *mo buachailin bán!*
Mo buachailin bán.
The dew on the lip of *mo buachailin bán*
Is gossamer gold, strung with beads of the dawn;
What hard heart shall dare to brush them away?
No hard heart but mine, at the dawning of day,
Mo buachailin bán!

Ralph Varian.

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O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

["Drimin is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath—into which the island was divided, under the Milesian dynasty."—TR.]

O SAY, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my cries,
And since Lewis no aid gives, I cannot arise.

O where art thou, Lewis? our eyes are on thee—
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
In freedom's last strife, if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the King's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength for his country to fight;
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

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When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The Isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their route,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
My sons all united, shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far away.

J. J. Callanan.

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THE SPINNING WHEEL.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning,
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent over the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting:—
"Eileen, *a-chára*,* I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and brightly, and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing, all wrong, that old song of 'The Coolun'?"
There's a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring, etc.

* *Achara*, or *achorra*—O friend!

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The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other,
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

John Francis Waller, LL.D.

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ROSE OF KNOCKMANY.

O SURE 'tis some fairy
Has set me contrary!
No more blithe and airy I sing as I go;
No longer in clover,
A free-hearted rover,
I lilt a light ditty or shake a loose toe.
In Leinster and Ulster,
Through Connaught and Munster,
'Twas I made the fun stir wherever I strayed;
And a jovialler fellow,
While sober or mellow,
Ne'er tossed off a jorum or wooed a fair maid.

Till once in the Maytime,
The tuneful and gay time—
(Ah, I fear 'twas the fay-time)—from eve to the dawn,
I played for a maiden,
With hair simply braiden,
With eyes of soft lustre and grace like the fawn.
Those eyes while she listened,
Through dewy drops glistened,
Or sparkled like gems in the light of the moon;
Some witchcraft was in it!
For since that blessed minute,
I'm like poor young Johnny who played but one tune.

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For whether I'm strolling
Where billows are rolling,
Or sweet bells are tolling o'er Shannon or Lee;
My wild harp when sweeping,
Where fountains are leaping,
At lone Gougaune Barra or storied Lough Neagh—
To priest or to peasant,
No matter who's present,
In sad hours or pleasant, by mountain or stream,
To the careless or cannie,
To colleen or granny—
Young Rose of Knockmany is ever my theme.

Charles J. Kickham.

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THE CAILIN DEAS.

THE gold rain of eve was descending,
Bright purple robed mountain and tree,
As I through Glenmornein* was wending
A wanderer from o'er the blue sea.
'Twas the lap of a west-looking mountain,
Its woody slope bright with the glow,
Where sang by a murmuring fountain,
An cailin deas crúidhte na m-bo.†

Dark clouds where a gold tinge reposes
But picture her brown wavy hair;
And her teeth looked as if in a rose's
Red bosom a snow-flake gleamed fair.
As her tones down the green dell went ringing,
The listening thrush mimicked them low,
And the brooklet harped soft to the singing
Of *cailin deas crúidhte na m-bo.*

"At last, o'er thy long night, dear Erin,
Dawns the Sun of thy Freedom!" sang she;
"But thy mountaineers still are despairing—
Ah, he who 'mid bondmen was free,

* A beautiful glen in Tyrone.

† *An cailin deas crúidhte na m-bo* should be pronounced by the "mere English" reader as *collyeen das crootia na mo;* it signifies "the pretty girl of the milking of cows," or, the pretty milkmaid.

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Ah, my Diarmid, the Patriot-hearted,
Who would fire them with hope for the blow,
Far, Erin! from thee is he parted,
Far from *cailin deas crúidhte na m-bo.*"

Her tears on a sudden brimmed over,
Her voice trembled low and less clear;
To listen, I stepped from my cover,
But the bough-rustle broke on her ear:
She started—she reddened—"*A Stoirín!**
My Diarmid!—O *can* it be so?"
And I clasped to my glad heart sweet Moirin,
Mo cailin deas crúidhte na m-bo.

George Sigerson, M.D.

* O little treasure!

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MO CAILIN DONN.

THE blush is on the flower, and the bloom is on the tree,
And the bonnie, bonnie sweet birds are carolling their glee;
And the dews upon the grass are made diamonds by the sun,
All to deck a path of glory for my own *Cáilin Donn!**
O fair she is! O rare she is! O dearer still to me!
More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken tree,
More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee,
Is the coming of my true love—my own *Cáilin Donn!*

O Sycamore! O Sycamore! wave, wave your banners green—
Let all your pennons flutter, O Beech! before my queen!
Ye fleet and honied breezes, to kiss her hand ye run;
But my heart has passed before ye to my own *Cáilin Donn!*
O fair she is! etc.

Ring out, ring out, O Linden! your merry leafy bells!
Unveil your brilliant torches, O Chestnut! to the dells;
Strew, strew the glade with splendour, for morn it cometh on!
O the morn of all delight to me—my own *Cáilin Donn!*
O fair she is! etc.

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* *Colleen Dhun*—brown (haired) girl.

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She is coming, where we parted, where she wanders every day;
There's a gay surprise before her who thinks me far away!
O like hearing bugles triumph when the fight of Freedom's won,
Is the joy around your footsteps, my own *Cáilin Donn!*
O fair she is! O rare she is! O dearer still to me!
More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken tree,
More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee,
Is your coming, O my true love—my own *Cáilin Donn!*

George Sigerson, M.D.

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JOHN M'GOLDRICK'S TRIAL FOR THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.

You muses nine, with me combine; assist me with your aid,
Whilst here I am endeavouring to praise a lovely maid.
Her heart and mine were bound in love, as you may understand;
It was her whole intention to join in wedlock band.
I hope you'll pay attention, and the truth to you I'll tell;
She was a Quaker's daughter, a maid I loved right well.
We being not of one persuasion, her father made a plan,
He done his whole endeavour to hang me in the wrong.
My name is John M'Goldrick, the same I'll ne'er deny,—
They swore I was a radical; condemned I was to die.
As soon as my dead letter came, my sorrows did renew,
Saying, "For to die I do deny—Brave boys, what shall I do?"
At length my dearest jewel became servant in the jail;
She found her opportunity and did it not conceal.
She says, "Young John M'Goldrick, I hope to be your wife;
I will do my best endeavour to save my precious life."
That night the god of Bacchus to the jailer did appear,
All with a club of gentlemen inviting him to beer.
They had the strongest liquor and the very best of wine,—
The jailer and the turnkey to sleep they did incline.—
"Now, young John M'Goldrick, I hope you will agree.
And bind yourself with an oath, and come along with me;

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For I have stole the jailer's keys, and I could do no more."—
That very night I took my flight out of the prison door.—
Early the next morning the hurry it begun,
The 66th pursued us without either fife or drum.
The jailer and the turnkey they quickly ran us down,
And brought us back as prisoners once more to Cavan town.
There we lay bewailing, all in a prison bound,
With heavy bolts of iron secured unto the ground.
All for a second trial they brought us to the jail;
Their intention was to hang me, and send her to New South Wales.
But I may thank Lord Corry, and his father, Lord Belmore—
Long may they live in splendour around Lough Erne shore!—
They sent me a grand character, as plainly you may see,
Which caused the judge and jury that day to set us free.
You reader, now excuse me, I did refine my quill,
The praises of a lovely maid these papers for to fill.
For I have become her husband, and she my loving wife:
In spite of her old father, she saved my precious life.

Street Ballad.

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CHARMING MARY NEAL.

I'm a bold undaunted youth, my name is John MacCann.
I'm a native of Donegal, convenient to Strabane;
For the stealing of an heiress, I lie in Lifford Jail.
Her father swears he'll hang me for his daughter Mary Neal.

Whilst I lay in cold irons, my love she came to me:
"Don't fear my father's anger, for I will set you free."
Her father gave consent to let me out on bail,
And I was to stand for trial for his daughter Mary Neal.

Her father kept her close confined, for fear I should her see,
And on my trial day, was my prosecutor to be;
But like a loyal lover, to appear she did not fail,
She freed me from all dangers; she's my charming Mary Neal.

With wrath and indignation, her father loud did call,
And when my trial was over, I approached the garden wall,
My well-known voice soon reached her ears, which echoed hill and dale,
Saying, "You're welcome here, my Johnny dear," says charming Mary Neal.

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We both sat on a sunny bank, and there we talked awhile.
He says, "My dear, if you will comply, I'll free you from exile.
The 'Shamrock' is ready from Derry to set sail;
So come with me, off to Quebec, my charming Mary Neal."

She gave consent, and back she went, and stole the best of clothes,
And to no one in the house her secret she made known;
Five hundred pounds of ready gold from her father she did steal,
And that was twice I did elope with charming Mary Neal.

Our coach it was got ready to Derry for to go,
And there we bribed the coachman for to let no one know;
He said he would keep secret, and never would reveal.
So off to Derry there I went with charming Mary Neal.

It was to Captain Nelson our passage money paid,
And in the town of Derry it was under cover laid.
We joined our hands in wedlock bands before we did set sail.
And her father's wrath I value not—I love my Mary Neal.

It was over the proud and swelling seas our ship did gently glide,
And on our passage to Quebec, six weeks a matchless tide;
Until we came to Whitehead Beach we had no cause to wail,
On Crossford Bay I thought that day I lost my Mary Neal.

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On the ninth of June, in the afternoon, a heavy fog came on;
The captain cries, "Look out, my boys! I fear we are all gone."
Our vessel on a sandy bank was driven by a gale,
And forty more washed overboard, along with Mary Neal.

With the help of boats and the ship's crew, five hundred they were saved,
And forty more of them also have met a watery grave.
I soon spied her yellow locks come floating down the waves:
I jumped into the boiling deep and saved my Mary Neal.

Her father wrote a letter as you may understand,
That if I would go back again he would give me all his land.
I wrote him back an answer, and that without fail,
"That I'm the heir of your whole estate, by your daughter Mary Neal."

Street Ballad.

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THE IRISH SAILOR.

ALL you young men, I pray attend to these few lines I write,
My mind being bent on rambling, to England I took my flight;
I being young and foolish, at home I could not stay,
But left my tender parents, and from them stole away.

I hired with a merchant of honour and renown;
I lived with him quite happy till fortune seemed to frown;
He had a handsome daughter, few to her could compare,
This lady fell in love with me, and now is in despair.

But when her father came to her the truth she has made known;
He found she loved me dearly, which made him for to frown.
Said he, "I'll soon prevent her, and that without delay;
I'll send him out in my own ship that's shortly bound for sea."

The lady was distracted, to her bedchamber flew:—
She says, "My lovely Jemmy, then must I die for you!
Some noble knights of honour their offers I did deny;—
My life I now would give to embrace my sailor boy!"

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. . . . . .

But, O my cruel parents, for sake of earthly store,
They sent my darling boy from me where the seas do loudly
roar;
He was both neat and slender, he was my chiefest joy;
No lord or nobleman I see like my Irish sailor boy.

One evening as I chanced to roam along the pleasant strand,
I saw my father's ship arrive, the captain he did land;
I went to him without delay, and offered fifty pound
All for to let my father know young Jemmy he was drowned.

He kindly did embrace it, and now he's gone away;
Great tidings to him he has brought that's happened on the
sea;
But when the same he did relate, great joy it did afford,
That Jemmy by a swelling wave had been swept overboard.

I walked along quite easy till I came to the quay,
Where I embraced my sailor boy and blest the happy day;
But to make my father sure believe that he lay in the deep,
When returning home again I bitterly did weep.

That night when all was silent I made good use of time;
Full fifteen thousand pounds I stole while they were drinking
wine;
In his absence I proved loyal, and crowned our nuptial joy,
I bid farewell to sorrow, and wed my sailor boy.

Street Ballad.

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NICE LITTLE JANE FROM BALLINASLOE.

You lads that are funny, and call maids your honey,
Give ear for a moment, I'll not keep you long.
I'm wounded by Cupid, he has made me stupid,
To tell you the truth now, my brain's nearly wrong;
A neat little posy, who does live quite cosy,
Has kept me unable to walk to and fro;
Each day I'm declining, in love I'm repining,
For nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

It was in September, I'll ever remember,
I went out to walk by a clear river side
For sweet recreation, but, to my vexation,
This wonder of Nature I quickly espied;
I stood for to view her an hour I'm sure;
The earth could not show such a damsel, I know,
As that little girl, the pride of the world,
Called nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

I said to her: "Darling! this is a nice morning;
The birds sing enchanting, which charms the groves;
Their notes do delight me, and you do invite me,
Along this clear water some time for to rove.

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Your beauty has won me and surely undone me;
If you won't agree for to cure my sad woe,
So great is my sorrow, I'll ne'er see to-morrow,
My sweet little Jenny from Ballinasloe."

"Sir, I did not invite you, nor yet dare not slight you;
You're at your own option to act as you please;
I am not ambitious, nor e'er was officious,
I am never inclined to disdain or to tease;
I love conversation, likewise recreation,
I'm free with a friend, and I'm cold with a foe;
But virtue's my glory, and will be till I'm hoary,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

"Most lovely of creatures! your beautiful features
Have sorely attracted and captured my heart;
If you won't relieve me, in truth you may believe me,
Bewildered in sorrow till death I must smart;
I'm at your election, so grant me protection,
And feel for a creature that's tortured in woe;
One smile it will heal me; one frown it will kill me;
Sweet nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe!"

"Sir, yonder's my lover, if he should discover
Or ever take notice you spoke unto me,
He'd close your existence in spite of resistance;
Be pleased to withdraw, then, lest he might you see:
You see he's approaching, then don't be encroaching,
He has his large dog and his gun there also;
Although you're a stranger I wish you from danger,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

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I bowed then genteelly, and thanked her quite freely;
I bid her adieu and took to the road;
So great was my trouble my pace I did double;
My heart was oppressed and sank down with the load.
For ever I'll mourn for beauteous Jane Curran,
And ramble about in affection and woe,
And think on the hour I saw that sweet flower,—
My dear little Jenny from Ballinasloe!

Street Ballad.

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HANNAH HEALY, THE PRIDE OF HOWTH.

You matchless nine, to my aid incline,
Assist my genius while I declare
My lovesick pain for a beauteous dame,
Whose killing charms did me ensnare;
Sly little Cupid has knocked me stupid;
In grief I mourn upon my oath;
My frame's declining, I'm so repining
For Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

She's tall and slender, both young and tender;
She's modest, mild, and she's all sublime;
For education in Erin's nation
There's none to equal this nymph divine;
I wish to gain her, but can't obtain her,
I'd fondly court her, but yet I'm loath,
Lest I should tease her or once displease her,
Sweet Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

At seventeen this maid serene
My heart attracted, I must allow;
I thought her surely a goddess purely,
Or some bright angel, in truth I vow;
Since that I languish, my mind's in anguish,
A deep decline it has curbed my growth;
None can relieve me, then you can believe me,
But Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

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In all Olympus I'm sure no nymph is,
To equal her that I do admire;
Her lovely features surpasses nature;
Alas, they set my poor heart on fire;
She exceeds Flora, or bright Aurora,
Or beauteous Venus from the briny froth;—
I am captivated—I do repeat it—
By Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

Each lovely morning young men keep swarming
To view this charmer taking the air;
She's so enchanting, they all are panting
To gain her favour, I do declare;
But still they're fearful, and no way cheerful,
The greatest hero you'll find him loath,
Nor dare entreat her or supplicate her,
So bright an angel is the pride of Howth.

I'll drop my writing and my inditing,
I see it's useless for me to fret;
A pound of trouble, or sorrow double,
Will ne'er atone for an ounce of debt;
I'll resign courting and all like sporting,
Cupid and Hymen, I'll shun them both,
And raise my mind from all female kind—
So adieu, sweet Hannah, the pride of Howth!

Street Ballad.

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IRISH LULLABY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

I'LL put you myself, my baby! to slumber,
Not as is done by the clownish number—
A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
But in golden cradle that's softly swinging
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

I'll put you myself, my baby! to slumber
On sunniest day of the pleasant summer;
Your golden cradle on smooth lawn laying,
'Neath murmuring boughs that the winds are swaying
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you!
May all diseases now flee and fear you;
May sickness and sorrow never come near you!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

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Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you!
May bright dreams come, and come no other,
And I be never a childless mother,
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

George Sigerson.

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THE LULLABY.

FROM THE IRISH OF OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.*

HUSH, baby mine, and weep no more;
Each gem thy regal fathers wore,
When Erinn, Emerald Isle, was free,
Thy poet-sire bequeaths to thee!
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more!
Hush, baby mine, my treasured store;
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

The steed of golden housings rare,
Bestowed by glorious Falvey Fair,
The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,
In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud!
Hush, baby dear.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,
That flashed despair on foeman's flight;
And Murcha's fierce, far-shooting bow,
That at Clontarf laid heroes low!
Hush, baby dear.

* His *extempore* effusion, to soothe the sorrows of his child, the mother being absent.

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The courier hound that tidings bore
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore;
An eagle fierce, a bird of song,
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.
Hush, baby dear.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,
And Diarmid's host-compelling spear;
The helm that guarded Oscar's head,
When fierce MacTreon beneath him bled.
Hush, baby dear.

Son of old chiefs! to thee is due
The gift Aoife gave her champions true,
That sealed for aye Ferdia's doom,
And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb.
Hush, baby dear.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,
The mantle dark of Dulaing young,
That viewless left the chief who laid
Whole hosts beneath his battle-blade!
Hush, baby dear.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,
MacDuivne's life-protecting brand,
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe
Pursued his path with shaft and bow!
Hush, baby dear.

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And dainty and rich *beoir** I'll bring,
And raiment meet for chief and king;
But gift and song shall yield to joy—
Thy mother comes to greet her boy!
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more;
Hush, baby mine, my treasured store;
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

Edward Walsh.

---

* A liquor, anciently made from mountain-heath.

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THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE; OR, THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO HIS BIRTHPLACE.

ADIEU to Belashanny! * where I was bred and born;
Go where I may I'll think of you, as sure as night and morn;
The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own;
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,
But east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still;
I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced to turn—
So adieu to Belashanny and the winding banks of Erne!

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall.
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,
Cast off, cast off—she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps;
Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the clew,
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.
Then they may sit with pipes alit, and many a joke and "yarn":—
Adieu to Belashanny and the winding banks of Erne!

* Vernacular and more correct name of the town usually called "Ballyshannon."

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The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the tide,
When all the green-hilled harbour is full from side to side,
From Portnasun to Bulliebawns, and round the Abbey Bay,
From rocky Inis Saimer to Coolnargit sandhills grey;
While far upon the southern line, to guard it like a wall,
The Leitrim mountains clothed in blue gaze calmly over all,
And watch the ship sail up or down, the red flag at her stern;—
Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an oar,
A lugsail set, or haul a net, from the Point to Mullaghmore;
From Killybegs to bold Slieve League, that ocean-mountain steep,
Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep;
From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullen strand,
Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew stand;
Head out to sea, when on your lee the breakers you discern!—
Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne!

Farewell, Coolmore—Bundoran! and your summer crowds that run
From inland homes to see with joy th' Atlantic-setting sun;
To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport among the waves;
To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the gloomy caves;

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To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats, the crabs, the fish;
Young men and maids to meet and smile, and form a tender wish;
The sick and old in search of health, for all things have their turn—
And I must quit my native shore and the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbour to Belleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,
The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below;
The Lough that winds through islands under Turaw mountain green;
And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays between;
And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern;—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day;
The waters run by mossy cliff, and banks with wild flowers gay;
The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;

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Along the riverside they go, where I have often been,—
O never shall I see again the happy days I've seen!
A thousand chances are to one I never may return,—
Adieu to Belashanny and the winding banks of Erne!

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbours meet,
And the fiddle says to boys and girls, "Get up and shake your feet!"
To *seanachas** and wise old talk of Erin's days gone by—
Who trenched the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie
Of saint or king or warrior chief; with tales of fairy power,
And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour.
The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—
Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne!

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt,
Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather,—I wish no one any hurt;
The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun,
If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.
I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me;
For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.
My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly turn
To think of Belashanny and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I'm a moneyed man, I mean, please God, to cast
My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were past;

* Pronounced *Shanachas*—history, genealogy, old stories.

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Tho' heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile
gather grey,
New faces rise by every hearth and old ones drop away—
Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside;
It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and
waters wide.
And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
To my native Belashanny and the winding banks of Erne.

William Allingham.

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EILEEN AROON.

When, like the early rose,
Eileen Aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen Aroon!
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Eileen Aroon!

Is it the laughing eye,
Eileen Aroon!
Is it the timid sigh,
Eileen Aroon!
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
O it is truth alone,
Eileen Aroon!

When, like the rising day,
Eileen Aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen Aroon!

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What makes his dawning glow,
Changeless through joy or woe?
Only the constant know—
Eileen Aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen Aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Eileen Aroon!
Far in that valley's shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Eileen Aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen Aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen Aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileen Aroon!

Were she no longer true,
Eileen Aroon!
What should her lover do?
Eileen Aroon!
Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,
Eileen Aroon!

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Youth must with time decay,
Eileen Aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen Aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixèd star,
Eileen Aroon!

Gerald Griffin.

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KILLINEY FAR AWAY.

To Killiney far away, flies my fond heart night and day,
To ramble light and happy through its fields and dells;
For here life smiles in vain, and earth's a land of pain,
While all that's bright in Erin in Killiney dwells.

In Killiney in the West has a linnet sweet her nest,
And her song makes all the wild birds in the greenwood dumb;
To the captive without cheer, it were freedom but to hear
Such sorrow-soothing music from her fair throat come.

In Killiney's bower blows a blushing, budding rose,
With perfume of the rarest that the June day yields;
And none who pass that way, but sighing wish that they
Might cull that fragrant flower of the dewy fields.

Through Killiney's meadows pass, on their way to early Mass,
Like twin stars 'mid the grass, two small feet bare;
And angel-pure the heart, where the murmured Aves start
On their wingèd way to heaven from the chapel there.

The pride of Irish girls is the dear brown head of curls,
The pearl white of pearls, *stoirin bàn mo chroidhe;**
As bright-browed as the dawn, and as meek-eyed as the fawn,
And as graceful as the swan gliding on to sea.

* Fair little treasure of my heart.

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Not for jewels, nor for gold, nor for hoarded wealth untold,
Not for all that mortals hold most desired and dear,
Would I my share forego in the loving heart aglow,
That beats beneath the snow of her bosom fair.

Soon, Killiney, will you weep—for I'll know not rest or sleep,
Till swiftly o'er the deep I with white sails come,
To win the linnet sweet, and the two white twinkling feet,
And the heart with true love beating, to my far-off home.

And O farewell to care, when the rose of perfume rare,
And the dear brown curling hair on my proud breast lie;
Then, Killiney far away, never more by night nor day,
To thy skies, or dark or grey, shall my fond heart fly.

Francis A. Fahy.

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LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin', long ago, when first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words you never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary, and my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep, with your baby on your breast.

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I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends;
But O they love the better still, the few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary, my blessin' and my pride!
There's nothin' left to care for now, since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary, that still kept hopin' on,
When the trust in God had left my soul, and my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip, and the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same, though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile when your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there, and you hid it for *my* sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word, when your heart was sad and sore—
O I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell, my Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling, in the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair!

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And often in those grand old woods I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the place where
Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn when first
you were my bride.

Helen Selina, Lady Dufferin.

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I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL!

O I'M not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all!
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowing, 'tis after you I'm goin',
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growin', Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
Th' other day I went confessin', and I asked the father's blessin',
"But," says I, "don't give me one entirely,
For I fretted so last year but the half of me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierley."
O I'm not myself at all!

O I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite's so small.
I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,
Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus it is I waste, you'd better, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away entirely;
If you don't soon change your mind, not a bit of me you'll find—
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierley?
O I'm not myself at all!

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O my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all.
For I've got so very thin, myself says 'tisn't him,
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus I smaller grow, all fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency;
So just let Father Taaffe make you my better-half,
And you will not the worse of the addition be—
O I'm not myself at all!

I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!
Since a change o'er me there came, sure you might change your name—
And 'twould just come to the same, Molly dear,
'Twould just come to the same:
For if you and I were one, all confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter entirely;
And 'twould save us so much bother when we'd both be one another—
So listen now to reason, Molly Brierley.
O I'm not myself at all!

Samuel Lover.

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PADDY MACCARTHY.

Arrah! Bridgid MacSheehy, your eyes are the death o' me,
And your laugh, like a fairy stroke, knocks out the breath
o' me!
The devil a cobweb of slumber, till dawned the day,
Has come to my lids, while the long night I yawned away!
Och, you heart-killing imp, 'twas your witchery puzzled me;
Like a bird by a night-wisp, your beauty has dazzled me!
I'd rather be forty miles running away with you,
Than live, to be parted ten minutes, one day with you!

'Pon my soul, I was dreaming last night that you came to me,
With your own pretty smile, like a sweet drink of cream to me,
Says you, "Paddy Carthy, I'm coming to marry you!"—
"Och, my jewel," says I, "to his reverence I'll carry you!"
So I thought my poor heart gave a thump like a prizefighter,
As off to the chapel I jumped like a lamplighter;
But scarce had the priest time to see how his robe was on,
When, och, blood-an'-turf!—I woke ere the job was done!

Now, troth, it's a heartache, between you and I, Biddy,
To let that sly rogue of a dream tell a lie, Biddy!
If your sweet mouth just says, "My dear boy, here's my
hand to you!"
By the lord of Kilsmack! Paddy Carthy will stand to you!

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In the meadow I'll mow, in the haggard * I'll work for you;
Say the word, and I'll walk on my head to New York for you;
My heart in the heat of devotion so beats to you,
'Tis just like a little child crying for sweets to you!

Did you hear what a great name my ancestors had of it?
From Blarney to Munster they owned every sod of it;
The MacCarthy Mores they were christened by reason, sure,
Of their fighting and feasting bein' always in season, sure!
Arrah, them were the boys that kep' up the old cause for us,
Ere a red robbing stranger come here with mock laws for us!
Real jewels they were for love, spendin' and sportin' too,
An' sure I'm a boy of their clan that's now courtin' you!

There's Judy Maloney, with ten on the watch for her—
Her uncle come to me to make up a match for her;
There's Thady Mulready, by Loch Quinlan's water clear,
Faith, he'd give me six cows if I'd marry his daughter dear!
But no, by the powers! I would rather go beg with you,
Hopping from village to town on one leg with you,
Than be walking on two, with a rich heiress stuck to me—
If I'm not speaking true to you, darling, bad luck to me!

You're the queen of the lilies that grow up so tenderly,
And your leg is as fair as white wax, moulded slenderly,
The berries are so like your lips that the pick of them
I plucked from the bush, till I ate myself sick of them!
Where the hawtree its flowers to the sunbeams is handing up,
I saw, like your white neck, a blossom-branch standing up,
I climbed to get at it—you'd pity the trim o' me—
For, bad luck to the thorns, they carved every limb o' me!

* *Haggard—Eng.*, hay-garth, stack-yard.

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I'll purchase the best wedding ring in the town for you!
Or by thunder, to make one I'll pull the moon down for you!
If I could lay my hand on the sun for a crown for you,
Sure, I'd be the boy would win light and renown for you!
Now, Biddy, my jewel! what have you to say to me?
Just give up your heart without further delay to me;
And I will bless this as a glorious fine day to me—
If a queen got such courting, by Jove, she'd give way to me!

Michael Hogan.

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FAN FITZGERL.

Wirra! Wirra! Ologone!
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition left of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin'—
Who's been up to half the devilment of Fan Fitzgerl!

Wid her brows of silky black,
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes that dart such azure death on poor admiring man;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, again the sparrows,
For your bested at love's archery by young Miss Fan.

See what showers of golden thread
Lift and fall upon her head,
The likes of such a trammel net at sea was never spread;
For when accurately reckoned,
'Twas computed that each second
Of her curls has cot a Kerryman and kilt him dead.

Now mintion if you will,
Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,
Or Magillicuddy's Reeks, renowned for cripplin' all they can;
Still the country-side confisses
None of all its precipices
Cause a quarter of the carnage of the nose of Fan.

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But your shattered hearts suppose
Safely steered apast her nose,
She's a current and a reef beyond to wreck them roving ships.
My meaning it is simple,
For that current is her dimple,
And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye's to her coral lips.

I might inform ye further
Of her bosom's snowy murther,
And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's delightful whirl;
But what need when all the village
Has forsook its peaceful tillage,
And flown to war and pillage, all for Fan Fitzgerl!

Alfred Percival Graves.

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SONG.

[Written in imitation of the manner of the Celtic writers of the seventeenth century. Though not a translation, it is a close copy of the fancies and mannerisms of the time.]

ONE morning by the streamlet I walked, and gazing round,
I saw the low sun sending its beams along the ground,
I saw the birch-tree bending, its grey stem lightly crowned.

As I was wandering slowly, in still and thoughtful mood,
I heard the water falling anear me as I stood,
And shouts of cuckoos calling within the far-off wood.

I lifted up mine eyelids, and there along the way,
I saw a fair young woman, all clad in bright array,
And I wondered were she human—in the early dawning day.

Her breath was as the honey wrought by the wandering bee;
Her lips as two red berries, plucked from the rowan tree;
And rose-red as young cherries her round cheek, fresh and free.

Her forehead as the lime-dust was clear, and smooth, and fair;
Her brows were as two swallows, seen far through summer air;
O vain the word that follows, for the wonder of her hair!

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Free curling were her tresses, widespreading, odorous, sweet,
And the golden lights, though hiding, in shadowed depths would meet,
Or, down her green robe gliding, would haste to kiss her feet.

As combs of the wild honey, her teeth were ranged and white:
Her eyes as dewdrops sparkling in the early morning light;
Or as river-waters darkling on a frosty moonlight night.

"O tell me now, O tell me, what name to call thee by?
O silent, modest maiden, of the chaste and downcast eye.
Bright love, with beauty laden, O tell me, else I die.

Art thou the sad-eyed Deirdré who mourns the Red Branch knights?
With Love's prophetic weeping, she left the Albyn heights."
"No; Deirdré still lies sleeping beneath the northern lights."

"O tell me now, O tell me, art thou the magic Maove
Who, 'mid the dead and dying, threw down the warlike glaive?"
"No; the cruel queen is lying beside Connacia's wave."

"Art thou the fairy Ailnè who bound the Chief of Spears
With her magic waving motion in the Valley of the Fears?"
"No; but the heaving ocean her druid laughter hears."

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All silent she stood by me, but 'mid her radiant hair,
Enwreathed in depths of brightness I saw the shamrock rare,
And my heart was filled with lightness, for my mother-queen was there.

Charlotte Grace O'Brien.

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THE WHISTLIN' THIEF.

WHEN Pat came over the hill,
His colleen fair to see,
His whistle low, but shrill,
The signal was to be.
(*Pat whistles.*)

"Mary," the mother said,
"Some one is whistling sure."
Says Mary, "'Tis only the wind
Is whistling through the door."
(*Pat whistles "Garryowen."*)

"I've lived a long time, Mary,
In this wide world, my dear,
But a door to whistle like *that*
I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
Is playing the tune, I think."
(*The pig grunts.*)

"Mary, I hear the pig,
Unaisy in his mind."
"But, mother, you know, they say
The pigs can see the wind."

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"That's true enough *in the day*,
But I think you may remark
That pigs, no more nor we,
Can see anything in the dark."
(*The dog barks.*)

"The dog is barking now,
The fiddle can't play the tune."
"But, mother, the dogs will bark
Whenever they see the moon."

"But how could he see the moon,
When, you know, the dog is blind?
Blind dogs won't bark at the moon,
Nor fiddles be played by the wind.

"I'm not such a fool as you think,
I know very well it is Pat:—
Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,
And go along home out o' that!

"And you be off to your bed,
Don't play upon me your jeers;
For though I have lost my eyes,
I haven't lost my ears!"

Samuel Lover.

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NANNY.

O FOR an hour when the day is breaking,
Down by the shore when the tide is making;
Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,
None but the waves and thyself to hear me:
O to my breast how these arms would press thee;
Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee;
O how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
Girl of the snow-neck! closer to me.

O for an hour as the day advances
(Out where the breeze on the broom-bush dances),
Watching the lark, with the sun-ray o'er us,
Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus.
O to be there, and my love before me,
Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me;
Thou would'st but love, and I would woo thee,
Girl of the dark eye! closer to me.

O for an hour where the sun first found us
(Out in the eve with its red sheen round us),
Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets,
Pearly and sweet, with their long dark ringlets:
O to be there on the sward beside thee,
Telling my tale, though I know you'd chide me;
Sweet were thy voice, though it should undo me—
Girl of the dark locks! closer to me.

Digitized by Google

O for an hour by night or by day, love,
Just as the heavens and thou might say, love;
Far from the stare of the cold-eyed many,
Bound in the breath of my dove-souled Nanny.
O for the pure chains that have bound me,
Warm from thy red lips circling round me.
O in my soul, as the light above me,
Queen of the pure hearts! do I love thee.

Francis Davis.

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TO-DAY.

THE earth is fair around us,
The sun is bright above,
But more glorious is our happiness,
More glowing is our love.
Your eyes—your eyes so tender,
Look fondly into mine,
And they clasp me like a blessing,
Those darling hands of thine.

Are you glad to be so near me?
For your cheek is very bright,
And a smile is sometimes coming
As of newly found delight,
And I felt your light hand trembling,
Though so fearless is my own;
Are you glad to be so near me?
Would you grieve if I were gone?

There now the tears are flowing—
Sure you know we'll never part,
While this arm has strength to hold you
Thus closely to my heart;
You are mine, my own dear Fanny—
Let me kiss your tears away,
Not a passing cloud should darken
The sunshine of to-day.

Ellen Mary Downing.

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LOVELY MARYANNE.

O BEAR me back to Shannon's banks and Limerick's battle-towers,
Where first I wooed my Maryanne among the sunny flowers;
Where Beauty braved Oppression's steel, and Freedom led her on,
'Twas there I told my first love-tale, and won my Maryanne.
O lovely Maryanne! my gentle little swan!
Where'er I be I'll dream of thee,
Till life's last pulse is gone.

There are some glowing eyes that leave their living rays behind
On memory's beaming mirror, in the palace of the mind;
Go where I will, those rays of love can never cease to shine—
O Maryanne, the spirit of their magic light is thine!
Lovely Maryanne, etc.

And we have strayed on Shannon's banks, by moonlight white and wide,
Where Sarsfield broke the Saxon ranks by Shannon's lordly tide!
And we have sung our home songs there, and talked of glories gone,
And warm with love, and wild with joy, I kissed my Maryanne.
Lovely Maryanne, etc

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And we have played on Shannon's banks when morning's dewy hand
Unveiled the rosy world of flowers that gemmed the glistening strand—
The waves, like Freedom's flashing swords, were glancing in the sun,
Bright as your own blue loving eyes, my radiant Maryanne.
Lovely Maryanne, etc.

By yonder dashing waterfall, that brightly leaps along,
With a whirling plume of silver and a ringing battle-song,
There often have we stolen unseen, and sat and talked of love,
With a daisy carpet 'neath us and a crystal roof above.
Lovely Maryanne, etc.

My girl, I'll soon go back to you, and Limerick's battle-towers,
And Shannon's banks, for ever green and rich with golden flowers!
I'd give the brightest pleasure that e'er charmed the heart of man,
For one sweet walk on those wild banks with you, my Maryanne!
Lovely Maryanne, etc.

Michael Hogan.

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THE STAR OF SLANE.

Ye brilliant muses, who ne'er refuses,
But still infuses in the poet's mind,
Your kind sweet favours to his endeavours,
That his ardent labours should appear sublime;
Preserve my study from getting muddy,
My idea's ready, so inspire my brain;
My quill refine, as I write each line,
On a nymph divine called the Star of Slane.

In beauteous Spring, when the warblers sing,
And their carols ring through each fragrant grove;
Bright Sol did shine, which made me incline
By the river Boyne for to go to rove,
I was ruminating and meditating
And contemplating as I paced the plain,
When a charming fair, beyond compare,
Did my heart ensnare near the town of Slane.

Had Paris seen this young maid serene,
The Grecian queen he would soon disdain,
And straight embrace this virgin chaste,
And peace would grace the whole Trojan plain.

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If ancient Cæsar could on her gaze, sir,
He'd stand amazed for to view this dame;
Sweet Cleopatra he would freely part her,
And his crown he'd barter for the Star of Slane.

There's Alexander, that famed commander,
Whose triumphant standard it did conquer all,
Who proved a victor over crowns and sceptres,
And great warlike structures did before him fall;
Should he behold her, I will uphold, sir,
From pole to pole he would then proclaim,
For the human race in all that wide space,
To respect the chaste blooming Star of Slane.

To praise her beauty then is my duty,
But alas! I'm footy * in this noble part,
And to my sorrow, sly Cupid's arrow
Full deep did burrow in my tender heart;
In pain and trouble yet I will struggle,
Though sadly hobbled by my stupid brain,
Yet backed by Nature I can tell each feature
Of this lovely creature called the Star of Slane.

Her eyes it's true are an azure blue,
And her cheeks the hue of the crimson rose;
Her hair behold it does shine like gold,
And is finely rolled and so nicely grows;
Her skin is white as the snow by night,
Straight and upright is her supple frame;
The chaste Diana, or fair Susanna,
Are eclipsed in grandeur by the Star of Slane.

---

* *Eng.*, poor, mean, insignificant.

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Her name to mention it might cause contention,
And it's my intention for to breed no strife;
For me to woo her I am but poor,
I'm deadly sure she won't be my wife;
In silent anguish I here must languish
Till time does banish all my love-sick pain,
And my humble station I must bear with patience,
Since great exaltation suits the Star of Slane.

Street Ballad.

Digitized by Google

COLLEEN RUE.*

As I roved out one summer's morning, speculating most curiously,
To my surprise, I soon espied a charming fair one approaching me;
I stood awhile in deep meditation, contemplating what should I do,
But recruiting all my sensations, I thus accosted the *Colleen Rue*:—

"Are you Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, Euterpasia, or Venus bright?
Or Helen fair, beyond compare, that Paris stole from her Grecian's sight?
Thou fairest creature, you have enslaved me, I am intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whose golden notes and infatuation deranged my ideas for you, *Colleen Rue.*"

"Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me, with your false praise so jestingly,
Your dissimulations and invitations, your fantastic praises, seducing me,
I am not Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, but a rural maiden to all men's view,
That's here condoling my situation, and my appellation is the *Colleen Rue.*"

* *Cáilin Ruadh*—red (haired) girl.

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"Was I Hector, that noble victor, who died a victim of
Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various, as an arbitrator
on Ida's hill,
I would roam through Asia, likewise Arabia, through
Pennsylvania seeking you,
The burning regions, like famed Vesuvius, for one embrace
of the *Colleen Rue.*"

"Sir, I am surprised and dissatisfied at your tantalising
insolence,
I am not so stupid, or enslaved by Cupid, as to be dupèd
by your eloquence,
Therefore desist from your solicitations, I am engaged, I
declare it's true,
To a lad I love beyond all earthly treasures, and he'll soon
embrace his *Colleen Rue.*"

Street Ballad.

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THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

YOUR eyes have the twin stars' light, *mo croidhe,*
Mo cuisle inghean ban ; *
And your swan-like neck is dear to me,
Mo cailin og alain : †
And dear is your fairy foot so light,
And your dazzling milk-white hand,
And your hair! it's a thread of the golden light
That was spun in the rainbow's band.

O green be the fields of my native shore,
Where you bloom like a young rose-tree ;
Mo Mhaire a-stoir ‡—we meet no more!
But the pulse of my heart's with thee.
No more may your voice with its silver sound,
Come like music in a dream!
Or your heart's sweet laugh ring merrily round,
Like the gush of the summer's stream.

O *mo Mhaire,* the stately halls are high
Where Erin's splendours shine!
Yet their hearts shall swell to the wailing cry
That my heart sends forth to thine.
For an exile's heart is fountain deep,
Far hid from the gladsome sun—
Where the bosom's yearning ne'er may sleep ;
Mo thruaidh! mo chreach! och on! §

---

* My heart, my pulse, my white daughter.
† My young fair girl.
‡ *Mo vauria asthore*—my Mary, O treasure.
§ My sorrow! my plunder! ochone!

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O LADY OF KINSA.

O LADY of Kinsa! dear girl of my heart;
With your teeth of cut pearl where the crimson lips part,
And a breast o'er whose white hills with beauty aglow
The blue veinlets wander, like streams through the snow,
How proud is her glance, yet how kindly to all,
As they halt in the dance for my Belle of the Ball.

My Lady of Kinsa! how royal her grace,
Yet how bright and how gentle and winsome her face;
And her eyes, large and blue, are as soft as a fawn's,
And her smile is as genial as midsummer dawns;
And her wealth of brown hair—see its hues rise and fall,
Gold, chestnut, and fair—in my Belle of the Ball.

My Lady of Kinsa! in silver and green,
By the sceptre of beauty, a true Irish queen;
As she raises her train, for the dancers are fleet,
See how small in their white satin buskins her feet;
O to be but caressed by the white arms that fall
To the partner now blessed by my Belle of the Ball.

My Lady of Kinsa! the clover that dips
To the scythe has no perfume to equal your lips;
And your little pink ears crown an ivory neck
Which the jewels of empire might worthily deck;
And your voice is as bland as the murmur of streams;
And the touch of your hand is the thrill of my dreams;
And I glow in each pulse as I bow to the thrall
Of my beauty of Kinsa—my Belle of the Ball!

Charles G. Halpine.

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FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

MAID of all maids—and the wide earth is full of them,
Tender and witching, and slender and tall—
I know a maid takes the shine of the whole of them;
Kitty, *a-gradh*, you out-rival them all.
Pretty and sweet are you, neat and complete are you,
Type of the grace of an old Irish stock;
Rich are you, rare are you, fresh are you, fair are you—
Kitty, *a-gradh*, you're the flower of the flock.

All the long days at you, love, I could gaze at you,
Lost in amaze as you glide through the dance,
Tripping it, skipping it, stepping it, keeping it—
Little feet peeping retire and advance.
Bright are the eyes of you, sure they tell lies of you,
If you could e'er at a poor fellow mock;
Tender each glance in them, little loves dance in them,
Looking askance at me, flower of the flock.

Theme of your gushing songs—Erin, her rights and wrongs;
Soaring you sing like a lark on the wing;
Waking the smile or sigh, making me laugh or cry,
Playing on my heart like an old fiddle string.
Gate of my heart for you opens apart for you,
Leaps out to meet you with joy when you knock;
Birds in the tree, of you, jealous might be of you,
Stoirín mo chroídhe, of you, flower of the flock.

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When I kneel down at mass, where are my thoughts, alas?
Nought but the light of a bright face I see;
All that my praying is, all that I'm saying is,
"God bless sweet Kitty, and keep her for me."
Hourly I sigh for you, proudly I'd die for you,
Joyfully lay down my life on the block;
King on his throne for you, true love might own for you,
Reigning alone for you, flower of the flock.

Maid of all maidens, my life is entwined in thine,
Turning to thee like the flowers to the sun;
Tell me, O tell me, thy heart is enshrined in mine—
Tell me, *a-stoir*, we had better be one.
Come with me, roam with me, over the foam with me,
Come to my home with me, near Carrig Rock,
Light of my life to be, sweetheart and wife to be,
Free from all strife to be, flower of the flock.

Francis A. Fahy.

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THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS.

A GIRL'S BABBLE.

I go to knit two clans together;
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore:—
Our clan fears nought! but I go, O whither?
This day I go from my mother's door.

Thou, red-breast, singest the old song over,
Though many a time thou hast sung it before;
They never sent thee to some strange new lover:—
I sing a new song, by my mother's door.

I stepped from my little room down by the ladder,
The ladder that never so shook before;
I was sad last night; to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble;
The gold bars shine on the forest's floor;
Shake not, thou leaf! it is I must tremble
Because I go from my mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me;
I trailed a rose-tree our grey bawn o'er;
The creed and my letters our old bard taught me;
My days were sweet by my mother's door.

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My little white goat that with raised feet huggest
The oak stock, thy horns in the ivies frore,
Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou tuggest!—
I never would move from my mother's door.

O weep no longer, my nurse and mother!
My foster-sister, weep not so sore!
You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—
Alone I go from my mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound that slew MacOwing
As he caught me and far through the thickets bore;
My heifer, Alb, in the green vale lowing,
My cygnet's nest upon Lorna's shore!

He has killed ten chiefs, this chief that plights me;
His hand is like that of the giant Balor:
But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me,
And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry;
They should sing old songs; they should dance at my door;
They should grind at the quern;—no need to marry;
O when will this marriage-day be o'er?

Had I buried, like Moirin, three mates already,
I might say: "Three husbands! then why not four?"
But my hand is cold and my foot unsteady,
Because I never was married before!

Aubrey de Vere.

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SONG.

THE silent bird is hid in the boughs,
The scythe is hid in the corn,
The lazy oxen wink and drowse,
The grateful sheep are shorn.
Redder and redder burns the rose,
The lily was ne'er so pale,
Stiller and stiller the river flows
Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,
A face is hiding within;
When birds are silent and oxen drowse,
Why should a maiden spin?
Slower and slower turns the wheel,
The face turns red and pale,
Brighter and brighter the looks that steal
Along the path to the vale.

Rosa Mulholland.

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THE PRIEST OF COLOONY.

Good Father John O'Hart,
In penal days rode out;
To a *shoneen* in his freelands,
With his snipe marsh and his trout.

In trust took he John's lands,
—*Sleiveens* were all his race—
And he gave them as dowers to his daughters,
And they married beyond their place.

But Father John went up,
And Father John went down;
And he wore small holes in his shoes,
And he wore large holes in his gown.

All loved him, only the *shoneen*,
Whom the devils have by the hair;
From their wives, and their cats, and their children,
To the birds in the white of the air.

The birds, for he opened their cages,
As he went up and down;
And he said with a smile, "Have peace now,"
And went on his way with a frown.

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But if when any one died,
  Came keeners hoarser than rooks ;
He bade them give over their keening,
  For he was a man of books.

And these were the works of John,
  When weeping score by score,
People came into Coloony,
  For he'd died at ninety-four.

There was no human keening ;
  The birds from Knocknarea,
And the world round Knocknasee,
  Came keening in that day,—

Keening from Innismurry,
  Nor stayed for bit and sup ;
This way were all reproved,
  Who dig old customs up.

W. B. Yeats.

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THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS.

My name it is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest parents,
Near Cavan I was born, as plainly you may see;
By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
My life has been betrayed; she's a dear maid to me.*

The country were bewailing my doleful situation,
But still I'd expectation this maid would set me free;
But, O she was ungrateful, her parents proved deceitful,
And though I loved her faithful, she's a dear maid to me.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you'll pray for me;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
In the grave I must lie cold; she's a dear maid to me.

For now my glass is run, and the hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty!
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents; but she's a dear maid to me.

* "'A dear maid to me.' An Irish idiom; meaning, not that she was much beloved by him, but that his love for her brought a heavy penalty with it—cost him dearly. Observe the effect of this idiom at the close of the second verse."—C. G. D.

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Adieu, my loving father, and you, my tender mother,
Farewell, my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me;
With irons I'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded! she's a dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more; to the Law-board * I must go,
There to take the last farewell of my friends and counterie;
May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
And convey me into heaven to the blessed Trinity.

Street Ballad.

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* Gallows.

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WILLY REILLY.

[The story on which this ballad is founded happened some eighty years ago; and, as the lover was a young Catholic farmer, and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity.]

"O RISE up, Willy Reilly! and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land;"
And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn.**

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys all dangers to refrain;
But her father followed after with a well-armed band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn.*

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound,
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
'Till at the bar of justice before the judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear *Coolen Bawn.*

"Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound,
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground;
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn.*"

* *Cailín bán*—fair girl.

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The jailer's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say,
"O get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
I'm afear'd you'll suffer sorely for your dear *Coolen Bawn.*

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn.*"

Now Willy's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He's tall and straight and comely as any could be found,
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

The judge he said, "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."
Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did stand,
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear *Coolen Bawn.*"

"O gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned;
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she,
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me;
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me,
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

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Out bespoke the noble Fox,* at the table he stood by,
"O gentlemen, consider on this extremity;
To hang a man for love is a murder you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds,
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove.
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me.'
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in foreign lands."

Then out spoke noble Fox, "You may let the prisoner go,
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know;
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name,
May her honour bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise to fame."

An Ulster Ballad.

* The prisoner's counsel, afterwards a judge.

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PEGGY.

An' so poor Peggy is dead a'most, an' she goin' on eighty-one,
The light of heaven to her poor sowl, an' all that is dead and gone.

An' if she doesn't see glory bright, God pity the likes o' me,
For she seemed like one that lived in thought in a saintly company.

Her voice it was always mild and low, it was loudest when she'd pray,
An' she never put the weighty word on the one that went astray.

She'd share the bit and the sup she'd get, an' often she made me weep
For my poor sowl when I hear her sayin' her prayers and she fast asleep.

But many's the cross came on her since the day she was made a bride,
An' little we thought that pleasant morn she'd beg before she died.

For she had a share of money in bank, an' he had the snug warm place:
A likely *bouchal oge* he was, an' 'twas she had the purty face.

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Sure, very well I remember her when I was a small colleen,
There wasn't a lighter heart or step to dance a jig on the green.

But, *mavrone*, the years brought trouble an' death, sweet praise be to God,
Her man an' her children one by one were hidden beneath the sod.

An' then the land was taken away, for her hope and help was gone—
To see her quenchin' her own firelight would move the heart of a stone.

You'd never hear a grumble from her, she'd spin and she'd knit the sock;
She always tried to help herself, for she came of a decent stock.

An' the neighbours then were kind to her as she went from door to door,
They used to think a saint came in when she stood on the kitchen floor.

You'd never hear sad words from her, she'd neither lament nor moan,
"The Lord is always good," she'd say, "an' He only took His own."

Soon she'll stand by the Lord herself on the shores of eternity,
An' if she doesn't see glory bright, God pity the likes o' me.

Attie O'Brien.

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THE POTATO-DIGGER'S SONG.

COME, Connal, *acushla*,* turn the clay,
And show the lumpers the light, gossoon;
For we must toil this autumn day,
With Heaven's help till rise of the moon.
Our corn is stocked, our hay secure,
Thank God! and nothing, my boy, remains,
But to pile the potatoes safe on the floor
Before the coming November rains.
The peasant's mine is his harvest still;
So now, my lad, let's dig with a will:—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand,
Through the crumbly mould;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland!

Och, I wish that Maurice and Mary dear
Were singing beside us this soft day.
Of course they're far better off than here;
But whether they're happier, who can say?

* *A-cuisle*—O heart.

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I've heard, when it's morn with us, 'tis night
With them on the far Australian shore;—
Well! Heaven be about them with visions bright,
And send them children and money galore.
With us there's many a mouth to fill,
And so, my boy, let's work with a will:—
Work hand and foot, etc.

Ah, then, Paddy O'Reardan, you thundering Turk,
Is it coorting you are in the blessed noon?
Come over here, Katty, and mind your work,
Or I'll see if your mother can't change your tune.
Well—youth will be youth, as you know, Mike,
Sixteen and twenty for each were meant;—
But Pat, in the name of the fairies, *avic*,*
Defer your proposals till after Lent;
And as Love in this country lives mostly still
On potatoes—dig, boy, dig with a will:—
Work hand and foot, etc.

Down the bridle road the neighbours ride,
Through the light ash shade, by the wheaten sheaves:
And the children sing on the mountain side,
In the sweet blue smoke of the burning leaves,
As the great sun sets in glory furled,
Faith, it's grand to think as I watch his face—
If he never sets on the English world,
He never, lads, sets on the Irish race;
In the West, in the South, New Irelands still
Grow up in his light;—come, work with a will:—
Work hand and foot, etc.

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* *A-mhic*—O son!

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But look!—the round moon, yellow as corn,
  Comes up from the sea in the deep blue calm:
It scarcely seems a day since morn;
  Well—the heel of the day to you, ma'am!
God bless the moon; for many a night,
  As I restless lay on a troubled bed,
When rent was due—her quieting light
  Has flattered with dreams my poor old head;—
But see—the baskets remain to fill—
Come, girls, be alive—boys, dig with a will:—
    Work hand and foot, etc.

Thomas Caulfield Irwin.

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THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH OF THOMAS LAVELLE, 17TH CENTURY.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping all the night;
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun! 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round—
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by—
But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill:
And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

George Fox.

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SONG OF THE BOATMAN (DUAN AN BHADÓRA).

FROM THE IRISH.

BARK that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle-wall;
Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop.
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
Wherry *a-rúin*, my land and store!
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
She is the boat can sail *go-leor*.

She dresses herself and goes gliding on,
Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn;
For God has blessed her, gunnel and wale—
And O if you saw her stretch out to the gale!
On the tide-top, the tide-top, etc.

Whillan,* ahoy! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well—on the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine?
On the tide-top, the tide-top, etc.

* *Dhaoilein*—a rock off Blacksod Bay; the allusion shows a Sligo origin. The poem is very old.

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Says Whillan, Since first I was made of stone,
I have looked o'er the beach alone,
But till to-day, on the bursting brine
Saw I never a bark like thine!
On the tide-top, the tide-top, etc.

God of the air! the seamen shout,
When they see us tossing the brine about:
Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes with a shock!
On the tide-top, the tide-top, etc.

Samuel Ferguson.

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THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

A BALLAD OF '98.

"COME, tell us the name of the rebelly crew,
Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you;
Come, tell us the treason, and then you'll be free,
Or right quickly you'll swing from the high gallows tree."

"*Alanna! alanna!* the shadow of shame
Has never yet fallen on one of your name,
And O may the food from my bosom you drew,
In your veins turn to poison, if *you* turn untrue.

"The foul words—O let them not blacken your tongue,
That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong,
Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread,
With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your head!

"I have no one but you in the whole world wide,
Yet false to your pledge, you'd ne'er stand at my side:
If a traitor you lived, you'd be farther away
From my heart than, if true, you were wrapped in the clay.

"O deeper and darker the mourning would be,
For your falsehood so base, than your death proud and free,
Dearer, far dearer than ever to me,
My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree!

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"'Tis holy, *agra*, from the bravest and best—
Go! go! from my heart, and be joined with the rest,
Alanna machree! O alanna machree! *
Sure a 'stag' † and a traitor you never will be."

There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow
That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now;
No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high—
No traitor e'er show'd such a proud flashing eye.

On the high gallows tree! on the brave gallows tree!
Where smiled leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he!
But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair
As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there.

---

* *A leanbh mo chroidhe*—O child of my heart.
† "Stag," an informer.

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A HOT DAY.

O WOULD I heard the patter
  Of raindrops on the trees,
And saw the hot dust scatter
    In a breeze!

Earth palpitates, half-sleeping
  In the ardent sun's embrace;
A drowsy look is creeping
    O'er her face.

No tiny leaflets quiver,
  Scarcely breathes the swooning rose;
The lazy lukewarm river
    Hardly flows.

The outstretched pussy watches
  On the window where she lies,
Too languid now for snatches
    At the flies.

My panting dogs assemble
  In the corners of the hall;
Their tails but feebly tremble
    At my call.

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The cows in yonder meadow
Are too indolent to low;
The sycamores a shadow
Scarce can throw.

Now and then a birdie waking,
Thrills out a liquid note;
The second dies unshaken
In its throat.

The busy bees are humming
O'er a luscious flower-bed,
With louder buzz they're coming
Round my head.

'Neath the blind the sun is throwing
Golden lines upon the floor;
The beams are coming, going,
At the door.

I hear the old clock ticking
As the sultry moments pass;
And a small grasshopper clicking
In the grass.

I hear the children playing
In the meadow, gay and lithe,
And the full and measured swinging
Of the scythe.

Digitized by Google

I hear the kettle singing
  Low its cozy little song;
And the smithy's anvil ringing
    Clear and strong.

I hear the turkeys calling,
  And complaining sleepily;
I feel my lashes falling—
    Lo! I see

Mowers, kettles, turkeys, faces,
  In fantastic measure meet,
And fair visions of green places
    Without heat.

But I awaken, starting
  At the flapping of the blind;
O thank God, the sun's departing!
    Here's the wind!

Attie O'Brien.

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GOUGAUNE BARRA.

[The Lake of Gougaune Barra, *i.e.*, the hollow or recess of St Finn Bar, in the rugged territory of *Ibh-Laoghaire* (the O'Leary's country), in the west end of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee.]

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—O to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.
O where is the dwelling in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather,
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water?

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High sons of the lyre, O how proud was the feeling!
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;
And gleaned each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping!

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country have bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still, still in those wilds might young Liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone;—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.

J. J. Callanan.

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WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

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Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
Life stills ebbs away:
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

Denis Florence M'Carthy.

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INISHOWEN.

God bless the grey mountains of dark Donegal!
God bless royal Alleach, the pride of them all!
For she sits evermore like a queen on her throne,
And smiles on the valleys of green Inishowen.
And fair are the valleys of green Inishowen,
And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
A race that no traitor nor coward has known
Enjoys the fair valleys of green Inishowen.

O simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
Like the hills that with silence and nature they share;
For our God, who hath planted their home near His own,
Breathed His spirit abroad upon fair Inishowen.
Then praise to our Father for wild Inishowen,
Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Inishowen.

See the bountiful Culdaff careering along—
A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Inishowen.
God guard the kind homesteads of fair Inishowen,
Which manhood and virtue have chosen their own;
Not long shall the nation in slavery groan
That rears the tall peasants of fair Inishowen.

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Like the oak of St Bride, which nor devil, nor Dane,
Nor Saxon, nor Dutchman, could rend from her fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own,
Through the midnight of danger in true Inishowen.
Then shout for the glories of old Inishowen,
The stronghold that foeman has ne'er overthrown—
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Inishowen.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging *abù* * made the foreigner quail,
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,
In the home-loving cabins of kind Inishowen.
O flourish, ye homesteads of kind Inishowen,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown
To bless the kind homesteads of green Inishowen.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band,
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Inishowen!
Hurra for the spæmen of proud Inishowen;
Long live the wild seers of stout Inishowen!
May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan
Who love not the promise of proud Inishowen!

Charles Gavan Duffy.

* *A bùaidh*—O victory!

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FAREWELL TO EIRÉ.

THERE is an isle in the western sea —
  O there the kindly hearts are bred!
  O there is Love with Virtue wed,
And Beauty dwells with constancy!
What home has earth elsewhere for me?
Eiré, what isle is like to thee?

I've been where Mammon's throne was set,
  And seen his lieges gasp for gold,
  For veriest phantoms bought and sold,
Their whole dark lives that idol's debt;
And then, ye *Gaedhil*, I've joyed to know
Ye were not blind with such a woe.

In a strange land too long I dwelt,
  Nor knew one thrill of cordial joy,
  Unmingled with a dull alloy—
Nor one warm glow of life e'er felt,
Save when I've gladly met once more
With wanderers from the Irish shore.

There are the havens of the heart;
  There is the true o'erflowing wealth
  Of tender natures—souls of health.
With blessings on thee, I depart,
Land of my latest, earliest love,
Once more from all that's dear to rove.

Edward N. Shannon.

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THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.

THE night-mist thickens o'er the town,
The twilight's paling dimmer,
A-through the chill, hum-laden air
The gaslights faintly glimmer.
In exile here I sit and think,
My heart surcharged with sorrow,
Of home, and friends that watch for me
On the hills of Connemara—
Those glorious hills! those kindly hills!
The hills of Connemara.

The night-mist thickens o'er the town,
But heavier mists are falling
On the Irish breast, bereft of love,
For peace and rest long calling.
Alone! alone! where millions throng,
As if my brain to harrow
With golden dreams of thundering streams
On the hills of Connemara—
The loving hills, the wild-eyed hills,
The hills of Connemara.

On Corrib's cheeks the moonlight sleeps,
The currach skims full lightly;
O'er Clifden's slopes our mountain girls
Now wander singing blithely;

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And I must bear this strife and din,
  While memory strives to borrow
One look of love, one sparkling glance
    Of the hills of Connemara.
O soft-faced hills! O brown-tipped hills—
    Brave hills of Connemara!

God's dearest blessing dwell with them;
  God bless the race they foster,
If Ireland's sons were all as true,
  We never would have lost her.
God prosper all my burning hopes,
  The hopes to crown to-morrow,
When the streams will sing my welcome back
    To the hills of Connemara—
My native hills, my childhood's hills,
    The hills of Connemara!

John K. Casey.

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THE HILL OF KILLENARDEN.

THOUGH time effaces memory, and griefs the bosom harden,
I'll ne'er forget, where'er I be, that day at Killenarden;
For there, while fancy revelled wide, the summer's day flew o'er me;
The friends I loved were at my side, and Irish fields before me.

The road was steep; the pelting showers had cooled the sod beneath us;
And there were lots of mountain flowers, a garland to enwreath us.
Far, far below the landscape shone with wheat and new-mown meadows,
And as o'erhead the clouds flew on, beneath swept on their shadows.

O friends, beyond the Atlantic's foam there may be noble mountains,
And in our new far western home green fields and brighter fountains;
But as for me, let time destroy all dreams, but this one pardon,
And barren memory long enjoy that day on Killenarden.

Charles G. Halpine.

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THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

THE KILKENNY EXILE'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

I WATCHED last night the rising moon
  Upon a foreign strand,
Till memories came, like flowers of June,
  Of home and fatherland;
I dreamt I was a child once more
  Beside the rippling rill,
Where first I saw in days of yore
  The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand
  That purpled boyhood's dreams;
Its youthful loves, its happy land,
  As bright as morning's beams.
It brought me back my own sweet Nore,
  The castle and the mill,
Until my eyes could see no more
  The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,
  Until, in accents wild,
I prayed her from her home above
  To guard her lonely child;
It brought me *one* across the wave,
  To live in memory still—
It brought me back my Kathleen's grave,
  The moon behind the hill.

William Kenealy.

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THE EXILE'S RETURN.

THANK God, I once again behold
My native Emerald shore;
I see old Ireland's mountains bold
Into the heavens soar;
Her valleys smile as sweet as when
I last their bosoms trod,
And fair is still each silent glen
Where larch and hazels nod.

Now long I've been 'neath foreign skies,
Where Summer ever glows,
Where Nature, every gale that sighs,
Her incense sweet bestows,
Where classic rivers swim between
Rich banks that bear the vine,
Where golden song each glorious scene
Has almost made divine.

But all in vain did Nature smile,
And her rich gifts display,
For o'er the sea to my loved isle
My every wish would stray;
In thought and dream my spirit turned
To her with fond delight—
For her the lights of memory burned
Undimmed by day or night.

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O sainted land! when from my view
Thy face in mists was hid,
My throbbing heart desponding grew,
And tears arose unbid;
A sunless sorrow filled my breast
That tears could not relieve;
My yearning gaze the balmy West
An instant would not leave.

Erin, to thee I reach my hands
All lovingly, *asthore;*
Never again shall foreign lands
Allure me from thy shore.
Soft on my brow thy breezes blow,
Their music soothes mine ear;
The earth no fairer scenes can show
Than smile around me here.

Her favours Fortune may deny,
And troubles strew my way,
Honours may fade and love may die,
And friendships fond decay;
But while my native heath I press,
And breathe my native air,
Fate cannot send me a distress
I would not gladly bear.

Peadar O'Murchadha.

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THE NORTHERN BLACKWATER.

O THE broom banks of the river are fair,
Now the wild briar is blossoming there—
Now when the green banks so calmly repose,
Lulled by the river's strange chant as it goes,
Laughing beneath the gold eyes of the broom,
Flashing so free where the heather's in bloom,
Blushing all o'er at the kiss of the sun,
Tranquil again as the gaze of a nun.
Is it, my river, a sob or a song
Beats from that heart as you hurry along?
Once in the twilight I thought it farewell,
Just a goodbye to both mountain and dell.

Here the first daisies break free from the sod,
Stars looking up with their first glance to God!
Here, ere the first days of April are done,
Stand the swart cherry trees robed with the sun;
In the deep woodland the windflowers blow;
Where young grass is springing, the crocuses glow,
Down the green glen is the primrose's light,
Soft shines the hawthorn's raiment of white;
Round the rough knees of the crabtree a ring
Of daffodils dance for joy of the spring;
And then my bright river, so full and so free,
Sings as it wanders through woodland and lea.

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Fed with a thousand invisible rills,
Girdled around with the awe of the hills,
High in the mountains you spring to the light,
Pure as the dawn from the dark ring of night.
Well may the fairies keep revelry round,
There where you cleave the thin air at a bound,
And rush on the crag with your white arms outspread—
Only a fairy could step where you tread
'Mid the deep echoes you pause to arouse,
'Mid the grim rocks with the frown on their brows,
Type of young Freedom, bold river, to me;
Leaping the crags, sweeping down to Lough Neagh.

Many a ruin, both abbey and cot,
Sees in your mirror a desolate lot.
Many an ear lying shut far away
Hearkened the tune that your dark ripples play.
One—I remember her better than all—
She knew every legend of cabin and hall;
Wept when the Law and the Famine-time met,
Sang how the Red Hand was radiantly set
Over the victors who fought at the Ford *
Over the sweep of O'Neill's Spanish sword—
O our own river! where is she to-night?
Where are the exiles whose homes are in sight?

Once in the Maytime your carol so sweet
Found out my heart in the midst of the street.
Ah! how I listened, and you murmured low
Hope, wide as earth and as white as the snow;

* Beal-an-atha-Buidhe.

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Hope that, alas! like the foam on your breast,
Broke and was drifted away from its rest.
Peace did not pass from your bonny broom shore,
Lost though the hope unto me evermore,
Lost, like your song—for I think it a sigh
Stirs that deep heart when I listen anigh.
Only at dusk does it sound like farewell,
Just a good-bye to myself and the dell.

Rose Kavanagh.

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O BAY OF DUBLIN!

O BAY of Dublin! my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream;
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubblin',
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name.
And never till this life-pulse ceases,
My earliest thought you'll cease to be;
O there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare:
You crowd around me like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As though you'd see your own sweet faces,
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
O my blessing on those lovely places,
Though no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katey knitting,
And the children playing round the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbours' faces
All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see.
O though no one knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

Helen Selina, Lady Dufferin.

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THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

THE pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand,
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These grey old pillar temples—these conquerors of Time!

Beside these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires,
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires!

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm homes of the just;
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower.

But the grass grows again when in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the Spring, comes the Goddess of the Earth;
But for man in this world no spring-tide e'er returns
To the labours of his hands or the ashes of his urns.

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Two favourites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle ;
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,
Thus time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West.

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb ;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past !

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman peers—
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years !

How many different rites have these grey old temples known ?
To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone !
What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth ?

Here blazed the sacred fire, and when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;
And the warm blood of the victim have these grey old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the Monk.

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Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rang out the vesper bell,—
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood.

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these grey old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!

Denis Florence M'Carthy.

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THE HOLY WELLS.

THE holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh, the pure—
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or tyrant trod
The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God.
And while their stainless chastity and lasting life have birth
Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross material earth,
The Scripture of creation holds no fairer type than they—
That an immortal spirit can be linked with human clay.

How sweet of old the bubbling gush—no less to antlered race,
Than to the hunter and the hound that smote them in the chase!
In forest depths the water-fount beguiled the Druid's love,
From that adored high fount of fire which sparkled far above;
Inspired apostles took it for a centre to the ring,
When sprinkling round baptismal life—salvation—from the spring;
And in the sylvan solitude, or lonely mountain cave,
Beside it passed the hermit's life, as stainless as its wave.

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The cottage hearth, the convent's wall, the battlemented
tower,
Grew up around the crystal springs, as well as flag and
flower;
The brooklime and the water-cress were evidence of health,
Abiding in those basins, free to poverty and wealth:
The city sent pale sufferers there the faded brow to dip,
And woo the water to depose some bloom upon the lip:
The wounded warrior dragged him towards the unforgotten
tide,
And deemed the draught a heavenlier gift than triumph to
his side.

The stag, the hunter, and the hound, the Druid and the
saint,
And anchorite are gone, and even the lineaments grown
faint
Of those old ruins into which, for monuments, had sunk
The glorious homes that held, like shrines, the monarch and
the monk.
So far into the heights of God the mind of man has
ranged,
It learned a lore to change the earth — its very self it
changed
To some more bright intelligence; yet still the springs
endure,
The same fresh fountains, but become more precious to
the poor!

For knowledge has abused its powers, an empire to erect
For tyrants, on the rights the poor had given them to
protect;

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Till now the simple elements of nature are their *all*,
That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished in the hall—
And while night, noon, or morning meal no other plenty brings,
No beverage than the water-draught from old, spontaneous springs ;
They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that yield from day to day,
One blessing that no tyrant hand can taint or take away.

J. De Jean Fraser.

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THE STREAMS.

YOUR murmurs bring the pleasant breath
  Of many a sylvan scene;
They tell of sweet and sunny vales,
  And woodlands wildly green;
Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,—
  Ye fill the exile's dreams
With hope and home and memory,—
  Ye unforgotten streams.

Too soon the blessèd springs of love
  To bitter fountains turn,
And deserts drink the stream that flows
  From hope's exhaustless urn;
And faint, upon the waves of life,
  May fall the summer beams:
But they linger long and bright with you,
  Ye sweet unchanging streams!

The bards—the ancient bards—who sang
  When thought and song were new,—
O mighty waters! did they learn
  Their minstrelsy from you?
For still, methinks, your voices blend
  With all their glorious themes,
That flow for ever fresh and free
  As the eternal streams!

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Well might the sainted seer of old,
  Who trod the tearless shore,
Like many waters deem the voice
  The angel hosts adore!
For still, where deep the rivers roll,
  Or far the torrent gleams,
Our spirits hear the voice of God
  Amid the rush of streams!

Frances Brown.

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DEAR CARRIGALINE.*

DEAR Carrigaline! with what rapture I've trod,
In the bright days of childhood, thy emerald sod,
Or, wearied with play, have reposed in the shade
Which the hawthorn and beech by thy clear water made,
While joy on my soul seemed as calmly to shine
As the sun on thy waters, loved Carrigaline!

And later, in boyhood, when passion's young thrill
Made thy soft looks of loveliness lovelier still,
How oft by the margin of shady Coolmore
I've whispered fond vows of idolatry o'er,
While the hand of the loved one, clasped warmly in mine,
Made thy shores seem an Eden, dear Carrigaline!

Now years have passed over, and loved ones are lost,
And o'er life's calm waters the tempest hath crossed;
And I visit thy shores after dark days of ill,
And I find them all peaceful and beautiful still;
Ah! I would that life's wave could flow tranquil as thine,
When the storm has passed o'er it, loved Carrigaline!

* A river which flows into the Lee, near the entrance to Cork Harbour.

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But that wave looks dreariest after the storm,
When the wrecks of young hope its dark bosom deform:
And the heart, like a lone bark, floats mournfully on,
While the comrades it sailed with are shattered and gone;
Yet even in my sorrow 'tis sweet to recline
Once more on thy green sward, loved Carrigaline!

Still calm be thy water, and bright be thy shore,
And young hearts be blessed there as mine was of yore;
For surely, if Nature has painted a scene
Where the dream of existence may still be serene,
And joy on the soul may unfadingly shine,
That scene is thy margin, dear Carrigaline!

Michael Joseph Barry.

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THE MOUNTAIN FERN.

HURRAH for the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—
That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough Erne,
That waves on our crags like the plume of a king,
And bends, like a nun, over clear well and spring;
The fairy's tall palm tree, the heath-bird's fresh nest,
And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest and best,
With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to gem,—
O what can ye match with its beautiful stem?

From the shrine of Saint Finbar, by lone Avonbuie,
To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,
From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyvore,
Like a chaplet it circles our green island o'er,—
In the bawn of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,
On the hill-top, or greenwood, by streamlet or well,
With a spell on each leaf, which no mortal can learn,—
O there never was plant like the Irish hill Fern!

Hurrah for the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—
That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern.
Through the glens of Kilcoe rose a shout on the gale,
As the Saxons rushed forth, in their wrath, from the Pale,
With bandog and blood-hound, all savage to see,
To hunt through Clunealla the wild Rapparee!
Hark! a cry from yon dell on the startled ear rings,
And forth from the wood the young fugitive springs,

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Through the copse, o'er the bog, and, O saints, be his guide!
His fleet step now falters—there's blood on his side!
Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the stream,
And sinks on the hill-top mid bracken leaves green,
And thick o'er his brow are their fresh clusters piled,
And they cover his form, as a mother her child;
And the Saxon is baffled!—they never discern
Where it shelters and saves him—the Irish hill Fern!

Hurrah for the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—
That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's grey cairn;
Go, hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,
And the wind o'er the hill-side is moaning about,
With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone
That thrills through the heart with its whispering lone;
And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray
Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay.

With night owls for warders, the goshawk for guest,
And their dais of honour by cattle-hoofs prest—
With its fosse choked with rushes, and spider-webs flung,
Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons hung,
With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour
That tarries so long—look! what waves on the tower!
With an omen and sign, and an augury stern,
'Tis the *Green Flag* of Time!—'tis the Irish hill Fern!

Arthur Gerald Geoghegan.

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HY-BRASAIL—THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

["The people of Arran fancy that at certain periods they see *Hy-Brasail* elevated far to the west in their watery horizon. This had been the universal tradition of the ancient Irish, who supposed that a great part of Ireland had been swallowed by the sea, and that the sunken part often rose, and was seen hanging in the horizon! Such was the popular notion. The *Hy-Brasail* of the Irish is evidently a part of the *Atlantis* of Plato, who, in his 'Timæus,' says that that island was totally swallowed up by a prodigious earthquake. Of some such shocks the Isles of Arran, the promontories of Antrim, and some western islands of Scotland, bear evident marks."—*O'Flaherty's Sketch of the Island of Arran.*]

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest.
From year unto year on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore—
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,
And he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away!

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Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile;
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before;
Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
And to Ara again he looked timidly back;
O far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away!

Rash dreamer, return! O ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again,
Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.
The warning of reason was spoken in vain;
He never revisited Ara again!
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
And he died on the waters, away, far away!

Gerald Griffin.

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GLENFINISHK.*

GLENFINISHK! where thy waters mix with Araglen's wild tide,
'Tis sweet at hush of evening to wander by thy side;
'Tis sweet to hear the night winds sigh along Macrona's wood,
And mingle their wild music with the murmur of thy flood!

'Tis sweet, when in the deep-blue vault the morn is shining bright,
To watch where thy clear waters are breaking into light;
To mark the starry sparks that o'er thy smoother surface gleam,
As if some fairy hand were flinging diamonds on thy stream!

O if departed spirits e'er to this dark world return,
'Tis in some lonely, lovely spot like this they would sojourn;
Whate'er their mystic rites may be, no human eye is here,
Save mine, to mark their mystery—no human voice is near.

* Glenfinishk (the glen of the fair waters), in the county of Cork.

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At such an hour, in such a scene, I could forget my birth—
I could forget I e'er had been, or am, a thing of earth ;
Shake off the fleshly bonds that hold my soul in thrall, and be,
Even like themselves, a spirit, as boundless and as free !

Ye shadowy race ! if we believe the tales of legends old,
Ye sometimes hold high converse with those of mortal mould :
O come, whilst now my soul is free, and bear me in your train,
Ne'er to return to misery and this dark world again !

Joseph O'Leary.

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THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells—
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought to thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

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But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko,
In St Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me;
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Rev. Francis Mahoney ("*Father Prout*").

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THE PRAISES OF KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

Ye bucks and rakes from foreign nations
That roll through cities and seaport towns,
It is concerning a spacious harbour,
Whose worthy praises I mean to sound.
With sweet arrangements, well situated
On a rising view, to the lovely quay,
Where you may observe all the mariners rolling,
And topsails shivering in the happy bay.

The purling rills and the sloping hills,
Where the bucks trip over from the dreaded hounds;
Their cries are sounding, all the vale's resounding,
While the hare runs startled in her merry rounds;
The silent anglers are gently sporting,
And whalebone bending with free goodwill,
While the carp and bream they are trepanning,
From sweet Dunleary round to Dalkey Hill.

I've heard great boasting, and topers toasting
To Captain Evans who laid the plan;
And how brave Neville drew the water level,
To that bounding river called the Grand Canal;
But I'll treat of Rayney, that high inspector,
Brave Aird and Thomas, whose fame's renowned,
And of noble Smith, that's our grand employer,
Well situated in sweet Kingstown.

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Great George the Fourth, his noble majesty,
The Lord-Lieutenant with his nobles all,
And crowds of gentry from sundry places,
To Erin's Isle they were pleased to call,
To view towering buildings with grand amazement,
The rending rocks with the lovely quay;
There was music sounding, all joys abounding,
In triumphant grandeur they spent the day.

You'd be filled with wonder to hear claps like thunder,
And rocks burst asunder in the atmosphere;
With brave stone-helvers, and jolly miners,
From different nations you'll find them there;
The loyal lovers here you may discover,
Down by the banks of the enamelled ground,
With sweet romancing down by wild meanders,
While the scaly ramblers do sport all round.

Kind fortune prosper our honest master,
By land and sea for his contracts sure;
He's a friend and credit to the Irish nation,
And a benefactor to all the poor.
The beaten tradesman, widow, and orphans,
He daily serves them without a frown;
And the weary traveller with hunger wasted,
His grief's appeased in sweet Kingstown.

Then it would delight you on a summer morning,
To see pleasant drivers with their whips and goads;
And the willing cattle will not seem to scatter,
With pleasure rolling down the metal roads.

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The honest stewards to both man and master,
Will bear assistance to work and toil;
Toss round the can, boys, let us be drinking
To sound Jenkins, Foy, and brave Johnny Doyle.

There you merchant traders, and worthy sailors,
Who steer your course through each boisterous wave,
Our worthy master, from on high assisted,
Will save some thousands from a watery grave.
He is preparing a delightful harbour,
Which will be completed in some few years;
May the Lord defend still our grand employer,
Our stewards, labourers, and bright engineers.

Ye true relations of each rank and station,
With clear observation pray list awhile;
Our work surpasses the flood of Jordan,
Strong Baalbec's walls or the river Nile;
For Hector, Cæsar, or great Alexander,
Who made nations tremble with scar and frown,
Were they existing they would land with pleasure
And spend their treasure in sweet Kingstown.

I roved from Mallow to sweet Killarney;
Through Shelton Abbey by the Ovoca side;
Through dazzling Courtown and Ballyarthur;
And Colonel Talbot's of Malahide,
To the grand O'Neill's in the County Antrim;
To Poolafooca and great Burton Hall;
And in all my ranging throughout this nation,
Sweet noble Kingstown exceeds them all.

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Where our worthy bailiffs are no double dealers;
So, jolly labourers, I think it fit,
And you, lads and lasses, o'er your sparkling glasses,
Come toast a health to brave noble Smith.
May angels guard him, noon, night, and morning,
In Erin's Isle with his family,
And long length of days may he reign over Kingstown,
In honour, peace, and fidelity.

When his royal majesty, and all attendants,
Arrived safe on Hibernia's shore,
With the peers of England, Dublin, Cork, and Limerick,
The like sure never was seen before;
Our grand employer, who is ever loyal,
Throughout these nations his fame shall ring,
Decked all his labourers with ribands waving—
Long live brave Smith and God save the king!

Street Ballad.

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THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet, silent streams,
Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order by the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
The daffodowndilly, likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent the sweet, fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station;
Like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation,
For emulation, can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell her he did pommell,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation
And conversation in sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon;
And if a lady would be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier he may transport her
Into some fort, or all under ground.

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For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters,
But cats and badgers are for ever bred;
Being mossed by nature, that makes it sweeter
Than a coach-and-six or a feather bed.
'Tis there the lake is, well stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and groves of beeches,
Standing in order for to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing this noble place in—
All heathen gods and nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air!
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor genii could not entwine;
But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.*

R. A. Milliken.

* The original song terminates thus. In the "Reliques of Father Prout," however, there is an addition by their reverend and facetious author. His version of the song, which he has in many parts altered from the original, concludes thus:—

"There is a boat on the lake to float on,
And lots of beauties which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher, or a classic teacher,
In every feature I'd make 'em shine!
There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,
O! he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of parliament:
A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer, 'to be let alone.'
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney stone!"

[It should be added, that in the venerable father's collection the reader will find a valuable "polyglot edition" of this famous lyric.]

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THE SHANNON.

River of billows, to whose mighty heart
  The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea;
  River of quiet depths, by cultured lea,
Romantic wood, or city's crowded mart;
River of old poetic founts, that start
  From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and free,
  Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the woodlark's glee,
And cushat's hymeneal song apart:
River of chieftains, whose baronial halls,
  Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
Portrunna's towers, Bunratty's royal walls,
  Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's grey keep—
River of dark mementoes! must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrong, with Aughrim's woes?

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

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THE SOLDIERS OF SARSFIELD.

BEFORE the standards of his daughter flying
By Boyne's dark stream, even as a stag at bay,
Stood hapless James in arms; yet loath to slay.
One faithful band alone, 'mid foes defying,
And perjured friends deserting and denying,
Clung round him as a breastplate through that day,
The fate they might avert not, to delay:
There, where ill-omened Dane, and Dutchman dying
Lay thickest, his wild slogan o'er the plain
Sarsfield's indomitable soldiers pealed,
In vain, alas! for James! but not in vain
For vengeance! Soon Almanza heard once more
That cry: and Fontenoy's disastrous field
Those fatal bayonets dyed with kindred gore.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

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LILLIBULERO.

ANTI-JACOBITE SONG.

Ho, brother Teague, dost hear de Decree,
Lillibulero bullen a la,
Dat we shall have a new Debittie?
Lillibulero bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lillibulero bullen a la.

Ho, by my Shoul, it is a T(albo)t;
Lillibulero, etc.
And he will cut all de English T(hroa)t,
Lillibulero, etc.

Though, by my Shoul, de Inglish do prat,
Lillibulero, etc.
De Law's on dare side and Chreist knows what
Lillibulero, etc.

But if Dispence do come from de Pope,
Lillibulero, etc.
We'll hang Magno Carto and demselves in a Rope,
Lillibulero, etc.

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And the good T(albo)t is made a Lord,
Lillibulero, etc.,
And he with brave Lads is coming aboard.
Lillibulero, etc.

Who all in France have taken a Swear,
Lillibulero, etc.,
Dat day will have no Protestant h(ei)r.
Lillibulero, etc.

O but why does he stay behind?
Lillibulero, etc.,
Ho, by my Shoul, 'tis a Protestant wind.
Lillibulero, etc.

Now T(yrconne)l is come a-shore,
Lillibulero, etc.,
And we shall have Commissions gillore.
Lillibulero, etc.

And he dat will not go to M(as)s,
Lillibulero, etc.,
Shall turn out and look like an Ass.
Lillibulero, etc.

Now, now de Hereticks all go down,
Lillibulero, etc.,
By Chreist and Saint Patrick the nation's our own
Lillibulero, etc.

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Dare vas an old Prophecy found in a Bog,
Lillibulero, etc.,
Dat Ireland be ruled by an Ass and a Dog.
Lillibulero, etc.

So now dis old Prophecy's just come to pass,
Lillibulero bullen a la,
For T(albo)t's de dog and T(yrconne)l's de Ass.
Lillibulero bullen a la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lillibulero bullen a la.

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THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

[This version of the "Boyne Water" is in universal use among the Orangemen of Ireland, and is the only one ever sung by them. But that it is not the original song, written nigh two centuries ago, is perfectly certain. Fragments of the old "Boyne Water," as still remembered in the North, are next given.]

JULY the first in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And often vehemently cried
That they would stop their courses;
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm,
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

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Then Duke Schomberg he in friendly care,
His King would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retained their rapid motion;
But William said, "He don't deserve
The name of Faith's Defender,
Who would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended;
The horse were the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the Water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William then accosted
His warlike men for to march on
And he would be the foremost:
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed,
For the losing of one Commander,
For God will be our King this day,
And I'll be the general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle:
Our cannon, to our foe's great cost,
Like thundering claps did rattle;

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In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after,
With blow and shout put foes to the rout
The day we crossed the Water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful,
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied at the Millmount after;
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the Water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Awaiting for new orders;
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
"I'm glad indeed that none of ye
Seemed to be faint-hearted;
So sheathe your swords and rest awhile
In time we'll follow after."
Those words he uttered with a smile
The day he crossed the Water.

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Come let us all with heart and voice
  Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour showed
  And made his foe surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give
  Both now and ever after;
And bless the glorious Memory
  Of William that crossed the Water.

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THE BOYNE WATER.

JULY the First, of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare, of thousands he had thirty;
To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water,
He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying, "Gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valour here be shown before this Irish nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play as you go over the water."

. . . . . .

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he crossed over the water.
When that King William did observe the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners calling

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"What will you do for me, brave boys—see yonder men retreating?
Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums are beating;"
He says, "My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our king this day, and I'll be general under."

. . . . . .

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they desired;
For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in their saddle;
Others turned up their forked ends, which we call *coup de ladle.*

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced—
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

Both men and horse lay on the ground, and many there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day—but, sure, there was sharp shearing.

. . . . . .

Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven's and earth's Creator,
For the deliverance that He sent our enemies to scatter.

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The Church's foes will pine away, like churlish-hearted
Nabal,
For our deliverer came this day like the great Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
But had the Papists gained the day, there would have been
open murther,
Although King James and many more were ne'er that way
inclined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they
designed.

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NO SURRENDER.

[Song of the Derry 'Prentices, sung on the anniversary of shutting the gates of Derry. Written to a very fine old Irish melody (Joyce, p. 83), bearing all the marks of an age long before the siege here celebrated.]

BEHOLD the crimson banner float
O'er yonder turrets hoary;
Proclaiming days of mighty note
And deeds of deathless glory;
When Derry's sons undaunted stood,
Embattled to defend her,
Indignant stemmed Oppression's flood,
And sung out, "No Surrender!"

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,
Well fenced in every quarter,
Each frowning bastion grim along,
With culverin and mortar;
But Derry had a surer guard
Than all that art could lend her,
Her 'Prentice hearts the gate who barred,
And sung out, "No Surrender!"

On came the foe in bigot ire,
And fierce the assault was given;
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,
Her fated roofs were riven:

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But baffled was the Tyrant's wrath,
And vain his hopes to bend her,
For still 'mid famine, fire, and death,
She sung out, "No Surrender!"

Again, when Treason maddened round,
And rebel hordes were swarming,
Were Derry's sons the foremost found,
For King and Country arming:
Then forth they rushed at honour's call,
From age to boyhood tender,
Again to man their Virgin Wall,
And sing out, "No Surrender!"

Long may that crimson banner wave,
A meteor streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave
Who guard the walls of Derry:
While Derry's sons alike defy
Pope, Traitor, or Pretender;
And peal to heaven their 'Prentice cry,
Their patriot—"No Surrender!"

Lieut.-Colonel W. Blacker (1817).

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OLIVER'S ADVICE.

AN ORANGE BALLAD.

[There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms, with these words:—"Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry."]

THE night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast—
The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast;
The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky—
But "put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."

There *was* a day when loyalty was hailed with honour due,
Our banner the protection waved to all the good and true—
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in honour's tie,
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

When Treason bared her bloody arm, and maddened round the land,
For king, and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready brand;
Our gathering spell was William's name—our word was, "Do or die."
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry.

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But now, alas! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,
And worth and gallant services remembered are no more;
And, crushed beneath oppression's weight, in chains of grief we lie—
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Forth starts the spawn of Treason, the 'scaped of Ninety-eight,
To bask in courtly favour, and seize the helm of state—
E'en *they* whose hands are reeking yet with murder's crimson dye;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadined the Slaney's silver wave—
They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave;
He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes, the Jesuit sly;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose counsels wrapped the land in foul rebellious flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged by shame.
Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too, each eye,
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

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The Power that led His chosen, by pillared cloud and flame,
Through parted sea and desert waste, that Power is still the same;
He fails not—He, the loyal hearts that firm on Him rely—
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Power that nerved the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
The Power that led great William, Boyne's reddening torrent through—
In His protecting aid confide, and every foe defy—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers through the haze.
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
But brightest beams its radiance from Donard's lofty head.
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is the cry—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Then cheer, ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,
Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air.
The storm that raves the wildest the soonest passes by;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

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For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready sword—
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated Word.
These, these, the war-cry of our march, our hope the Lord on high;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Lieut. Colonel W Blacker (1834).

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PROTESTANT BOYS.

AN ORANGE SONG.

TELL me, my friends, why are we met here?
Why thus assembled, ye Protestant Boys?
Do mirth and good liquor, good humour, good cheer,
Call us to share of festivity's joys?
O no! 'tis the cause
Of King—Freedom—and Laws,
That calls loyal Protestants now to unite;
And Orange and Blue,
Ever faithful and true,
Our King shall support, and Sedition affright.

Great spirit of William! from Heaven look down,
And breathe in our hearts our forefathers' fire—
Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire.
Jacobin—Jacobite—
Against all to unite,
Who dare to assail our Sovereign's throne?
For Orange and Blue
Will be faithful and true,
And Protestant loyalty ever be shown.

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In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,
Bound together in Truth and Religion's pure band;
Nor Honour's fair cause with foul Bigotry stain,
Since in Courage and Justice supported we stand.
So Heaven shall smile
On our emerald isle,
And lead us to conquest again and again;
While Papists shall prove
Our brotherly love:—
We hate them as masters—we love them as men.

By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
Our Protestant heroes shall combat the foe;
Hearts with true honour and loyalty fired,
Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
In Orange and Blue,
Still faithful and true,
The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;
The shades of the Boyne
In the chorus will join,
And the welkin re-echo with "God save the King."

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CAROLAN'S RECEIPT.

FROM THE IRISH.

WHEN by sickness or sorrow assailed,
To the mansion of Stafford I hied;
His advice or his cordial ne'er failed
To relieve me—nor e'er was denied.

At midnight our glasses went round,
In the morning a cup he would send;
By the force of his wit he has found
That my life did on drinking depend.

With the Spirit of Whisky inspired,
By my harp e'en the power is confessed;
'Tis then that my genius is fired,
'Tis then I sing sweetest and best.

Ye friends and ye neighbours, draw near,
Attend to the close of my song;
Remember, if life you hold dear,
That drinking your life will prolong.

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THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

[This ballad was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, "Easy, O woman of the three cows!" (*Go-rétidh a bhean na d-tri m-bo!*) has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.—TR.]

O WOMAN of Three Cows, *a-gradh!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle,
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser:
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows,
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

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See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants,
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mo bhrón! * for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows!

O think of Donnell of the ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory--
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

---

* *Mourone*—my grief.

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The O'Carrolls, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, *an eadh!* * you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows—
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING-UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

James Clarence Mangan.

---

* *An-ya*—is it?

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WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE!

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH OF TURLOGH O'CAROLAN.

*The Bard addresses Whisky.**

WHY, Liquor of Life! do I love you so,
When in all our encounters you lay me low?
More stupid and senseless I every day grow;
What a hint!—If I'd mend by the warning!
Tattered and torn have you left my coat,
I've not a cravat—to save my throat,
Yet I'll pardon you all, my sparkling doat,
If you'll cheer me again in the morning!

Whisky replies.

When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,
With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,
Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,
And though thousands of cares assault you:
You'll find tippling there—till morals mend,
A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,
The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,
And give you a *Céad mille fáilte.*

* Whisky—*uisge*, water; usquebaugh—*uisge-beatha*, water of life.

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The Bard resumes.

You're my soul, and my treasure, without and within,
My sister and cousin, and all my kin;
'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin—
But all other enjoyment is vain love!
My barley-ricks all turn to you,—
My tillage—my plough—and my horses too,—
My cows and my sheep they have bid me adieu;
I care not while you remain, love!

Come, vein of my heart! then come in haste;
You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast,
My forefathers all had the very same taste
For the genuine dew of the mountain.
O Usquebaugh!—I love its kiss!—
My guardian spirit I think it is;
Had my christening bowl been filled with this,
I'd have swallowed it, were it a fountain!

Many's the quarrel and fight we have had,
And many a time you have made me mad,
But while I've a heart it can never be sad
When you smile at me full from the table:
Surely you are my wife and my brother—
My only child—my father and mother—
My outside coat—I have no other!
O I'll stand by you—while I am able!

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If family pride can aught avail,
I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael—
Brandy and Usquebaugh and Ale—
But Claret untasted may pass us.
To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,
So for righteousness' sake I leave them this,
For claret the gownsmen's comfort is,
When they've saved us with matins and masses!

John D'Alton.

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FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charming variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
Still I'd advance you, without impropriety,
Father O'Flynn is the flower of them all.
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainthe, and *slainthe*, and *slainthe* again.
Powerfullest preacher,
And tindherest teacher,
And kindliest creature in old Donegal.

Talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Far renowned for Greek and Latinity,
Gad and the divils and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn would make hare of them all.
Come, I venture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology,
Into thayology,
Troth and conchology, if he'd the call.

Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way with you,
All the old sinners are wishful to pray with you,
All the young children are wild for to play with you,

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You've such a way with you, Father *avick!*
Still for all you're so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxing unaisy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

And though quite avoiding all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where is the play-boy can claim an equality
At comicality, Father, with you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off with the rest:
"Is it leave gaiety
All to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

Alfred Percival Graves.

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THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

WHEN St Patrick this order established,
He called us the "Monks of the Screw!"
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best from on high;
And he said, on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

"Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you;
And when to the convent you come,
Leave your favourite temptation behind you.
And be not a glass in your convent—
Unless on a festival—found;
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
One festival all the year round.

"My brethren, be chaste—till you're tempted;
While sober, be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting—
As oft as you've nothing to eat.
Yet in honour of fasting, one lean face
Among you I'd always require;
If the abbot should please, he may wear it,
If not, let it come to the prior."

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Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
And with due devotion prepare,
With hands and with voices uplifted,
Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.
May this chapter oft joyously meet,
And this gladsome libation renew,
To the saint, and the founder, and abbot,
And prior, and monks of the Screw!

John Philpot Curran.

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BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES.*

Ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted,
With six bottles more:
Be sure you don't pass
The good house Money-glass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns;
'Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye lovers, who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear.
Come hither, I'll show ye
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
For what mortal so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When called by good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

* For origin of this song see *Dublin University Magazine*, January 1841

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Ye poets, who write,
And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook,
Though all you get by't
Is a dinner ofttimes,
In reward of your rhymes,
With Humphrey the duke:
Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones;
Our jingling of glasses
Your rhyming surpasses,
When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders
Who served us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne:
Come leave off your rattling
Of sieging and battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones;
Were you sent to Gibraltar
Your notes you'd soon alter,
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate most clear,
How worthy to rise!
You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek
Above once in a year:

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Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
Says the text so divine,
"What is life without wine?"
Then away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust!
You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right
As you chance to be fee'd;
Leave musty reports,
And forsake the king's courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
With all your damned Entries,
And away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe,
Have at your devotion
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case;
Pray where is the need
To purge, blister, and bleed?
When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret—and bumpers, Squire Jones.

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Ye foxhunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found:
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman;
No music is found in such dissonant tones:
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres?
Hark away to the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer.

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LET THE TOAST PASS.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Here's to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumpers quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.
Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

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THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED.

THE night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bait in their sacks, too, they fetched;
They sweated their duds till they riz it:
For Larry was ever the lad,
When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,
Would fence all the duds that he had
To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
And warm his gob 'fore he died.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew all their stools round about him,
Six glims round his trap-case were placed,
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
When one of us asked could he die
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, "That's all in my eye;
And first by the clergy invented,
To get a fat bit for themselves."

"I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I
"To see you in this situation;
And blister my limbs if I lie,
I'd as lieve it had been my own station."
"*Ochone!* it's all over," says he,
"For the neckcloth I'll be forced to put on,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton,
Because, why, his courage was good.

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"And I'll be cut up like a pie,
And my nob from my body be parted."
"You're in the wrong box, then," says I,
"For blast me if they're so hard-hearted:
A chalk on the back of your neck
Is all that Jack Ketch dares to give you;
Then mind not such trifles a feck,
For why should the likes of them grieve you?
And now, boys, come tip us the deck."

The cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
A dart at his napper he made
(The boy being easily heated):
"O by the hokey, you thief,
I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle!
You cheat me because I'm in grief,
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
And leave you your claret to drink."

Then the clergy came in with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the devil;
Then sighing, he threw back his head
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing, he said,
"O the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death.

"Though sure it's the best way to die,
O the devil a better a-livin'!
For when the gallows is high
Your journey is shorter to heaven:

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But what harasses Larry the most,
And makes his poor soul melancholy,
Is that he thinks of the time when his ghost
Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly;
O sure it will kill her alive!"

So moving these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watched him next day;
O the throttler, I thought I could kill him;
But Larry not one word did say,
Nor changed till he come to "King William,"
Then, *musha*,* his colour grew white.

When he came to the numbing chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty,
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city;
He kicked, too—but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
Soon after the noose was untied,
And at darkee we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

Dublin Slang-Song.

* *Ma is eadh* (pronounced *maw isha* or *musha*)—if it be!

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GARRYOWEN.

LET Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus—
Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to gaol
From Garryowen in glory!

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us.
Instead, etc.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.
Instead, etc.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run:
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.
Instead, etc.

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Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Instead, etc.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.
Instead, etc.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
In spite of all the soldiers.
Instead, etc.

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THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

O THE boys of Kilkenny are brave roving blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their money free,
Of all the towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big hole.
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

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THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

O LOVE is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His heart is good-humoured, 'tis honest and sound,
No envy or malice is there to be found;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?
An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while.
To the priest soon they go; and nine months after that,
A fine baby cries, "How do ye do, Father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?"

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Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth!
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green!
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the French, who dare plant at our confines a cannon;
United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

Edward Lysaght.

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THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

BEAUING, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,*
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus's true-begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking
To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
Still for Mallow water crying;
But where there's good claret plying,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives;
Going where the devil drives;
Having sweethearts, but no wives,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

* Cursing extravagantly—*i.e.*, "damning you to hell, and *sinking* you lower."

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Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
Raking as at Mallow.

Then to end this raking life
They get sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
And wish again for Mallow.

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AN CRUISCIN LAN.*

LET the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little *crúiscin lán, lan, lan,*
My charming little *cruiscin lan.*
† *Gradh mo chroidhe mo cruiscin,—*
Is slainthe gheal mo mhuirnin.
Is gradh mo chroidhe a cuilin ban.
Gradh mo chroidhe mo cruiscin,—
Is slainthe gheal mo mhuirnin,
Is gradh mo chroidhe a cuilin ban, ban, ban,
Is gradh mo chroidhe a cuilin ban.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son;
In hope that you'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little *cruiscin lan, etc.*

---

* *An cruiskeen lawn*—the little full jug.

† *'s Gramachree ma cruiskeen,*
Shlanthe gal mavourneen.
's Gramachree a cooleen bawn, etc.

Literally:—

"The love of my heart is my little full jug—
The bright health of my darling girl.
The love of my heart is her fair hair," etc.

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And when grim Death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run;
I'll say, Begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me leave
To take another *cruiscin lan, etc.*

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another *cruiscin lan, etc.*

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THE DESERTER'S MEDITATION.

If sadly thinking,
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking my cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow would end my woes.

But as in wailing
There's nought availing,
And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

To joy a stranger,
A way-worn ranger
In every danger my course I've run;
Now hope all ending,
And death befriending,
His last ending, my cares are done.

No more a rover,
Or hapless lover,
My griefs are over—my glass runs low;
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

John Philpot Curran.

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WHISKY.

WHISKY, drink divine!
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we could not sing thee?
Whisky, drink divine!
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us?

Greek and Roman sung
Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes! let Erin's sons—
Generous, brave, and frisky—
Tell the world at once
They owe it to their whisky.
Whisky, etc.

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If Anacreon—who
Was the grape's best poet—
Drank our *Mountain-dew*,
How his verse would show it!
As the best then known,
He to wine was civil;
Had he *Inishowen*,
He'd pitch wine to the devil.
Whisky, etc.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it:
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it:
Come, then, to my lip—
Come, thou rich in blisses!
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses.
Whisky, etc.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Be his name adored,
Who summed up thy merits
In one little word,
When he called thee *spirits*.
Whisky, etc.

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Send it gaily round—
  Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
  This enchanting treasure:
And, when tyrant death's
  Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
  Be, whisky! whisky! whisky!
    Whisky! drink divine!
      Why should drivellers bore us
    With the praise of wine,
      Whilst we've thee before us?

Joseph O'Leary.

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JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE.

WHILE going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry:—
"Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.
With drums and guns, and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye,
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

"Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did you run from me and the child?
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! hurroo!

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Where are the legs with which you run,
When you went to carry a gun?—
Indeed, your dancing days are done!
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With your drums, etc.

"It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Though from my heart you took leg bail,—
Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail.
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg;
You'll have to be put in a bowl to beg:
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!
I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!

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I'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Sulloon,*
So low in flesh, so high in bone,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"But sad as it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad as it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad as it is to see you so,
And to think of you now as an object of woe,
Your Peggy'll still keep ye on as her beau;
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

"With drums and guns, and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye,
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!"

Street Ballad.

* Ceylon.

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NOTES ON WRITERS.

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.—Born at Ballyshannon in 1828. After contributing to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, and other periodicals, his first volume, "Poems," was published in 1850. This has been followed by several volumes of prose and verse; his "Irish Songs and Poems" are just published in a volume of their own. For some years Mr Allingham was editor of *Fraser's*.

BANIM, JOHN.—Author, dramatist, and poet. Born in Kilkenny, April 3, 1798; died August 1, 1842. With his brother Michael, author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," the best delineations of Irish life published, free from the theatricality of Lever and kindred writers. They are characterised by powerful imagination, circumstantiality, raciness, and truth. His few good poems are gems.

BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.—Is a native of Cork; one of the prominent men of the "Young Ireland" movement. Wrote many songs and ballads, and edited a collection of Irish songs. After '48 he changed his opinions considerably, and did not conceal the change. He is a barrister. A volume of his poems has been published, as also a collection he edited.

BLACKER, WILLIAM.—Lieut.-Colonel. Born at Carrickblacker, Co. Armagh, September 1, 1777; died there November 25, 1855. His "Oliver's Advice" became almost a war-song. The "Battle of the Boyne" is wrongly attributed to him; he wrote a poem of that name, but not the famous song. His writings have never been published in collected form. "Ardmagh, a Chronicle, and other Poems," contains part, and others were included in the "Standard Orange Song Book" (*Guardian* Office, Armagh). His unpublished poems fill three large quarto MS. volumes in the possession of the present representative of his ancient family, Baroness von Stieglitz

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of Carrickblacker, to whose kindness I am indebted for these particulars. In the "Boyne Book of Poetry and Song," the late Rev. John Graham of Derry is given in error as writer of "No Surrender."

BOUCICAULT, DION.—Dramatist. Born in Dublin, December 26, 1822. Produced "London Assurance" at Covent Garden, March 1841. Went to the United States 1853. Returned to London 1860, and produced "The Colleen Bawn" at the Adelphi. Since 1876 he has resided in New York, paying occasional visits to England. He is the author of more than fifty original pieces, besides adaptations, etc.

BRENAN, JOSEPH.—Born in Cork, November 17, 1828; died, New Orleans, May 27, 1857. Began his literary career by contributing to the national press. In 1848 removed to Dublin, where he soon qualified for Kilmainham. After his release, went to New York, and found work as a journalist. In 1851 he married, and moved to New Orleans to join the staff of the *Delta*. His poems have never been published in collected form, and are now for the most part inaccessible.

BROWN, FRANCES.—Novelist and poetess. Born Stranorlar, County Donegal, January 16, 1816; died August 1879. She lost her eyesight in infancy, but managed nevertheless to acquire a good education. Her first poem was contributed to the *Irish Penny Journal*, and she soon after secured admission to the *Athenæum* and other journals. She wrote some successful novels. The latter part of her life was spent in England.

CALLANAN, JEREMIAH JOSEPH.—Poet. Born, Cork, 1795; died, Lisbon, September 19, 1829. Educated for the priesthood at Maynooth, but delicate health led to his relinquishing that profession. In 1820 entered Trinity as an out-pensioner to study for the bar, but dropped this also after a two years' trial. In 1823 was for a few months tutor under the celebrated Dr Maginn; through Maginn's introduction became a writer for *Blackwood;* spent some years rambling about the country picking up legends and songs for translation; and for another while chose the lovely island of Inchidony, at the mouth of Clonakilty Bay, as a hermitage, where he wrote some of his most beautiful poems. His translations from the Irish are renowned for fidelity and grace. In 1829 became tutor to the family of an Irish gentleman in Lisbon, but died soon after going there. In the body of the book I have given his fore-name as James, as in the first edition, but since those pages were stereo'd,

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the balance of proof has gone in favour of Jeremiah, but it is even now not quite certain which is right.

CAMPION, J. T.—Contributed ballads to the *Nation* under the name of "The Kilkenny Man," from the town of his birth. He was born about the year 1830, and is at present a medical practitioner in Dublin.

CASEY, JOHN KEEGAN ("Leo").—Poet and Fenian. Born, Mount Dalton, near Mullingar, August 22, 1846; died March 17, 1870. The son of a peasant, he had enormous difficulties to contend with, but overcame them. Beginning life as a mercantile clerk, after some time he made literature his profession. In 1867 he was arrested and imprisoned as a Fenian; to the severe treatment he met with his early death is largely attributable. His poetry and patriotism had made him a popular hero, and his funeral was attended by over 50,000 people.

CHERRY, ANDREW.—Printer, actor, and dramatist. Born, Limerick, January 11, 1762; died, Monmouth, February 7, 1812. Of his plays, the "Soldier's Daughter" still keeps the stage, and others have been played recently. His songs, "The Bay of Biscay" and the "Shamrock," enjoy undiminished favour.

CURRAN, HENRY GRATTAN.—Helped in the translations of Hardiman's collection. Was a son of J. P. Curran, but no account of his life seems to be accessible.

CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT.—Advocate and political orator. Born, Newmarket, near Cork, July 24, 1750; died in London, October 14, 1817. In 1843 his remains were taken home to Ireland, and reinterred at Glasnevin. Of his great wit and fiery eloquence many accounts have reached us, but chance or fate has left us little to judge from. He never committed anything to the press.

D'ALTON, JOHN.—Historian, translator, and antiquarian. Born at Bessville, Westmeath, 1792; died in Dublin, January 20, 1867. He was author of many valuable works on the history and archæology of Ireland.

DAVIS, FRANCIS ("The Belfast Man").—Weaver and poet. Born in Ballincollig, County Cork, March 17, 1810; died in Belfast, October 7, 1885. During the Catholic Emancipation, and later during the "Young Ireland," movements, by his poems and songs, written at the loom, helped the popular cause no little. He con-

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tributed to the *Nation*, edited the *Belfastman's Journal*, and published three volumes of verse.

DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE.—Poet and political writer. Born at Mallow, October 14, 1814; died in Dublin, September 16, 1845. Quite the most striking figure in one of the most productive periods of Irish history. Educated at Trinity College, he there graduated in 1836, and two years after was called to the bar; but his life was cast in times of stress and trial, and he forsook the quiet pursuit of his profession for the stormy path of patriotic agitation. He was one of the chief contributors to the *Nation*, and wielded an enormous influence over its readers. When he died, the *Warder*, a bitter antagonist of his views, wrote thus:—"With a scholarship in general literature as well as in history and in politics, the extent of which was absolutely prodigious, Mr Davis combined the finest and the noblest natural endowments of mind and disposition; he was a constant, earnest, and guilelessly honest labourer in the cause of his choice; and in its service he lavished, with the unreserve of conscious genius, the inexhaustible resources of his accomplished and powerful intellect, . . . undebased by the scheming of ambition—untainted by the rancour of faction; and if we pass by the errors of a wrongly-chosen cause, he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot. Young though he died, his life had been long enough to impress the public with a consciousness of his claims upon their admiration and respect; his admirers were of all parties, and in none had he an enemy." A collection of his poems is published in Messrs Duffy & Sons' "National Library."

DAWSON, ARTHUR.—Baron of the Exchequer. A contemporary of Carolan's, to one of whose compositions he wrote this favourite song.

DERMODY, THOMAS.—Poet (the "Chatterton of Ireland"). Born at Ennis, January 17, 1775; died in a hovel near Sydenham, July 15, 1802. More precocious than Pope, at ten years of age he had written a great deal of verse afterwards read with applause, but at the same age was a confirmed drunkard. This hereditary scourge pursued him through life, and despite his own great genius, and his many friends' persistent efforts, plunged him again and again into ruin, and at length destroyed him.

DE VERE, SIR AUBREY.—Poet. Born, Curragh Chase, August 20, 1788; died July 5, 1846. A friend of Wordsworth's, he was deeply

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influenced by his example, but showed strong individuality and inherent power. In many of his sonnets he comes near his master, and his poetical drama "Mary Tudor" is said by some critics to equal Tennyson's.

DE VERE, AUBREY THOMAS.—Poet and prose-writer. Born at Curragh Chase, County Limerick, 1814. Has published several volumes of poetry, and works on history and travel. His style is marked by simplicity and cultured grace.

DOWNING, ELLEN MARY PATRICK.—Poetess. Born in Cork, March 19, 1828; died there January 27, 1869. As a girl of seventeen began to write for the *Nation*, and was soon one of its most favourite poets; she is best known as "Mary of the *Nation*." A most interesting memoir of her was given in the *Irish Monthly*, August-December 1878.

DRENNAN, WILLIAM.—Poet, essayist, and physician. Born in Belfast, May 23, 1754; died February 5, 1820. Wrote the prospectus of the United Irishmen, which society he founded, and many of their addresses and manifestoes. Tried for sedition in 1794, but acquitted. Wrote very many songs, poems, essays, and articles; wielding great influence in his time. He was the first to speak of the "Emerald Isle."

DUFFERIN, HELEN SELINA BLACKWOOD, LADY.—Poetess. Born 1807; died June 13, 1867. Granddaughters of R. B. Sheridan, she and her sisters, the Honourable Mrs Norton and the Duchess of Somerset, worthily sustained the reputation of the family. Her ballads and poems were the genuine outcome of a deep and understanding love of the people, aud secured for her their affection and esteem.

DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN.—Born in Monaghan, 1816. When quite a lad was sub-editor on the *Dublin Morning Register;* was subsequently engaged on other papers, but began his real career in 1842, when, with Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, he founded the *Nation*, becoming its editor. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance and far-reaching influence of the *Nation;* around and from it arose a new literature—almost a new people. For years it was *the* paper of the Irish race, "on all sides of the sea," and remains a monument to the memory of its conductor and contributors. Mr Duffy's life has been varied, stirring, useful, and

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attended with honour to himself in two hemispheres. In 1856 he emigrated to Australia, where he attained a very high position. Of late years he has resided in the south of Europe. His "Young Ireland" remains unequalled as a history of that important movement. Of the "giants who were upon the earth in those days" there are few but himself who survive; it is hardly too much to say that the existence of later movements would have been impossible but for their labour and self-sacrifice.

ELRINGTON, STEPHEN NOLAN. — Published "Original Poems and Lyrics," Dublin, 1853 (2nd edition, 1856), 8vo. Barrister, and now librarian of the King's Inns, Dublin.

FAHY, FRANCIS A. ("Dreoilin").—One of the best known and most genuinely lyrical of young contemporary Irish poets. Has published a volume, and is still contributing to National newspapers.

FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL.—Archæologist and poet. Born in Belfast, 1810; died at Howth, August 9, 1886. A man of encyclopædic learning, great industry, and high poetic power. His translations from the Celtic are unrivalled for truth and grace; his historical writings for depth, freshness, and wide research.

FORRESTER, ELLEN.—Born at Anyalla, Co. Monaghan, in 1831; died in Manchester, 1883. Her poems gained wide favour by their simplicity and unaffected earnestness.

FOX, GEORGE.—Writer of some sympathetic and scholarly translations from the Celtic.

FRASER, JOHN DE JEAN.—Cabinet-maker and song-writer. Born near Birr about 1809; died in Dublin, 1849. A "steady and unassuming workman," possessing much mental power and poetic feeling.

FURLONG, THOMAS.—Poet and politician. Born near Ferns, County Wexford, 1794; died July 25, 1827. Was a close friend of O'Connell's, and an ardent repealer, but is now remembered as translator of ancient Irish poems.

GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR GERALD.—Born in Dublin. Author of the "Monks of Kilcrea," a series of stories in verse, with songs and interludes (Bell & Daldy, London, 3rd edition, 1861, 7s. 6d.). The book is now out of print, and a final edition is to be published this year.

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GRAVES, ALFRED PERCIVAL.—Born in Dublin, 1846. Has published two volumes of verse, besides a collection of Irish songs, a memoir of Le Fanu, and other works. His verse breathes the very air of his native land, and his editing was characterised by care and real critical insight.

GRIFFIN, GERALD.—Novelist and poet. Born in Limerick, December 12, 1803; died at Cork, June 12, 1840. His greatest work is his novel "The Collegians," said to be "the most perfect Irish novel published." After a life of anxious labour, spent partly in London and partly in Ireland, he entered the order of the Christian Brothers in 1838, and in their cemetery he is buried.

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM. — Journalist and poet. Born in Oldcastle, Meath, in 1829; died in New York, August 3, 1868. His father was editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, and an unrelenting foe of the popular cause; but the son became associated with the Young Irelanders, and was compelled to seek an asylum over the water. There he obtained abundant employment, and under the name of "Miles O'Reilly" wrote many popular anti-secession lyrics. He attained the rank of Brigadier-General during the War of Secession.

HOGAN, MICHAEL ("Bard of Thomond").—Wheelwright and poet. Born in Thomondgate, Limerick, in 1832. At a very early age he began to rhyme, and with great success. He is one of the few to whom poetry has brought much material return, for out of his poems ("Lays and Legends of Thomond," Dublin, 1880, 8vo) and a story called "Shawn-na-Scoob" (John-a-Broom), he admits making a "stream of cash," with which he built a house on the banks of the Shannon. Domestic troubles, however, drove him into exile in 1886, and he now resides in New York.

INGRAM, JOHN KELLS, LL.D.—Born at Newry, about 1820. He is a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Librarian. He has published nothing but a few verses, and an occasional essay about classical or English literature. In the last issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has treated "Political Economy."

IRWIN, THOMAS CAULFIELD.—Author, essayist, and poet. Born at Warrenpoint, County Down, May 4, 1823. Contributed to the *Nation*, under Gavan Duffy's editorship; to the *Dublin University Magazine;* and has published several volumes of tales, translations, and original poems.

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JOYCE, ROBERT DWYER, M.D.—Physician, journalist, and poet. Born in Glenosheen, County Limerick, 1830; died in Dublin, October 24, 1883. In 1866 he emigrated to Boston, U.S., where he remained until a few months before his death. Before leaving Ireland he was already well and widely known as poet and journalist, but his most important work was done in America. There he achieved high distinction, alike in literature and in his profession. His poetical versions of the old legends of Ireland embody manly thought and brilliant fancy in melodious verse. His love and minutely accurate observation of nature, and swift enthusiasm, gift his poems with a strong fascination.

KAVANAGH, ROSE.—Poet and novelist. Born at Killadroy, County Tyrone, June 23, 1859. Has published several poems, and very many tales, mostly of Irish country life. A collected volume is soon to appear.

KEEGAN, JOHN.—Poet. Born in Queen's County, about 1809; died 1849. A peasant, born and bred among the people, and plainly though well educated at a hedge-school, he was throughout his life emphatically a poet of the people, with whom he lived and thought, and among whom he was happy to die.

KELLY, EVA MARY.—One of the poetesses of the *Nation*, now Mrs Kevin O'Doherty; daughter of a Galway gentleman. Her lover, with whom she had become acquainted in "the cause," was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for complicity in the '48 outbreak. She faithfully awaited his release, and two days after his return to Ireland married him.

KICKHAM, CHARLES JOSEPH.—Journalist, poet, and Fenian. Born in 1825, at Mullinahone, County Tipperary; died at Blackrock, County Dublin, August 22, 1882. Contributor to *Celt* and *Irish People*. One of the first Fenian organisers in Ireland. Sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in 1867. The harsh treatment he received in prison aroused great indignation. Wrote some very good stories of Irish life.

LOVER, SAMUEL.—Novelist, musician, song-writer. Born in Dublin, February 24, 1797; died in Jersey, July 6, 1868. Began life as an artist, but speedily adopted the pen. Is best known as the author of "Handy Andy," an extravaganza-novel of Irish life, and as the writer of many popular songs. Fully as musical as Moore's,

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his songs are very much more Irish in tone and colour, and may be taken as typical of one side of the national character.

LYSAGHT, EDWARD. — Barrister, wit, and song-writer. Born at Brickhill, County Clare, December 21, 1763; died 1810. Of this celebrated man there only remain a few songs and poems, and some anecdotes related by his contemporaries, but during the Volunteer and Anti-Union movements there were few men more active, and none better known.

M'CARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE.—Barrister and poet. Born in Dublin, May 26, 1817; died April 7, 1882. A constant contributor to the *Nation* in its early days. Published several volumes of original poems and translations. His rendering of Calderon's dramas is thought to be the finest yet achieved.

MADDEN, RICHARD ROBERT.—Surgeon and writer. Born in Dublin, 1798; died at Booterstown, February 5, 1886. Employed by Government in suppression of the Slave Trade, as a Special Magistrate in Jamaica, 1833; and Commissioner of Enquiry on West Coast of Africa, 1841. In 1847 he was appointed Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, retiring in 1849. Soon after his return he became Secretary of the Loan Fund Board in Dublin, and held the office nearly thirty years. During all his life he was an assiduous author, and published "Egypt and Mehemet Ali,' "History of the Penal Laws," "Memoir of the Countess of Blessington," "Life and Times of the United Irishmen," "History of Irish Periodical Literature," and several other works.

M'GEE, THOS. D'ARCY.—Born at Carlingford, April 13, 1825; killed April 7, 1868. When about seventeen he emigrated to Boston, where he soon attained great influence, and became editor of the *Boston Pilot*. Three years after leaving Ireland he was invited back to edit the *Freeman's Journal*, but after a while he threw that up to help Gavan Duffy on the *Nation*. The abortive rising in '48, for which he was in Scotland trying to get the active aid of the Irish residents, compelled his flight to America. After living a few years in New York, Boston, and Buffalo, he moved to Montreal, where, before the end of a year, he was in parliament, and the editor of a successful paper. But in his later years he had receded from his former revolutionary standpoint, and is said to have been slain by Fenians for his virulent attacks upon them.

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MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER ("Father Prout").—Priest, wit, and poet. Born in Cork about 1805; died in Paris, May 17, 1866. Became a priest, but ultimately threw up his cure and devoted himself to literature. His linguistic powers, great learning, keen wit, and fecundity of rhyme placed him in the first rank, even among the brilliant band with whom he was associated.

MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE.—Poet. Born in Dublin, May 1, 1803; died June 20, 1849. Like Moore, was the son of a grocer, but had no other likeness to him either in life or work. Soon after his birth, his father beggared himself by reckless improvidence, and reduced his wife and children to penury. After James had received a fair education, he toiled for seven years as a copyist in a scrivener's office, and two more in that of an attorney, for a miserable wage that soon became the sole assured resource of his family. In the midst of unsparing toil, working from early morning to near midnight, in a dirty office, and then "home" for a few hours to a Dublin slum, he yet managed to keep up and increase his knowledge of languages. His contributions to the Dublin periodicals attracted the attention of Doctors Anster, Petrie, and Todd, who obtained for him a subordinate position in Trinity College Library, and afterwards in the Ordnance Survey. But the bitter greed and want of affection of his relatives, and the cruel toil he had undergone, had done their work, and he gradually drifted into "the gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns." He was in close accord with the "Young Ireland" movement, contributing to the *Nation* for five years, and the *United Irishman* while it lasted. Despite all that his friends could do for him, or he for himself, he sank ever lower, until an attack of cholera broke up his enfeebled constitution. The story of his life is dark, tragic, terrible, and is well indicated in his poem "The Nameless One."

MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED.—Attorney and wit. Born at Castlemartyr, County Cork, 1767; died December 15, 1816. Is now remembered only as the writer of the "Groves of Blarney," a burlesque upon the effusions, a specimen of which is given in "Kingstown Harbour." The particular song he caricatured was "Castle Hyde," written by a weaver named Barrett, about 1790. In 1798 Milliken was unenviably notorious for "zeal and efficiency" as ayeoman.

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MULHOLLAND, ROSA.—Novelist and poetess. Born in Belfast, the daughter of a doctor in that city. Beginning with a poem in the *Cornhill*, her success was rapid. Charles Dickens engaged her for a serial story in *All the Year Round*, and she has since published many novels and tales that have reached great popularity.

MULLEN, REV. MICHAEL.—Priest and song-writer. Born at Kilmore, County Galway, 1833; died in Chicago, U.S., April 23, 1869. The "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language" (6 Molesworth Street, Dublin) is hard at work, and with much success, to prevent the realisation of his fears as expressed in the given poem.

O'BRIEN, ATTIE (FRANCES).—Poetess. Born at Peafield, near Ennis, June 24, 1840; died April 5, 1885. Wrote many beautiful poems and some short stories.

O'BRIEN, CHARLOTTE GRACE.—Novelist and poetess. Daughter of the celebrated William Smith O'Brien. Besides a volume of "Lyrics," has published an excellent Irish novel called "Light and Shade." Has conferred great benefit upon her poorer compatriots who are compelled to emigrate, by her devoted and long-continued labours.

O'CONOR, CHARLES P.—("Ireland's Peasant Poet"). Published "Wreaths of Fancy," 1870; a full edition of his poems is in preparation. His works are well known for simple tuneful verse and unaffected vigour.

OGLE, RIGHT HON. GEORGE.—Born 1739; died 1814. Represented Dublin City in 1799, and voted against the Union.

O'HAGAN, JOHN.—Jurist and poet. Born at Newry, 1822. Since 1881 a judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland, and Judicial Commissioner of the Irish Land Commission. Is an accomplished linguist and skilled poet. His translation of the "Song of Roland" is a masterly production. The splendid ringing songs and heartful poems which appeared in the *Nation* over the *nom de plume* of "Sliabh Cuilinn" have often roused inquiry as to their author, but although attributed with great probability to Judge O'Hagan, have never been publicly acknowledged by him.

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O'LEARY, ELLEN.—Poetess. Born in Tipperary, October 31, 1831. Has been throughout her life associated with her brother, John O'Leary, in his well-known patriotic labours. She has contributed freely to many periodicals poems of natural, unaffected beauty, but has not as yet published a collected volume.

O'LEARY, JOSEPH.—For many years a writer on the London press; author of several songs that were in great vogue in their day.

O'MURCHADHA, PEADAR.—This *nom de plume*, which was very familiar a few years ago to readers of the *Shamrock*, *Young Ireland*, and other Irish papers, conceals one who does not yet care to reveal himself.

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE.—Born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, June 28, 1844. Learned to set type on the *Drogheda Argus;* later was employed as type-setter or stenographer in various English cities. Enlisting in the Fourth Hussars, he spread republican principles in the ranks, was brought to trial June 27, 1866, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was eventually commuted to twenty years' penal servitude. Confined successively at Chatham, Portsmouth, Portland, and Dartmoor, subsequently Boyle O'Reilly, with other political convicts, reached West Australia, January 10, 1868. Little more than a year later he effected his escape, but through a tangle of dangers and hardships almost incredible. Taken on board the "Gazelle," from New Bedford, Captain Gifford commanding, he had a six months' experience of a whaler's life. Returning from this cruise, and ere yet falling in with a ship for America, he had several hair-breadth escapes from re-capture. Finally, he landed in Philadelphia, November 23, 1869. In 1870 he came to Boston, and took a position on the *Pilot*, contributing also to other publications at home and abroad. In 1873 his first volume, "Songs of the Southern Seas," appeared. In 1876 he became, with Archbishop Williams, owner of the *Pilot*, of which he was already editor. In 1878 appeared, "Songs, Legends, and Ballads." In 1879, the novel, "Moondyne." In 1881 another volume of poems, "The Statues in the Rock;" and later still, "In Bohemia." He is an acknowledged power in contemporary American literature.

ORR, ANDREW.—Was not a political exile; beyond this I can find nothing about him.

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ORR, JAMES ("The Bard of Ballycarry").—Weaver, rebel, and poet. Born in Ballycarry, 1770; died April 26, 1816. Contributed to the *Northern Star*, became a United Irishman, fought at Antrim, and went into exile, and on the outward voyage wrote the "Song of an Exile;" he soon returned, however, to his home and his loom, where he remained until he died. There is a monument to his memory in Templecolman Churchyard, near Ballycarry.

PETRIE, GEORGE, LL.D., V.P.R.I.A.—Antiquary and artist. Born in Dublin, 1789; died at Rathmines, January 17, 1866. Spent a long and intensely active life in the collection and preservation of the art, music, and literature of his country. There is work for a dozen societies in the publication of the mass of materials he left behind him.

PIGOT, JOHN EDWARD ("Fermoy").—One of the *Nation* contributors. Son of the late Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Born at Kilworth, County Cork, February 28, 1822; died at his father's house in Dublin, July 1, 1871. Called to the Irish bar in 1845; and practised at the bar with great success in Bombay, from 1865 to 1869, but never held any official appointment. In his introduction to O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," Sullivan speaks of Pigot as "thoroughly acquainted with everything connected with the history, literature, and arts of Ireland."

REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT.—A favourite song-writer of the end of last century, but most of his productions are wholly forgotten. Campbell's "Exile of Erin" has been claimed for him, but the dispute was never satisfactorily settled; the balance of proof is against Reynolds.

ROSSA, MARY J. O'DONOVAN.—Poetess. Born at Clonakilty, January 27, 1845. Wife of the well-known Fenian, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. Published a volume of "Irish Lyrical Poems," New York, 1868.

SAVAGE, JOHN.—Fenian, journalist, and poet. Born in Dublin, December 13, 1828. In 1848 was a medical student; was secretary of a confederate club, and concerned in 1849 in an attempted insurrection in Munster. Is yet living in America. Has written several interesting books on Irish revolutionary history and Celtic archæology.

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SHANNON, EDWARD W.—Volume I. of his works published London, 1842, but no more seems to have been published; nor is any biography available.

SHERIDAN, R. B.—Dramatist and politician. Born in Dublin, September 1751; died July 7, 1816. As a dramatist made an enduring fame by his "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal"; as a politician will be long remembered for his brilliant speaking and upright conduct. Even a sketch of his long and varied life is impossible here.

SIGERSON, GEORGE.—Was born at Holyhill, near Strabane, in County Tyrone, and is now practising as a physician in Dublin. He is the author of "Munster Poets and Poetry," second series; of "Modern Ireland;" and of "A History of Irish Land Tenures and Land Classes."

SLIABH CUILINN.—Said to be John O'Hagan.

SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY DANIEL.—Journalist and poet. Born in Bantry, County Cork, May 1827. At an early age he began to contribute to the *Nation*, and from that time until now, when he is its proprietor and editor, he has not ceased his connection with that paper. He has published two volumes of verse, mostly songs, some of which have attained world-wide celebrity. After his late sojourn in Tullamore, published a collection of lyrics, written in his cell.

TYNAN, KATHARINE.—Poetess. Born in Dublin in 1861. Her first poem appeared in the *Graphic*, from the editor of which she received great encouragement. She has since contributed to many magazines and periodicals, and has published two volumes of poems,—one in 1885, one during the present year,—that have been highly praised in all the critical journals. Her poetry is marked by intense earnestness, unaffected beauty, and deep melody.

VARIAN, RALPH ("Duncathail").—Writer of several songs and poems, and editor of a collection, published Dublin, 1865, 24mo.

WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS, LL.D.—Barrister and poet. Born in Limerick, 1809. This veteran writer, who has outlived all his contemporaries, is wearing the accumulated laurels of a long life spent in active and honourable work. Upon every department of literature Waller has left his mark, but in lyric verse he has attained his highest point. His songs are not likely to be forgotten by any that can appreciate delicate and tuneful verse.

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WALSH, EDWARD.—Schoolmaster and poet. Born, of southern parents, in Londonderry, 1805; died in Cork, August 1850. Is best known as a translator from the Irish, but also wrote original poems of some merit. His life was a long struggle against adversity.

WILDE, JANE FRANCESCA SPERANZA, LADY.—Chief poetess of the *Nation* band, and writer of many powerful articles. Her *nom de plume* "Speranza" was at one time a household word in Ireland. Her poems were published, Dublin, 1864, republished, Glasgow, 1871. She has also published "Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, &c., of Ireland;" "Driftwood from Scandinavia," and many translations.

WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON ("Shamrock").—Physician, journalist, and poet. Born in Tipperary, October 8, 1822; died at Thibodeau, La., U.S., July 5, 1862. Wrote for *Nation* and *Tribune;* was tried and acquitted 1848; emigrated 1851; became a professor at Spring Hill, Mobile, where he remained till his death.

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER.—Poet and journalist. Born at Sandymount, Dublin, June 13, 1865. Has lived a good part of his life in Sligo, in which county Colooney, the village his given poem dates from, is situated. Has published no volume as yet, but has contributed many poems of striking beauty to sundry magazines.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

The street ballads and songs fall into three classes:—I. Genuine products of the wandering singers, like "John M'Goldrick's Trial," the "Irish Sailor," or "M'Kenna's Dream"; II. Effusions of the "Hedge Schoolmaster," or "Philomath," such as "Kingstown Harbour," "Hannah Healy," or the "Star of Slane;" and III. Laments written by the nearest "bard" on some local happening, and taken up by the ballad-singers if successful, like "M'Dermott's Farewell."

Bantry Girls' Lament for Johnny, The.—Taken from Graves' collection; on ballad-slips I have only seen very confused versions.

Battle of the Boyne.—The accepted version of this famous song which is sung at Orange meetings; wrongly attributed to Colonel Blacker. It has quite superseded the "Boyne Water," the surviving fragments

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of which follow it. The latter is almost contemporary with the event it celebrates.

Blackbird, The.—This song dates from before 1715, for in that year the "Blackbird" made his Scotch attempt, to which the song would allude if already past; and is interesting, not only as the first rebel poem, but the first Irish lyric of any kind written in English. For the first time in a hundred years an unmutilated version is accessible to English readers. It was printed complete, save a few verbal mutilations, in Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany; or, A Collection of Scots Sangs," 1728, and in succeeding editions, of which the 14th was republished in Dublin, "Printed by T. Dyton, at Newton's Head, in Dame Street, Bookseller," 1769. In every other collection it has appeared as three stanzas, made up of fragments. Ramsay took it down from the singing of some one who had received it from an Irish participant in the 1715 revolt. It is unmistakably an Irish song, written to a very ancient Irish tune (given by Bunting, p. 72), and clearly marked in every way that can show its origin.

Boys of Kilkenny, The.—Eighteenth century. It has sometimes been incorrectly attributed to Moore.

By Memory Inspired.—From a Dublin ballad-slip antedating Mitchell's death, 1875, to which the song apparently alludes. Its writer is said to have been James Kearney, a labourer from Clare, who wrote many of the songs sung by Carey and other Dublin music-hall favourites, and who died about twelve years ago.

Cáilín deas crúidhte na m-bó.—A modern song to an ancient tune of the same name, using the old refrain.

Carolan's Receipt.—About 1819, when the Marquis of Hastings and other Irishmen in India were subscribing to keep up the Belfast Harp Society, the King of Oude became interested, subscribed liberally, and at the same time asked for a harper and a piper to go out and be attached to his court. No harper could be found but one who was artist enough to support the credit of his country, and he was wanted at home. A piper was sent, but his reception at Calcutta was so lavishly hospitable, and he took so kindly to *arrack*, that he fell off the state barge the king had sent for him, and was drowned—playing *Carolan's Receipt!*

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Charming Mary Neal.—From an Athlone ballad-slip of about 1840. This ballad is another of those which show the strange admiration for abductors spoken of in Note to the "Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds."

Colleen Rue.—From a Limerick chap-book of 1825. This is one of the best-known and most extravagant of the hedge-school love-poems.

Connor, My.—There is a very favourite old Irish tune of this name, with refrain, and some fragments associated with it. To this the given songs have been written.

Croppy Boy, The.—Belongs most probably to the end of last century, or perhaps the beginning of this. The present copy is taken from a London ballad-slip of 1830.

Cruiscin Ldn.—Originated among the convivial circles of Dublin, but embodies fragments of a much older Celtic song. The tune is clearly not Irish; said to be of Danish origin, and a variant of that which has reached modern times as "There was a little man and he had a little gun!"

Dear Irish Boy, The.—See Note on *My Connor.*

Emigrant Mother, The.—Sir C. G. Duffy found this touching little ballad in an Australian newspaper, and was charmed by its fresh feeling and grace, but could not discover the writer's name.

Forsaken Maid, The.—I do not know its origin or history.

Garryowen.—Written between 1770 and 1780. Johnny Connell and Darby O'Brien were two squireens of Limerick, sons of brewers, who, with their followers, aped the excesses of the English garrison, for which see the Bishop of Limerick's letter quoted by T. Crofton Croker.

Green on the Cape.—A northern variant of the "Wearing of the Green," q.v. Count Plunkett, a great authority in such matters, writes, "I am still under the impression that your version of 'Green on the Cape' is a combination of two ballads, but I cannot get the old folk to jog their memories, nor lay my hands on an old edition.

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Sam Jones speaks of the two ballads; but even the late Dr Willis of Dublin—a wise collector—transcribed the version you print; so the evidence so far is in your favour."

Hannah Healy.—From a Waterford chap-book about 1840.

Irish Molly.—Street ballad, dating from about the end of last century.

Irish Sailor, The.—From a Monaghan chap-book about 1820. I have heard it sung in Connemara nearly twenty years ago by a man and woman, the latter taking it up at the fifth stanza.

John M'Goldrick's Trial.—From an Omagh chap-book, "Printed for the Flying Stationers, 1826." This last term for the vendors of such literary ware is an old one, as is shown by "The Ringing of the Bells," "Dublin, printed by the Select Company of Flying Stationers, 1754."

Johnny, I hardly knew ye!—This favourite old song is here for the first time given complete. It dates from the beginning of the present century, when Irish regiments were so extensively raised for the East India Service. Because in one late version "Why did you *run* from me and the child" is made "why did you *skedaddle*," &c., and this word only came into use during the War of Secession, some have imagined this song to be of recent date, and have even attributed it to the Irish-American music-halls! My own memory carries it back to very near the war, when I heard an old fisherman sing it, to whom it was even then old. It was he who told me of its age and meaning, what I have said above, which is corroborated by the reference to Ceylon. It is hard to believe seriously that any one can read this wonderful piece of grotesquerie, with its mingling of pathos and ribald mockery so closely allied to the spirit that produced "The Night before Larry was Stretched," and be unable to see either its value or its genuineness!

Kingstown Harbour.—From a Monaghan chap-book. The visit of George IV. took place in September 1821, about which time this ballad was evidently written. Before the visit the place was Dunleary, but underwent a change of name with its change of fortune. "The Praises," &c., is a good example of the "Castle Hyde" class of effusion, and is given in preference to that rendered famous by Milliken's inimitable imitation, as it has never before been published save in a chap-book.

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Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds.—The hero of this ballad was executed, March 28, 1826, for the abduction of Catharine M'Cabe. Both families were County Cavan people and Catholics, but there was a feud between them, begun over "a bit of land." In Ireland public sympathy has always declared for an abductor, and against the abducted if she appears as a willing witness. Catharine was very reluctant, and her evidence had to be forced from her. Her uncle was universally credited with being the instigator of the prosecution, and the vindictive inventor of the plot by which Reynolds was captured and convicted. The girl died soon after—of a broken heart, say the gossips; who also report that "Divine vengeance" followed the M'Cabes.

Lillibulero.—Generally attributed to Lord Wharton, but this has never been conclusively proved. It was written against Tyrconnell's appointment as Lord Deputy in 1687, and is inserted here on account solely of the large part it fills in Irish history, and not for any merit discoverable in itself. The tune has been claimed as English, but contemporary opinion called it Irish, and the refrain was "said to be Irish words" (Burnet's "History of His Own Time"). In a paper in No. 2 of the *Celtic Magazine* (December 1875), Dr Charles Mackay identifies the refrain as part of a solar hymn, astronomical and druidical, reading it thus:—"Li! li Beur! lear-a! Buille na la!" *i.e.*, "Light! light on the sea! beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke (or dawn) of the morning!" A copy printed in London, 1689, is in the British Museum, and with that the present version has been carefully collated, all but the last two stanzas, which do not there appear.

M'Dermott's Farewell.—From a Waterford chap-book of 1835.

M'Kenna's Dream.—From Dublin ballad-slips of about 1860-65, but the ballad is much older. Each ballad-slip gives a varying version, and I have reconciled them as well as I could, making as few alterations as possible. "Duncathail" gives it in his collection, but admits "abridging" it.

Music in the Street.—Taken from "Duncathail," who found it in a New York paper.

Nice Little Jane from Ballinasloe.—From a Waterford chap-book, 1835.

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Night before Larry was Stretched.—Dublin street-song, wrongly attributed to Dean Burrows; the only thing at all certain as to its origin is that he did not write it. In a footnote, page 280 of his "Songs of Irish Wit and Humour," A. P. Graves says, "I have indisputable evidence before me that the Dean had no hand in writing it." The real writer was most probably William Maher, best known as "Hurlfoot Bill," a worthy of the type he so well describes. The streets of Dublin have always been fruitful of this kind of song. Of the same age as "Larry," there are "Luke Caffrey's Kilmainham Minit," "Lord Altham's Bull," and others. The last representative of the "rale ould" street minstrels was the celebrated blind "Zozimus," who sang his own songs. Lest any should weep too much for the loss of his line, I give an extract from one of the few specimens of his powers that are extant:—

> "In Egypt's land, upon the banks of Nile,
> King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style;
> She tuk her dip, then walked into the land,
> And to dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.
> A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
> A smiling babby in a wad of straw.
> She tuk it up, and said, with accents mild,
> Tare an' agers, girls, which av yes owns the child?"

Hitherto the "Night" has, through carelessness or ignorance, been printed incomplete, even by Graves, but the present version is unmutilated. It has been obtained by the careful collation of very many old chap-books and ballad-sheets.

Protestant Boys.—In its original form dates back to 1689, but the version given is comparatively late. It is taken from "The Protestant, or True Blue," Dublin, 1826.

Rakes of Mallow.—Eighteenth century. The "Rakes" were the sons of the Protestant gentlemen who frequented the "waters" of Mallow.

Shan van Vocht.—Street ballad of 1797, and the first song I can find with this refrain. It soon attained such favour that hundreds were written to the tune and refrain. A chap-book, "Drogheda: Printed for Flying Stationers, 1826," has one aimed at the Marquis of Anglesea.

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Shule Aroon.—"The date of this ballad is not positively known, but it appears to be early in the eighteenth century, when the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Brigade. The inexpressible tenderness of the air, and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words, have made the ballad a popular favourite."—C. G. D. For the correct reading of the Irish chorus and its translation, prose and metrical, I am indebted to the kindness of Dr Sigerson of Dublin.

Star of Slane.—First appeared, says a reviewer in the *Dublin Journal*, in one of the small books of ballads issued by Richard Shiel, the "Bard of Slane," but was written by a schoolmaster named Day, born about 1800; died in 1866. I copied it from a Drogheda chap-book dated 1826, in which it is called a "new song."

Streams of Bunclody.—From a Dublin ballad-slip of very uncertain date, but certainly before 1850.

Wearing of the Green.—"There are uncounted versions of this celebrated song, all dating from about the same time, but that given is the one which has been in most favour, and with good reason." So ran my note in last edition; since it was written I have found that the version given (for which see p. 11) was a hash-up by Boucicault of an old variant, using most of the old words. So much for critical acumen! Miss O'Leary has kindly furnished me with the original version, which however did not reach me in time to be placed in the body of the book, and has pointed out that the land of refuge it is written from is France, and not America:—

OLD VERSION OF THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

I met with Napper Tandy,
And he took me by the hand,
Saying, How is old Ireland?
And how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country
That ever yet was seen;
They are hanging men and women
For wearing of the green!
O Wearing of the green,
O Wearing of the green,
My native land, I cannot stand,
For wearing of the green.

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My father loved you tenderly,
He lies within your breast;
While I, that would have died for you,
Must never so be blest:
For laws, their cruel laws, have said
That seas should roll between
Old Ireland and her faithful sons
Who love to wear the green.
O Wearing of the green,
O Wearing of the green,
My native land, I cannot stand,
For wearing of the green.

I care not for the Thistle,
And I care not for the Rose;
When bleak winds round us whistle,
Neither down nor crimson shows.
But like hope to him that's friendless,
When no joy around is seen,
O'er our graves with love that's endless
Blooms our own immortal green.
O Wearing of the green,
O Wearing of the green,
My native land, I cannot stand,
For wearing of the green.

As to the ancient and beautiful air to which it was written, the well-known archæologist Dr P. W. Joyce says, in answer to my questioning:—"I do not think you will succeed in tracing the origin of the 'Wearing of the Green.' It is simply one of that vast body of Irish melodies that have come down to us from a remote time, the remains of a period of high musical cultivation in Ireland. We cannot trace to their sources the 'Coolin,' 'Patrick's Day,' 'Molly Asthore,' &c., and neither can we trace the 'Wearing of the Green.'"

Willy Reilly.—An Ulster ballad, early part of present century. Carleton has made it the foundation of a novel of the same name.

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